

SRI-SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA

ETERNAL NECTAREAN MEDITATION ON SRI KRSNA

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AUSPICIOUS INVOCATION

I take shelter of the Sri Kṛṣṇa Caitanya cloud, that showers the whole world, making it drink the stream of His own luster, that is like billions of Cupids so fair, and who destroys the darkness of material existence.

I worship Śrīla Sanātana and Śrīla Rupa gōṣvāmī, who brought the King and Queen of Vṛndāvana, Śrī-Śrī Rādhā Kṛṣṇa, out of their hearts into this world, who revealed Their pastimes from the Vedic literatures, and who are followed by all the *anurāgī* (transcendentally passionate) devotees.

CHAPTER ONE: NISANTA LILA - PASTIMES AT DAWN (3.36-6.00)

Śrī Rādhā and Śrī Kṛṣṇa competed with Each other in erotic cleverness, but Their fight ended when fatigue invited Nidra devī, the goddess of sleep, bringing her to Them. (In other words, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa fell asleep, being tired of Their loveplay.)

Their maidservants, that were also sleeping, were accustomed to get up in time to do their service. Have they now automatically awoken, knowing that the night is over? (4)

Getting up from bed, these maidservants looked around anxiously. Seeing that the best of lovers (Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa) were still sleeping in solitude, they quietly sat up in their beds on the courtyard of the *nikunja*. (5)

They yawned and jokingly inquired from each other about what had happened. With their bee-like eyes rolling because of staying up late at night, they relished the vision of (Hari's love signs on) their breasts. (6)

Some of these maidservants then began to perform their scheduled service at daybreak, stringing flowers and

preparing betelleaves. They smelled the fragrance of Radha and Krsna's bodies, that were bound together by Cupid. (7)

With their lotuslike faces they looked through the slits in the wall of the grove-cottage how Radha and Krsna were embraced by the goddess of sleep, being tired of Their clever erotic dance.

They saw that the jeweled lamps that were standing here and there in the *kunja* made Krsna shine like a blue lotusflower and Sri Radhika like a golden Campaka-flower, as Their effulgent forms were not covered by any garlands or ornaments anymore.

One *sakhi* told another: "Sakhi ! Radha and Krsna's *sakhi's* don't know how to dress and decorate Them! Therefore, Their girlfriend *srngaradhu* (over-ornamentation personified) became angry, threw away Their clothes and ornaments and decorated Them with thousands of nailmarks and so (making Them look even more beautiful)."

"Their complexions complement each other through Their embrace. Golden Radhika is dressed by Krsna's blue complexion and blue Krsna is dressed by Radhika's golden complexion. To avoid repetition of this pattern, the incorporal god Cupid removed Their blue and golden garments."

"When Cupid conquered the kingdom of Sri Radhika's body, shyness became the protectress of the land, taking her position in Radhika's head, eyes, and breasts. Alas! Has she now been exiled?" (12)

"If bashfulness cannot stay in any secret place in Sri Radhika's body she must have made some offense, or maybe she has appeared as Radhika's auspicious glances to give joy to our eyes?" (13)

"Or maybe bashfulness disappeared, handing the kingdom over to Cupid? By doing this she may get incomparable opulence (after awakening Radhika may become even more shy)."

"Is the steady Krsna-cloud showering the restless Radha-lightning with sweet *rasa* ? How amazing! The Lord rewards the maidservants even before they served Him!"

Elsewhere some maidservants prepared betelleaves, strung flowergarlands and made different kinds of ointments. They placed *aguru*- frankincense in their trays and spent some time with other scheduled services. (16)

Then a soft cool breeze blew at the end of the night for the pleasure of the Lord and Lady of the *nikunja*. One maidservant said: "Sakhi! I understand that the sleep of this soft breeze is also broken, and because of its drowsiness it blows only softly!"

"This soft Malayan breeze pleases all the ten directions, filling them with the fragrance of the blooming flowers of the vines and trees that it kisses and carries around at the end of night, waking up the honeybees that were sleeping with this fragrance, that enters into their nostrils!"

Hearing the nice humming of those honeybees, Vrndadevi woke up, looked around everywhere and then engaged her pet birds in awakening her Lord and Lady.

On Vrnda's order the roosters woke up, craned their necks and flapped their wings. They cooed about five or six times, thus awakening Sri Radhika, who became very disturbed.

Seeing that the roosters stopped Her from embracing Krsna, Sri Radhika angrily cursed them, saying: "O roosters, quickly go and coo in hell! Where are you cooing here?"

Sri Radhika slightly slackened Her embrace of Sri Krsna's chest. Hearing that the roosters had become silent, She thought that they had gone to hell, following Her curse. Then She tightened Her embrace and fell asleep again.

Then, when the Tittibhas and other birds began to sing, Sri Radhika, whose sleep was broken again, said: "Ham ho! Excuse Me! Let me sleep a little longer!", and slightly stretched out Her body.

Then all the waterbirds like the Kadambas, Karandavas, swans and cranes and the terrestrial birds like the pigeons, *saris*, *sukas*, peacocks and cuckoos awoke and began to sing nectarean songs about Krsna.

Radha and Krsna got up simultaneously and stretched out Their bodies, feeling afflicted by separation from Each other's embrace. While stretching out, Sri Radhika's body looked like a bow of Campaka-

flowers and Krsna's body resembled a bow of blue lotusflowers. Then They blissfully embraced Each other again tightly.

The maidservants understood that Radha and Krsna had woken up and they fearlessly and silently opened the door of the *kunja*-cottage, their anklebells jingling along with their charming footsteps as they entered. (26)

Hearing Her maidservants' softly jingling anklebells, Sri Radhika quickly wanted to get up from bed, but She was unable to do so, being tightly held by Krsna's vine-like arms, so She remained lying on His chest, unable to move. (27)

Just as Sukadeva expertly awakens the world from *maya* by glorifying the Lord in an attractive way (by explaining the Bhagavata Purana) similarly the Suka-parrots Daksa and Vicaksana woke the Lord up on Vrnda's indication. (28)

*jaya smarasesa vilasa vaidusa nishnata gopijana locanamrta
prana priya premadhuni matangaja sva madhuri plavita loka samhate
priyadharasvada sukhe nimajjasi prabudhyase nety ucitam rasambudhe
riramsutayam viriramsur eva te kim cadhuneyam ksanada ksanam dyati*

First Daksa sang: "O You who are expert in unlimited erotic plays! O You who are showering nectar on the *gopis'* eyes! O mad elephant who swims in the love-river of His beloved One! O You who inundates all the worlds in His own sweetness! O ocean of *rasa*! Are You sleeping, immersed in the bliss of tasting Your lover's lips? That's not improper, but the night, who is called Ksanada (giver of only a moment of pleasure), and who facilitates Your love-festival, has now ended." (29-30)

*jahihi nidram slathayopaguhanam vrajam pratisthasuraram prabho bhava
pratara vabhuvanusa sva caturi pracchanna kamatvam athorari kuru*

Vicaksana sang: "O Lord! Give up Your sleep, morning has broken! Be clever now and conceal Your desires! If not, then it will be seen by others! Slacken Your embrace of Your beloved and return to Vraja!" (31)

*jaya vrajanandana nanda cetah payodhi piyusa mayukha deva gosthesvari nanda lata prasuna prayahi
gehaya dhinu sva bandhuh* (32)

"Glory to You, O joy of Vraja! O moon of the milk-ocean of king Nanda's heart! O flower on the vine of mother Yasoda's piety! Go home and make Your friends happy!"

*sari subha sa'tha jagada suksmadhih sari yatha devana sammata sthithi
jaysvari sviya vilasa saubhaga sri tarsita sri mukha mukhya yauvate*

*sesa'dhuna yad rativallabhasya rajiva rajan madhupana matla
sasampratam tat khalu samoratam te pratas tato jagarayamy aham tvam*

Then the (female) Sarika-parrots Subha and Suksmadhi called Sri Radhika. Subha said: "Glory to you, my Queen! The goddess of fortune and the most beautiful ladies of the world desire the beauty of Your face and Your pastimes! You became intoxicated by drinking the honey of Your lover's lotusface and now You are sleeping? That is not proper at this time of the morning, therefore I'm awakening You!" (33-34)

*tan mavilambhasva bhajasva nitim mahapayatpanam upehi gostham
ka siksayet tvam api lokaritim tvat to nutah siksata eva sarvah* (35)

"Don't delay anymore, wake up! Follow the etiquette! Don't embarrass Yourself and go home! Who will teach You some good manners? You are the *siksa guru* in good manners (surrender to Krsna) for all the *gopis*!"

Hearing this, the Loving Couple sat up in bed, looking as beautiful as all that is beautiful in the three worlds. Their anklebells and waistbells jingled sweetly and the splendour of Their bodies shone brighter. Their faces were surrounded by dishevelled locks of hair, illuminated by the splendour of Their earrings and necklaces, and Their lotuslike hands moved here and there, looking for Their clothes that had fallen off Them. (36-37)

For some time the two lovers hung against Eachother, Their eyes rolling of fatigue and Their hair dishevelled. They sat facing Eachother, supporting Their bodily weight on Eachother's shoulders. They raised Their mouths as They yawned and stretched out Their bodies. It looked as if Their lotuslike faces were circumambulating eachother. With the rays of the lamps of Their pearllike teeth They performed the *arati* (ceremony) of Eachother's faces, and with the tongue-like corners of Their beautiful, slightly opened eyes They relished Eachother's sweetness. Then again They enjoyed the joy of sleep for a while. With Their beautiful dizzy faces gazing at Eachother, They were lying in a tight embrace and Their bodies rolled off the uneven flowerbed.

Neither the bed, nor Nidradevi could leave Radha and Krsna, as they were overcome by feelings of separation from Them. Alas! Still the very hardhearted birds began to coo in the morning, separating Radha and Krsna from them.

Thus ends the first chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta", entitled: Pastimes at dawn.

SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHA-KAVYA : DVITIYA SARGAH

Chapter Two: Pastimes at dawn continued.

The *sakhis*, who purchase a mere drop of the luster of Radha and Krsna's blissfull erotic beauty with millions of hearts, made their fish-like eyes enter the latticed windows of the *nikunja* and play in the flood of Their natural beauty there.

Visakha told Lalita: "*Sakhi* ! Look how beautiful the erotic signs on Radha and Krsna's bodies are! Although They are *niramsuka* (without clothes) They are beautified with much *amsuka* (spiritual luster), and although They are *vihari* (enjoyers, or: without necklaces) They are also *atihari* (very beautiful). Although They are *anangada* (without armlets) They are *anangada* (giving erotic joy to Eachother). Although They are *niranjana* (without eyeliner) They are *niranjana* (very pleasing to Eachother). Their lipstick was washed away during Their playful absorption and Their playbed was messed up. Such are the signs of Their enjoyment!"

Lalita replied: "*Sakhi* ! Last night these Two began Their love-fight by pulling Eachother's hair, biting Eachother's lips and scratching Eachother with the nails!" (4)

"Sri Radhika's breast-*kunkuma* coloured Acyuta's feet with Her heart's passion and Krsna carried the passion of Her lotusfeet on His head in the form of Her glistening footlac". (5)

In this way the *sakhis* secretly described Radha and Krsna's love-affairs to eachother with soft voices. They were immersed in an ocean of bliss, praising their own fortune. Through the blissfull enjoyment of Lalita and other loving girlfriends Radha and Krsna's luster (*rupa manjari*) increased. Then the expert maidservant Rupa manjari appeared and beheld the loveliness of Their love-game.

She saw that They looked most charming on Their playbed with Their ornaments scattered here and there and Their footlac, *pan*-spots, eyeliner and vermilion washed away by Their drops of perspiration.

One maidservant placed a pillow on Radha and Krsna's bed, one covered Their bodies with fine clothes, another one removed Their drowsiness and the rolling of Their eyes by serving Them a glass of awakening nectardrink. (9)

When the lotuslike eyes in Radha and Krsna's moonlike faces, that were surrounded by locks of honeybee-like hair, began to worship eachother, Cupid woke up and quickly fetched his bow....

Cupid became angry at being overruled and pierced Their moonlike faces with his arrows, making nectar ooze out of them and covering them with the dark ropes of Their curly locks. (11)

Hridevi, the goddess of bashfulness, was sleeping outside of the cottage, but she was startled by the jingling bangles and anklebells of the approaching *sakhis*, so she entered Sri Radhika's heart and caused Her to loosen Her embrace of Sri Krsna. (12)

When Sri Radhika became eager to untie the string of Her nosering and Her earrings from Her hairlocks with Her own hands, one maidservant saw this, giggled and said: "O Loving Couple! The incorporal Cupid bound You up with the strings of Your mutual passion through Your hairs, earrings etc. Now he wants to obstruct all these attachments, although You are One Soul!" (13-14)

Hearing this, fairfaced Radhika became annoyed and said: "O you maidservants! I know you! Keep quiet!" Despite hearing this, the maidservants kept on giggling, expertly serving Her by untying the knots.

Another maidservant slightly soaked a very soft and valuable cloth in rosewater and wiped the eyeliner, lipstick, footlac etc. from Radha and Krsna's faces, making them shine like mirrors. (18)

One maidservant placed betelleaves in Their mouths, another one quickly and expertly performed Their *mangala aratrika* with a jeweled lamp as if she waved around thousands of her hearts, other maidservants held mirrors before Them, some brought in body ornaments and another one removed Their sweatdrops by softly fanning Them.

Seeing Krsna's bitemarks on Her face as She looked in the mirror, Sri Radhika thought: "Today Madhusudana (the Krsna-honeybee) has drunk all the nectar from My lotusface by biting Me." This made Her very happy, so She could not put the mirror away.

Sri Radhika thought: "Today My nectarean form, that is unrivalled in all the three worlds, and My boundless youthfull sweetness have become successfull by being most blissfully enjoyed by My dear One!" (20)

While Sri Radhika thought like that, Her lover drank all the nectar of Her sweetness with His eyes. This made Her feel unlimited bliss within and Sri Krsna's lotusface became the playground of Her beautiful sidelong glances. (21)

In an independent mood (*svadhina bhartṛka*) Sri Radhika said: "Bho bho Vilasin (womaniser)! Have You messed up My dress and ornamentation? Why are You so complacent? Straighten everything out before My girlfriends return here and ridicule Me! Pacify Cupid, the god of love, by applying Your cleverness in decorating Me! Place him back in the temples of Our minds by removing the spots of musk and vermilion from My body, after having taken him out by covering Me with nail- and bitemarks!" (23)

Kṛṣṇa replied: "You speak the truth! The worshipable incorporeal Cupid became manifest on the surface of Your body! Let Me worship him with ornaments, scents, garments, flowers, garlands and sandalwoodpulp (applying them to Your body)!"

Kṛṣṇa then softly combed Radhika's hair with a comb handed to Him by Bhanumati (a maidservant). After ordering Her hair He expertly braided it with a garland of Malati flowers. With a new pencil He painted pictures on Radhika's body with musk, sandal and vermilion. These charming pictures were as if made by lines of His passion. He placed beautiful earrings on Radhika's ears, handed to Him by Lavanga manjari, and smeared fresh eyeliner on Her lotuslike eyes. When He hung a nice necklace around Her chest, handed to Him by Ruci manjari, Radhika proudly said: "Why do You put My necklace on before smearing My breasts with sandalwoodpulp? You don't know how to dress Me!"

Kṛṣṇa proudly replied: "Radhe! I made wonderful pictures on Your breasts, astonishing even Visakha and Your other friends, that are very proud of their skill in making pictures!"

Then Hari gave a wink with His eyes to Sri Rupa manjari, Lila manjari and Rati manjari to bring their brushes. Then when He began to paint Sri Radhika's breasts, the flowerarcher Cupid aimed his arrows at Him.

Hari's hand began to shiver and the lines of the pictures He painted became crooked and were practically washed out. The maidservants thought that clever Kṛṣṇa was lighting the firewood of Radhika's patience with the fire of lust. (31)

Cupid did not think much of Kṛṣṇa's efforts in ornamenting His beloved and made the pictures fall from their positions, joyfully ornamenting both the Lovers with scattered and broken-up pieces of decoration. (32)

The maidservants had the desires of their blooming eyes fulfilled with that vision of the Divine Couple in the love-bower, praying that this fulfillment would remain for long. When they saw that Radha and Kṛṣṇa wanted to enjoy again, they somehow found excuses to leave that bower. Fixing their eyes at the latticed windows they experienced bliss at every second, but they became morose when they looked at the east where the sun was rising. The restless glances of these *sakhis* are always manifest in the hearts of the practising devotees. (34)

Those *sakhis*, whose affection was boundless, entered into the *kunja*-

cottage, knowing that Radha and Kṛṣṇa had finished Their loveplay. Seeing this, Sri Radhika at once loosened Herself from Kṛṣṇa's embrace and got up from bed. She obtained Her maidservants' loyalty by frowning Her eyebrows, and they all sat around Her. At once Sri Hari pretended to be still asleep, being thirsty after the nectar of their conversation.

Sri Radhika said: "Bho friends! You are most fortunate today to act as My friends! It's very fortunate that You have blessed Me with Your audience! Have you come here to purchase Me? O arrogant ones, I am a housewife! Have you brought Me here from My house into the forest, disappearing after forcibly handing Me over to this boy, who is expert in destroying the housewives' chastity? Today you protected the old merit of My piety on the strength of which I could lie down next to Him the whole night without having My chastity ravaged. O friends! Now Nidradevi (the goddess of sleep) lives in the eyes of Him whom I spent the night with! He is tired of staying up for many nights, making love with thousands of *gopis*! In this way Nidradevi helped Me tremendously (so that Kṛṣṇa was unable to ravage My chastity)!"

Lalita said: "Sakhi! Who does not know Your famous chastity, and who does not know about Kṛṣṇa's celibacy? Even the *śrūtis* (the Gopala Tapani Upaniṣad) praise Kṛṣṇa as a *brahmacari*. The eyes of the *sakhis* are very pleased to see Your spotless association with Him. Kṛṣṇa is not even touched by the goddess of sleep

because He keeps His vow of celibacy! We can truly understand that He is Your *ananga sangi* (He does not touch Your body, or: He associates with You through Cupid)."

After Lalita said this, Visakha said: "Sakhi Lalite! I know it all! For the sake of getting happiness, Radha and Krsna gave up Their bodies at the Kanya Kupa at Prayaga (or: They merged (*laya*) in the sacrifice (*yaga*) of Cupid (*alanu*).)" (43)

Citra said: "Sakhi ! What is this benefit?" Visakha said: "After bathing in Prayaga Their virtue was strengthened again, so now They are united again (or: They engaged Their purified minds in *yoga* again). Sri Radhika had attained the *acyuta yoga siddhi* (infallible mystic perfection, or: union with Acyuta, Krsna) through *vairagya dhuradhara* (carrying the weight of renunciation, or: having the *pan-*

colour removed from Her lips by Krsna's kisses), *nairgunya mukta harini* (liberation by transcending the modes of material nature, or: having Her *muktamala*, pearl necklace, broken by Krsna) and *niranjanodara drk* (objective transcendental vision, or: having Her eyeliner wiped away by Krsna). Krsna took shelter of His subservient *Yoganidra* (mystic slumber, or: feigned sleep) to experience His full *atmabhutva* (Selfborn nature, or: erotic experience). He is worshipped by transcendentalists for liberation (*atimukta* or Madhavi-flowers) as He sits on His *yoga asana* (or on His flowerbed in the *kunja*) having attained *siddhi* (mystic perfection, or sexual satisfaction). But, O *Sakhis*, Radhika's *siddhi* is greater! There are wonderful moonbeams shining on Her sky-like chest (or: Her chest is full of nailmarks) and mental affliction (*manobhava tapa* means mental distress or erotic agitation)." (47)

When Hari heard this, His body became studded with goosepimples of ecstasy. Vainly trying to control His laughter, He was moistened by perspiration and smilingly He gave up His feigned sleep. Suddenly He got up and showed the *sakhis* His chest, saying: "Ham ho! Look at the wonderful (Citra means wonderful, or one *sakhi*) moonbeams (Indulekha means moonbeam or one other *sakhi*) on My chest, that are the only source of My life and happiness!"

Sri Radhika lowered Her head and giggled, covering Her mouth with Her veil and looking at Krsna with knitted eyebrows. Then She slightly touched Hari's chest with Her lotuslike hand and pointed at the marks there, saying: "O Lover! If these wonderful (Citra) moonbeams (Indulekha) are on Your chest, then why didn't Lalita and Visakha (unlike Citra and Indulekha) also get a place there, although they are so qualified? They would accept Your nailmarks and repay You threefold (by scratching You three times as much)!" (50-51)

The *sakhis* then said to Krsna: "We heard that You spent the whole night fast asleep! Which lady then has made these nailmarks on Your chest? Sri Radhika is the Queen of all chaste girls, She could not have given up Her virtue by doing this!"

Krsna said: "Yes, friends! The vine of Sri Radhika's piety is very strong, therefore She defeated Me in last night's erotic battle, although She's just a weak girl! Look, She dug into My chest with Her nailweapons!"

The *sakhis* asked Krsna: "O Gallant! How did Sri Radhika carve Your chest with Her nails?" Krsna then showed them by biting their lips with His teeth and scratching their breasts with His nails. (54)

Looking at Madhusudana (the Krsna-honeybee) who was intoxicated from drinking the honey of the blooming lotusfaces of the *gopis* in the forest in the morning, Vrndadevi was immersed in an ocean of bliss, but she trembled of fear also.

The rays of the fullmoon-like faces of Sri Radhika and the *gopis* had arisen and the moonlit night was over, so Vrnda looked if Radha and Krsna's lovegames were over or not, being doubtful at heart. (56)

It is said in the *Vedas* that as much as darkness is dispelled, that much knowledge is revealed and according to that the disease of the heart, lust, is destroyed. But Vrnda thinks the opposite. She thinks that Radha and

Krsna's passion increases as the daylight comes. The customs of Vraja are not perceived by the *Vedas* even! (57)

Vrnda saw no other way to break Radha and Krsna's loving fatigue but to engage the old she-monkey Kakkhati in speaking some harsh words to force Them to separate. She thought: "Alas! There's no other way than this!" (58)

Kakkhati said: "O Krsna! You contaminated these chaste girls with the mud of adultery and You will not even leave them alone in the morning-time! As a reaction to all this, Jatila is now quickly coming here from Vraja!"

Simply upon hearing the three syllables Ja-ti-la all the *gopis* turned pale and their anxiety made the ocean of their loveplay diminish to a spoonful.

The *gopis* fearfully said: "O alas! Friends, what to do now? How can we secretly return home?" and stumbled out of the *kunja*-cottage into the courtyard, saying: "The night, that gave us just little pleasure, is over now, and the miserable Jatila has come to devour the fruitful vines of our desires and to shower us with the flowers of misery!"

Some *sakhis* and maidservants then entered the *kunja*-cottage again to fetch Radha and Krsna's broken garlands, Their nectarean foodremnants and Their different ornaments and ecstatically divided them amongst eachother.

Radha and Krsna's desires to separate and to unite clashed with eachother and if the first one (the desire to separate) was just slightly defeated, Krsna's arm would beautify Radhika's shoulder. (64)

Seeing this, the peacocks took Radha and Krsna to be a lightningvine embraced by a raincloud on earth. They happily spread out their feathers, danced and sang 'ke ka'. The maidservants had the same illusory vision as them. (65)

While Radhika and Krsna thus proceeded to Vraja in Their embrace, They eagerly looked into Eachother's faces. They also fearfully looked in all directions, thinking: "Somebody's watching Us!" (66)

The sunrise was like a thief that appeared when the king of the night, the moon, vanished, making the darkness, the *gopis'* friend, flee. Radha and Krsna became very upset when They saw a branchless tree in the distance, thinking it to be mother Jatila. Indeed, They saw the whole world as if filled with Jatila's!

At that time Cupid failed to shoot his darts, because although the lotusflowers in his kingdom bloom up when the sun rises, he became worried and forgot to fix his darts during this sunrise which afflicted the lotuslike *gopis*. (68)

The soldier of eagerness was defeated by the soldier of fear when Radha and Krsna reached the outskirts of Vraja, forcibly taking away the jewellike embrace of Krsna's arm that fair-eyed Radhika had attained on Her shoulder. Fear personified then admonished Radha and Krsna, forbidding Them to even walk on the same path together. Their maidservants had to cry when they saw how pitifully They looked at Eachother then. Radha and Krsna's moonlike faces instantly lost their lustre out of sorrow over having to separate as They were forced to walk on separate paths, like stars that lose their luster when they come before the moon. (71)

Radha and Krsna became sad for having to separate after having first attained the jewels of Eachother's hearts. Their pure love gave Them the guarantee for Their next meeting.

Losing Sri Radhika's company, Krsna went alone to Vraja. At that time a young girl personifying unlimited pain obstructed Him by embracing Him (Krsna, feeling great pain of separation, could not walk on anymore) and He shed warm tears of sorrow.

Sri Radhika's body was studded upto Her hair and nails with blisters of severe separation and since She was delaying Her return home with stumbling gait, Her friends took Her along.

Sri Radhika said: "Friends! Alas! I'm dying from the pain of separation! How will you take Me to Vraja? Why engage in this calamity? Fate became My enemy, taking away My blissfull union with Krsna! How can you lock Me up in My mother-in-law's house? Lalite! You took me out of My home today and made Me enter into it again on the same day! Why did you vainly make Me greedy after stepping into the nectaroccean of Krsna's company? *Sakhi* ! The sun that I saw setting just now is yet again rising in the east! Now the night has become as illusory as a flower in the sky. Was there no night today?"

"Curses on My ears! Curses on My tongue! Curses on My eyes! They are always burning with the fever of erotic eagerness, unable to drink even a drop of the nectar of Krsna's nice voice, nice taste and nice form!"

Lalita said: "O naive girl! Today the *yoga* of nocturnal union with Krsna recited the *nirveda* almanac (*nirveda* = impious acts like adultery that are forbidden by the *Vedas*) to You! Now Your separation is also reciting the *nirveda* almanac (here *nirveda* means lamentation) to You. The union made You taste the nectar of Acyuta and the separation made You taste bitter poison! Alas!"

Sri Radhika, the Supreme Goddess of love for Krsna, could not understand the words of Her girlfriends. Being surrounded by them, She entered Her house without being seen by the people of Vraja and lay down on Her bed there.

Thus ends chapter two of 'Sri Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya' of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti and also the description of the Dawn-pastimes of Radha and Krsna. (3.36-6. a.m.)

PRATAH LILA - MORNING PASTIMES (6.00-8.24 A.M.)

CHAPTER THREE - RASODGARA

Chapter three of Krsna Bhavanamrta describes how Sri Radhika recollects Her pastimes with Sri Krsna of the previous night with Her girlfriends. This is called *rasodgara*.

When Sri Radhika fell asleep, Her maidservants, that were all as qualified as their leader Srimati Rupa manjari, and who had given up all their personal desires, nourished their own luster by bathing, anointing and decorating themselves with pure garlands and clothes.

*ta vidyud udyuti jayi prapadaika rekha
vaidagdhya eva kila murtibhrtas tathapi
yuthesvaritvam api samyag arocayitva
dasyamrtabdhim anusasnur ajarsamasyah (2)*

Each line on these *manjaris'* toes defeats the bright splendour of lightning. They are cleverness personified and although they are qualified to be group leaders of *gopis* (*yuthesvaris*) they have no taste for this, but are always immersed in the nectar-ocean of Sri Radhika's service.

King Vrsabhanu built a separate residence for his daughter Sri Radhika north of Jatila's inner chamber and had this residence decorated with different kinds of artful handicraft and an incomparably beautiful elegant moontower. In this watchtower are pillars, veranda's, roofs, a courtyard and different kinds of rooms, platforms and gates. The eyes of those who behold this building, that is illuminated by jeweled lamps and has many nice pictures, are astonished. Above the cloud-

like sapphire balconies on this moontower are rows of most charming silver swans. The peacocks, looking at this bluish balcony, take it to be their friend the cloud, but when they see the lines of silver swans, that are their enemies, on it, they contract their tailfeathers.

In the middle of this moontower is a room where Sri Radhika's maidservants clean Her sittingplace, diningtable and bed, smearing them with sandalwoodpulp. When the water is dried up they spread out a soft rug made of the hairs of a Ranku-deer and in topmost bliss they hang a canopy inset with pearls there.

One maidservant cleaned the golden and jeweled vessels, another one fetched water which was fit for that time (cold in the summer and warm in the winter), and another one placed a pillow on the jeweled bench which was covered with sheets of different colours. Another maidservant kept Radhika's clothes and jeweled ornaments of the previous day all in a box after cleaning them. Her bangles jingled loudly as she opened the box. Another maidservant began to crush camphor, vermilion and sandalwood. Another purehearted maidservant began to make bangles, crowns, garlands and flowersashes and another one lovingly made a tasty *pan* of *catechu*, *jatiphala*, cloves and other ingredients.

Meanwhile the sounds of the churning of curd and of *brahmanas* reciting the *Vedas* became audible everywhere in the village. The cows wanted to call their calves with their mooing, but they were outshouted by the *brahmanas*. The panegyrists sang waves of nectarean poetry describing Sri Krsna's glories and the *saris*, *sukas*, sparrows, peacocks and other birds increased the volume of their songs. Gradually all the people woke up, sat up in their beds and considered their duties for the day. Then they eagerly went to the house of Nanda, the king of Vraja, to see Krsna.

Mukhara, whose very life is the audience of her granddaughter Radhika's lotuslike face, and who is like a box full of jewels of parental affection, came in and called out: "Radhe! My daughter! Where are You?"

Sri Radhika said: "O holy mother, here I am!", yawned and got up, looking at Mukhara with eyes rolling of sleep. When Mukhara saw Sri Krsna's yellow cloth on Sri Radhika's chest, she pretended not to see it, in order not to embarrass Her. She said: "Radhe! Morning has broken! Why are You still sleeping? Don't You see that the sun is up already? Take Your bath and eat something before You go out to do Your *puja*! Alas! Your body is getting skinnier every day!"

While saying this, Mukhara sprinkled Sri Radhika with her loving teardrops. With her hand she carressed

Her body and then she took Radhika on her lap to fondle Her before hurrying to the palace of the king of Vraja, being eager to see Kṛṣṇa.

Then, one by one, Sri Radhika's friends came into the room and surrounded Her while She sat on Her jeweled sofa. They were laughing and joking with each other.

"The meeting with Sri Radhika is certainly a shower of nectar for the wheat of my joy!", these *sakhis* thought. Syamala-*sakhī* came along with them and Sri Radhika, who is beauty personified, embraced Her and offered Her a seat.

She said: "Syame! Just as I was thinking of you, you came before My eyes by the arrangement of Fate! *Sakhī*! If the tree of My desires will now bear fruit, I will consider this a good morning! Alas, O beautiful one! That tree of My desires is constantly sprinkled by My girlfriends, but still it did not bear fruit! How is it possible? O, when will I ever see these fruits?"

Syamala said: "Radhe! If the tree of Your desires did not bear fruit yet, then don't worry! It will surely bear fruit! But, O idle one, I understand that these fruits are most amazing! Although their fragrance is relishable by the bumblebees (*ali* means honeybee or *gopī*), they are always relished as if never tasted before! How amazing! Can't You see those fruits that have reddened Your own eyelids (that are red of sleep or Kṛṣṇa's lipstick)? O lotus-faced One! Haven't You tasted these fruits that have cut Your lips (Kṛṣṇa's bites) by repeatedly tasting them?"

Sri Radhika replied: "O Syame! You joke about Me because you don't know My heartache! Just as the lightning illuminates the cloudless night just once, first destroying the darkness and then disappearing again, making the darkness twice as dense as before, similarly after having seen Kṛṣṇa just once, His disappearance doubles the misery of His absence!"

Syamala said: "Radhe! That moon (*Kalanidhī* means moon, or clever Kṛṣṇa) whom You compare with the lightning, pleased You with its nectarean rays (*karagra* means rays or nails). Its phases now became visible on Your breasts!"

Sri Radhika said: "Syame! He simply pollutes Me with His phases! You are right in calling Him *Kalanidhī*! He sometimes gives a drop of moonlight to My Cakora-bird-like eyes, but not much. He cannot fulfill My desires in this way!"

Note: The Cakora bird lives only on nectar from the moon.

Syamala said: "Radhe! Tell us everything frankly! I am eager to have my affliction mitigated by bathing in the nectarean Ganga-stream of stories about Your nocturnal pastimes with Kṛṣṇa, that flows from Your lotuslike mouth! How can I perform any activities without first tasting that nectar?"

Sri Radhika said: "Syame! When a stream of fresh bluish luster began to shower Me in the *kunja*-cottage tonight, then who took Me on the dancingstage of innumerable Cupids that were dancing there (who filled Me with all these erotic feelings)? When I was pleased by seeing this dancing, I gave all My sense-activities as a reward to them, as the audience. I cannot remember anymore what wonderful performance began on the stage then!"

Syamala said: "Radhe! How amazing! You became the stage manager of this erotic fight of that One ocean of pastimes who astonished millions of dancing Cupids with His own dancing! (How can You act like the audience? You are the stage manager Yourself!)"

Sri Radhika said: "Syame! I experienced so many other things than just what you described! Alas! Is this all some magic trick, a dream or an illusion in the mind?"

Syamala said: "Radhe! You have drunk much more honey from the lotuslike face of He who blinds all the housewives from afar with the fragrance of His face, so this error of Your mind is not so surprising!"

Then Madhurika (another *sakhi*) appeared. The *sakhis* asked Her: "Sakhi Where do you come from?" Madhurika replied: "I went to the house of the king of Vraja this morning for some duty. Listen to all the fun I saw going on there!"

"When Queen Yasoda called out: "Bho, Krsna! Krsna! Get up, O lotus-eyed One!", she showered Him with her breastmilk and her tears of loving ecstasy, as she saw Him lying on the bed."

While Krsna got up, His eyes slightly rolled out of drowsiness. The fragrance from His mouth spread here and there when He yawned, causing the honeybees to be intoxicated. While He stretched Himself out, His lotuslike face looked very beautiful, bent to one side upwards, making His curly locks fall loose downwards.

Queen Yasoda caressed her son from tip to toe with her handpalms, pronouncing the *mantra* 'avyadajo'ngihri maniman' to protect His whole body. She looked upwards, pitifully praying to the Lord: "O God of Gods! You mercifully gave me this son, who is the very life of His friends! O Lord! I do not know any way of worship to satisfy You! Show me Your causeless mercy by protecting my son!"

While Queen Yasoda was praying like this, Rohini, Purnamasi, Mukhara and Kilimba (Krsna's nurse) suddenly arrived, all eager at heart to see Krsna. Yasoda gave them the proper respect and they all happily praised Krsna.

Madhurika continued: "Listen, O Gandharvike (Radhika), to another wonderful thing that happened! When the queen of Vraja saw Your blue cloth on her son's chest, Purnamasi told her: "Just see, Krsna exchanged clothes with Balarama!"

"Then, seeing the spots of Your *pan* on Krsna's cheek, Purnamasi said: "Madhava! Has a ruby from Your earrings been reflected in Your emerald-like cheek?" and wiped away the red spots of Your lipstick with her hand. Seeing Krsna dizzily getting up from bed, Yasoda told Rohini: "Sakhi Rohini! Last evening Krsna did not eat enough, that is why He is so thin and dizzy! Give Him something to eat now!" Hearing this, Rohini went to get something to eat."

"Then Krsna sat down on a jeweled chair brought in by His servants who began their scheduled services like washing His lotuslike face. Then Balarama and Madhumangala arrived and stood on each side of Krsna's chair, making Him look like a raincloud flanked by the moon and the lightning."

"When Rohini brought Krsna His fragrant butter mixed with rock-candy and camphor on a silver tray it looked like the materialised motherly affection from her lotuslike heart. Everyone became very happy to see this."

"Mother Yasoda repeatedly served this to Krsna and His friends, but Madhumangala told her: "Mother! I'm still hungry, although I have already eaten unlimited amounts of food!", so Ma Yasoda gave him more."

"Meanwhile a cowherdman came in and said: "Krsna! The expert cowherders fail to milk the cows and the calves cannot drink even a drop of milk from the cows, being very morose!"

"The cows are looking down the road for You to come with tearfilled eyes, licking their calves, filling the directions with their mooing, unable to tolerate another moment without You!"

"Kṛṣṇa then gladdened His mother by sprinkling her with the nectar of His slightly smiling lotuslike face, indicating His own bliss. Chewing His *paṇ*, He got up to milk His cows."

"Mother Yasoda then told Balarama: "O Balabhadra, if You go to wrestle after milking the cows, then don't delay! I urge You, come back quickly for breakfast after playing with Your friends!"

"Hearing His mother's words, Hari said: "O mother! You are saying this because you don't trust Me! I am the only leader of all the cowherdboys, so why should I accept the control of My older brother?"

"Mother Yasoda replied: "O boy! All the older people of Vraja know how You are the leader of the boys from Your very childhood! How many times didn't they complain to me about Your stealing things (like butter) from their homes in the past?"

"Mother Yasoda personally handed Kṛṣṇa a golden bucket for the milk in His right hand and a rope for tying the cows, that defeats the splendour of lightning, in His left hand. With that, O *sakhī*, Kṛṣṇa looks even more beautiful!"

Then Kṛṣṇa went out, walking more slowly than an intoxicated elephant. His anklebells jingled, His moving curly locks were black (like the Yamuna-river) and His jeweled earrings were white (like the Ganga-river). These streams of nectar sprinkled the globe of His moonlike face like the Triveni (the confluence of the Yamuna, Ganga and Sarasvatī-rivers)."

"Kṛṣṇa's yellow scarf danced on His chest like a restless lightning-strike dancing on a cloud, His pearl necklace started dancing of joy when it saw the Kaustubha-gem dancing on His chest, rising like the sun, and His flowergarland kissed His footornaments."

"When Kṛṣṇa thus went out of His house He gave great joy to His mother's eyes. Sometimes He chewed a *paṇ* which was given to Him by His servants and His body was studded with goosepimples as He stood by the towngate."

"Kṛṣṇa sat down on a platform outside of the towngate, waiting for His friends, trying to find out which girl was doing what where. For this His eyes restlessly darted here and there. Then one by one His dear friends came there to meet Him."

"O mistress! How can I describe the mild smile on the lotuslike face of Kṛṣṇa, who has such good taste, as He relished the soft words that His friends whispered in His ears at every step? How can I describe the meaning of these words? May Your bee-like mind always search for this!"

"Whose mind will not be enchanted by the profuse sweetness of Kṛṣṇa's bent turban at that time? The net of golden strings on top of that turban on which beautiful jewels are strung, is indescribable!"

"Then Kṛṣṇa got up and went down the road to the barn. The anklebells on His feet jingled sweetly and His bodily fragrance, that pervaded all the directions, forcibly attracted the young housewives, who climbed the nearest watchtower from where they repeatedly worshipped Him with their lotuslike eyes."

Sri Rādhikā's fever of separation was extinguished for the time being by Mādhurikā, who served Her the soothing nectar-drink of descriptions of Kṛṣṇa's beautiful play with His friends, but shortly after that the fever of Her desire increased a hundred times again.

The joy of Radhika's ears had increased, but the high fever of desire had entered Her eyes. These eyes became envious of their neighbours' (the ears') incomparable wealth of Krsna-nectar and became afflicted with sorrow.

Then Sri Radhika, the Supreme Goddess of *anuraga* (constant passion) for Krsna, told Madhurika: "O fairfaced One! Most blessed are the girls of Vraja, whose fishlike eyes always play in the ocean of Krsna's natural beauty and playfulness!"

Then She told Syamala: "Sakhi ! Although I took birth in Gokula I could never relish Krsna's sweetness! And even if I heard about it, My restless mind could not keep even a drop of it!"

Syamala said to Lalita: "Lalite, listen, I'm going home now! Let my words stop now! Please offer this lotuslike girl to the thirsty Krsna-honeybee in the abode of the king of Vraja!"

When Syamala went home, Sri Radhika's mind got upset with feelings of separation from Krsna, making Her experience a second to be like a millennium. When Her maidservants began their usual duties for Her bathing and ornamentation, She went through them as a mere custom.

Then all the *sakhis* were also bathed, ornamented and dressed by their friends, so that even the beauty of their lotusfeet defeated that of the goddess of fortune, who was churned out of the Milkoccean along with a spotless autumn moon.....

Thus ends the third chapter of Sri Visvanatha Cakravarti's 'Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya'.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA

CHAPTER FOUR: Sri Radhika's bath, dressing and ornamentation

After this, the maidservants came before Sri Radhika's jeweled sofa with golden jugs in their hands, filled with water which was cold in the summer and warm in the winter, to quickly wash Her beautiful mouth.

One maidservant poured water from her jug into her handpalm. As Sri Radhika flushed Her closed mouth, moving the water back and forth from Her palate to Her teeth, Her cheeks were slightly puffed up. With some noise She spat the water out in secret. (2)

After this, one maidservant removed Sri Radhika's locks from Her shoulders with the fingers of her left hand, placing them on Her head, and began to wash Her naturally smooth forehead, cheeks and eyes, making

them shine unlimitedly.

With soft closed hands one faireyed maiden brushed Sri Radhika's teeth with the very beautiful twig of a desiretree. At that time her handstring swung and her bangles remained silent, but her earrings swung faster. While Sri Radhika was washed like this, Her teeth looked beautiful and charming like raindrops. (5)

Another fair maiden cleaned Sri Radhika's tongue with a tongue-scraper which was shaped like a bow. She held the scraper with her tender thumbs and indexfingers and scraped Radhika's youthful, sproutlike tongue. Sri Radhika was very pleased with that. Her lowered head, that was covered by Her curly locks and beautified by Her smile, shivered.

(6-7)

After Sri Radhika's moonlike face was thus repeatedly washed inside out, one *sakhi* washed Her hands and dried the waterdrops from Her face with a soft white towel.

One maidservant held a jeweled mirror in front of Radhika's face to show Her that all the *pan*-spots had been brushed from Her teeth. Once again Radhika's face was beautified with a nectarean smile as She beheld Her own face, that showed all the signs of Her Priyatama's love-festival, in the mirror.

The *sakhis* came there in great bliss and removed all the unnecessary ornaments from Radhika's limbs, making Her look even more beautiful with the signs of the removed ornaments on Her body, like an ornament free from spots. (10)

Then Sri Radhika put on a white bathing-dress, looking around anxiously if anybody was watching. She looked like a steady streak of lightning surrounded by the beautiful orb of the moon.

Then again She sat on a soft seat, surrounded by Her girlfriends that are dedicated to Her with causeless love and that are expert in serving Her, like a beautiful moon surrounded by its orb.

Rati Manjari took Radhika's veil off and opened Her braid, displaying Her wonderful bunch of hair. She unraveled this hair with her fingers and sprinkled it with fragrant oil, gently pulling it from top to bottom and making it smoother by hitting it softly with the side of her hand. She softly massaged Radhika's head with her budlike hands that carried jingling bangles. Radhika's eyes opened slightly and Her body shivered of erotic bliss.

When she combed Radhika's hair and bound it up, it looked as if the dense darkness of this hair blocked the shining of Her moonlike face, so she angrily punished the hair for this with the weapon of her jeweled comb. (16)

The maidservants secretly smiled when they saw the marks of Krsna's nails and teeth on Radhika's breasts while they opened the pots with oils for sprinkling Her breasts arms etc. Seeing this, Radhika's eyes became startled and She shyly lowered Her head.

Then one very clever maidservant prepared an ointment of *kunkuma*, camphor, lotuspollen and sandal mixed with rosewater and another maidservant anointed Radhika's body, that looked like the lightning showered by a raincloud of nectarean luster, with this unguent expertly checking with her eyes if her service was done well.

Another maidservant massaged Radhika's hair with her handpalms, using myrobalan-shampoo mixed with other fragrant substances. With her calm movements she made this hair very smooth and beautiful.

Sri Radhika then sat down on a chrystal bathingdais in front of Her, being surrounded by Her attending maidservants. When She climbed on this dais with the elegant steps of an elephant, Her own luster coloured the dais golden.

As Radhika sat down, one maidservant poured little streams of water over Her head and another maidservant most blissfully massaged Her hair with both her hands. In this way Radhika's body looked like Cupid's shining golden banner, and Her loosened hair looked like a slightly flapping blue flag hanging over it, sprinkled by the dense raincloud of the bathingwater.

When the maidservants had massaged all of Radhika's limbs with very fragrant water, the *sakhis* commenced Her big shower while the maidservants chanted : "Jaya! Jaya!"

When the *sakhis* thus showered Sri Radhika with water from a chrystal jug, Her hair was reflected in the jug like sapphires, Her face like different jewels (the nose, eyes, lips etc.), the *sakhis'* handpalms like (red) corals and Her breasts like gold.

Sri Radhika's buttocks, that were covered by a white cloth, looked like a waterball in the transparent chrystal jug, attaining oneness in colour with it, but difference in form when the jug came close to Her body.

When these blissfull maidens rubbed the drops of water from Radhika's body after the shower, it looked as if the pearls (the waterdrops) were wiped from a steady streak of lightning (Radhika's body) by a blue autumnal cloud (the towel). (27)

When one maidservant tied Radhika's hair in a cloth to squeeze out the water, it looked as if the Yamuna (the hair) was covered by the Ganga (the towel), but still defeated that Ganga by coming out from inside of it, extending her luster.

This maidservant softly beat Radhika's hair with this towel to make the water drip out. It was as if dense darkness (the hair) was crying, being swallowed by the moonbeams (the towel) that are white like lotusstems.

Sri Radhika then dressed in a fine gown from Her waist down, dropping Her bathingdress. Mother earth accepted that dress (that fell on her) and attained its fragrance, thinking: "Fragrance is my quality (*punyo gandha prthivyam*) and faireyed Radhika's bathingdress has given me that quality with all the fragrant oils that touched it during Her bath!"

Sri Radhika, the jewel of all ladies, whose body was slightly bent and whose eyes were startled, removed the hairs from Her beautiful face with Her fingers, that looked like the buds of golden Campaka-flowers. (31)

Sri Radhika held the towel with both Her hands, striking Her washed hairlocks with it, filling the sky with waterdrops that flew here and there. This looked very beautiful, as if the branches of a steady lightning vine had made friends with the spotless moonglow (the towel) to strike the dense darkness (the hair), making it splendid and bent.

Then Sri Radhika was dressed in a beautiful-blouse tied with crimson strings hanging down Her breasts, and with a petticoat with pictures on it, that hung down to Her heels.

On top of that She was dressed in a new cloudblue *sari* with golden spots on it, seeing which Mukunda's eyes would be caught and obstructed. The remaining water dripped from Svamini's hairlocks, making the *aguru*-smoke from it ascend to heaven. Aho! Who does not take part in the constant service of great souls? (Or: Those who have no *guru* (*aguru*) can still relish the service of the Lord, who is the aggregate of all *gurus*, and, relishing the nectar of such service, ascend to Vaikuntha).

Then moonfaced Radhika, being surrounded by the soldiers of Her bright luster sat down on Her golden chair and the expert Sudevi came up to Her, placed her left hand on the top of Her head and combed Her hair softly with a comb she held in her right hand. When she combed, she opened her left hand and otherwise she contracted it. It was as if the stream of the Yamuna was dragged by a golden net (the comb dragging the black hair), falling on the sometimes blooming, sometimes closed lotusflower of Her face, swallowing it.

With a beautiful comb Sudevi made the part in Radhika's hair above Her forehead. In this way Her two braids were divided by a narrow path that was praised by Cupid.

The remembrance of this part destroys all sinful reactions. Is it sweetness personified, or is it the Ganga where the elephant of Hari's heart can play? Or is it the triple pathway where the boats of Her friends' eyes can cross the river?

Lalita stood in front of Sri Radhika, placing a beautiful crestjewel on Her shining head, that rose like the sun on the dense darkness of Her hair, that is very dear to him. All around this crestjewel were strings of new pearls that touched the part. It looked as if the stars got cold and displeased from serving the moon and therefore began to serve the sun, to get some warmth.

The place where the part comes out on the forehead is named *lalatika*. The pearls that were placed on this part looked like Cupid's bow and kissed Radhika's curly locks. It looked as if the moss (hair) on a lake of nectar (the face) was kissed by foam (the pearls).

Then Sudevi joined Radhika's hair with the pearl string of Her crestjewel and *lalatika* and made Her braid, that fell down to Her thighs, decorating it with different sweet flowers that came out here and there. It looked as if the moon threw out all of its spots after performing penances and had attained the position of Sri Radhika's spotless moonlike face. The thrown-out spots hung down as Her braid, that touched Her feet out of gratitude. At the end of this braid Sudevi hung a lotusflower made of various wonderful diamonds, pearls and gold on a thin silken string. This looked like the desirevine of Hari's desires in the form of the fibrous root of a Banyan tree with a very beautiful jeweled ribbon at the end, brought there by Cupid after he conquered the abode of Indra.

Lalita jokingly told Sudevi: "O Sudevi! Are you Bandhada-devi (Mayadevi, who binds all the conditioned souls, or: the goddess who binds the braid), who firmly binds all the bala's (living beings, or Radhika's hair)? Only Hari can give *moksa* (to those living beings, or: only He can open Radhika's braid) whenever He feels like it!" (49)

After saying this, Lalita placed her left hand on the top of fawn-eyed Radhika's head, slightly lifting Her head and holding a cup of musk in her right hand. With a pencil she mixed that musk with *aguru* and made a circle on Radhika's forehead with this mixture. In the middle of this circle she drew an eight-petalled lotus with *sindura* and in that circle she painted Radhika's sweet *tilaka* with sandalwoodpaste mixed with camphor.

Cupid defeated Lord Siva and took the moon from His forehead, using it to make Sri Radhika's halfmoon-crest forehead, where he carried his erotic *rasa* since long.

Sri Radhika's forehead looked like a golden slab covered by Her curly locks that were like magic syllables written on that slab, and was beautified by the multicoloured *smara yantra* (Cupid's instrument) *tilaka* that controls and gladdens Her Priyatama.

Then Lalita applied eyeliner mixed with camphor on Radhika's eyes from a cup. How can any poet's tongue relish (lick) the sweetness of Radhika's curved eyelids then?

Seeing Radhika's lotuslike eyes with eyeliner on, it seems that even the sun does not shine so brightly! The enemy of the sun, dense darkness, has surrounded the friends of the sun, the lotusflowers (eyes) as the eyeliner. But how amazing! Instead of diminishing the beauty of these lotuslike eyes, their beauty simply increases!"

Lalita smilingly said: "Radhe! I don't know how much You like black substances (because they look like Krsna)." Hearing this, Sri Radhika angrily knitted Her eyebrows.

Lalita said: "O nicely anointed fish-like eyes! Now that the black Krsna-cloud will arise You should dance skillfully, sweetly and blissfully!"

Hearing this, moonfaced Radhika said: "Lalite! How can My eyes become dancers unless your glances, that are the best of dancers, teach them?"

Then Lalita swiftly placed Radhika's nosepearl, that was inset with different jewels, on Her nose. It looked as if the moon took his wife the star on his chest as an ornament.

These pearl ornaments were like an effulgent king sitting on a golden lotusthrone, giving great joy to Hari's city-like eyes, controlling them, although they are otherwise hard to control.

Are Krsna's two playful eyes thirsty after Radhika's nosepearl, thinking it to be the seed of a vine of beauty? Or are they Cupid's round budlike arrows (the pearls) that were coming out of a quiver of sesameflowers (the nose) showing their great opulence in order to destroy Mukunda's patience?

Lalita jokingly said: "O nosepearl! You are a globule with sweet nectar that adorns Hari's fish-like eyes! Quickly attract Him, so that the world can announce Your good fortune!"

Then Visakha said: "Lalite! Those fish-like eyes of Hari, that live in the ocean of constant passion (*anuraga*) even swallow the basket of the housewives' patience and fear, and they will also swallow this globule. Who on earth can subdue these eyes?"

Hearing these nectarean words of Her friends, Sri Radhika frowned Her eyebrows and said: "Why don't you engage in mutual *kṛsā* (attraction or cultivation)? You can attract Krsna and Krsna can attract you!"

After that, Lalita hung hoop-earrings, that shone like clean garments, around Sri Radhika's ears that were adorned with Kunda flowers with jeweled earrings hanging under them.

Are these the best sprouts of Cupid's tree, that give joy to the Krsna-honeybee, bearing beautiful clusters full of jewels and honey, or are they Sri Radhika's hoop-earrings?

Lalita then painted Makara-fishes on Radhika's soft cheeks that will surely call Makara Ketu (Cupid), saying: "Please come and Hari will worship you during the most romantic time (of loveplay); offering His red, sproutlike lips to you! O Makara's! When Krsna's Makara-earrings fall on you, you must accept them as your husbands! They are *aghahara sruti sevi* (Aghahara is Krsna, or destroying all sins and *srutisevi* means: they hang under Krsna's ears, or: they are served by the Vedas)."

"The diamonds that hung on Radhika's ears on the fresh nectarlake of Her cheeks looked like barleycorns and the Makara's on Her cheeks opened their mouths to eat them. Have they now become stunned of bliss when these diamonds arose?"

Hearing these jokes of Her friends, faireyed Radhika said: "Sakhi! These Makaris of mine are motionless

and soft, they can never be compared to the dry, restless Makara-earrings on Kṛṣṇa's ears! Why are you joking like this?"

"Keep Kṛṣṇa's snake-like earrings lying on the hard chest of Your snake-like armlets, thus they will attain the jewel of women (Rādhikā's armlets), becoming most wealthy and giving up their restlessness!"

When Lalitā made a muskdrop on Rādhikā's chin, it looked as if the moon, removing the darkness with its rays, mercifully kept this child of darkness on his own chest (the chin).

Lalitā joked, saying: "This blue drop is like the full moon rising from an ocean of sweetness. Seeing this, Kṛṣṇa will think it belongs to Him and He will personally come to relish its juice again and again!"

It seemed as if Cupid had made a leafcup (Rādhikā's chin) with artfully made golden Ketaki-leaves, placing Bimbafruits (Rādhikā's lips) on them and laying a beautiful baby blackbee (the muskdrop) under it.

Then Citrādevī made pictures of beautiful tenderleafed vines on fairlimbed Rādhikā's breasts with camphor, *aguru*, *kunkuma* and sandalwoodpulp. Then these breasts looked like Cupid's Cakravaka-birds, that were covered by moss (the musk-pictures), coming out of a pond of *rasa* (Rādhikā's divine body) after having first been immersed in it (before Her teens). When the mad Kṛṣṇa-elephant sees this, He wants to play with them with His trunk (arms).

Campakalātā and Indulekhā then placed two jeweled armlets on Rādhikā's arms, dividing these arms like the full moon cutting two lotusstems in two. The *sakhīs* jokingly said: "O armlets! If you don't bring someone's matchless body here to offer to She who wears You, all the people will find fault in you and your name *angada* (= giving the body, or: armlet) will not be fulfilled! *Sakhī*! If this armlet comes before Hari's eyes it will immediately be *anangada* (giving erotic bliss), fulfilling our highest desires in a very wonderful way! Who can be more generous than that?"

Hearing these jokes of Her friends, Śrī Rādhikā smiled slightly, shyly lowered Her eyes and said: "Allright friends, no need to elaborate on these armlets anymore! Your limbs have the three qualities of *angadatva* (ability to give one's body) *anangadatva* (ability to give erotic bliss) and *agadatva* (giving medicine against lusty affliction), that are also seen in Hari!"

Then the *sakhīs* hung charming sapphire bangles inset with lines of gold, that please the ears with their jingling, on Śrī Rādhikā's wrists. These bangles looked like blackbees being chased away by the swanlike nails on Her lotuslike hands. Now they are embracing the necks of these lotuslike wrists, that give shelter to them, thinking them to be blue lotusflowers!

Rādhikā's bracelets and bangles represent a *japamālā* of Kṛṣṇa's bluish complexion and His golden dress. She naturally praises Kṛṣṇa in this way, doing *japa* of 'blue' and 'gold'.

Just as a hunter spreads out his net to catch birds, Śrī Rādhikā's handstring looked like a net spread out by the hunter Cupid from the roots of the leaves on the nectar-vine of Rādhikā's hands to catch the Cakora bird named Hari. .

Śrī Rādhikā wears jeweled rings on each finger, except for on the thumb, index- and middlefinger of Her right hand. Usually the moon and the lotusflower cannot be seen together, but on Rādhikā's lotuslike hands the nails perk like moons and Her fingerings shine like stars surrounding these moons.

Then Viśakhā swiftly placed a crimson blouse embroidered with charming pearls on fawn-eyed Rādhikā's very soft breasts. The cups of this blouse have the tendency to break religious principles. They are soldiers of passion that come out from Rādhikā's heart, showing their might in subduing Lord Hari!

The jewels that hung from faireyed Radhika's necklace, that was hung there by Visakha, looked very beautiful and divided Her breasts. It looked as if Cupid, to apologise for his offense to Lord Siva, (or to destroy Krsna's patience, as Aghasamhati also means Krsna), poured spotless Ganga-water (the pearls on the necklace) over two Sivalinga's (Radhika's two breasts) with a golden conchshell (Radhika's neck).

After this, Visakha placed a Dhruva (steady) medal, that was as clear as a mirror and that could reflect Hari's form (*haridhama dhuradhara*) on Radhika's chest, that was Visnupada (the place assigned to Krsna) as a great oblation to the earth, just as the Dhruva-star and the Haridhama (the form of Lord Visnu) dwell in the Visnupada (sky).

The bells that Tungavidya hung around Sri Radhika's buttocks looked like jeweled gates with which Cupid locks off his own home. Are these bells like *rasika* cranebirds that are overcome by lust, and that show their opulence by sweetly singing on the shore of Radhika's navel, that is filled with the waves of Her three-lined belly?

Then Rangadevi hung jeweled anklebells with nice *hamsaka*-ornaments on Radhika's lotusfeet and sweetly jingling golden and jeweled rings on Her toes. Sweetness itself rolled at Sri Radhika's feet to make itself successful in different ways. Did it appear as Radhika's footornaments to engage other fortunate souls to praise the glories of these lotusfeet, making sounds like 'rana rana'?

Someone may ask: "Sri Radhika's nails and footsoles are naturally reddish, why bother smearing red footlac on them?" Then the answer is: "are there no people worshipping the radiant sun with a tiny wick?"

That sunlike footlac has merged with his beloved lotusflowers, Radhika's footsoles. Seeing this, the *paramahamsas* (anklebells) and *avadhutas* (they who are shaking), learned sages who desire this kind of liberation, dance in ecstasy. They have attained a higher bliss than liberation on Radhika's footsoles!

The *sakhis* said: "O Footlac! Don't lament, thinking: 'I'm unqualified!' The (red) colour of your passion reaches as far as Hari's forehead and His locks (when He places Radhika's feet on His head), increasing their beauty!"

Hearing these words of Her friends, Sri Radhika pretended to be angry. Her eyes became crooked and She anxiously chastised these *sakhis*.

She said: "Sakhi ! Let Me joke about you when you colour someone else's head with the lac from your footsoles! If I ever get that chance, I would also ridicule you! Why are you so silly to joke about Me without reason?"

Rasa manjari then carefully smeared Sri Radhika's body with sandalwoodpulp, camphor, *kunkuma* and musk etc. But the king of Radhika's natural bodily fragrance accepted this unguent as a mere servant!

Tulasi manjari hung an Atimukta (Madhavi)-flowergarland around Radhika's neck and placed Her playlotus in Her lotuslike hand, making both the garland and the playlotus very sweet.

Ranganamala placed a jeweled mirror that reflected Her effulgently ornamented body, in front of faireyed Radhika's face. Seeing Her own sweet effulgent limbs in this mirror, astonishment kissed Radhika's mind and heart, and the daughter of Vrsabhanu, knowing the waves of Her Priyatama's thoughts, thought to Herself: "Where has this unique ocean of My bodily sweetness come from? How will the *rasika* (connoisseur) honeybee Madhusudana keep His calmth when He sees this? If He sees the drops of My unpolished luster, My Priyatama will enter into an ocean of bliss! When will that moment come that He can see this beauty? Why should that unfortunate luster appear in such abundance without being seen by My Priyatama now? Would anybody in this world whose wealth is wasted not lament over that?"

Sri Radhika's friend 'desire to see Krsna personified' suddenly arrested Her and forcibly took Her to the domain called 'loss of patience'. But Radhika became afraid that the assembly of elders would notice it, so She restrained Herself.

Then Kundalatika came from Nandisvara on the order of the Queen of Vraja (Yasoda) who is like a desirer of parental affection, just to give joy to Sri Radhika's beelike eyes. (109)

The *sakhis*, who are all equal to Sri Radhika in affection, kindness and luster, all became ecstatic when they saw the nectar-shower of Radhika's and Kundalata's mutual audience and their exchange of smiles.

Thus ends the fourth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Sri Radhika's bath, dressing and ornamentation.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER FIVE

Sri Radhika goes to Nandisvara to cook for Krsna

Sri Radhika told Kundalata: "*Sakhi* ! By Vrajesvari's grace you have quickly come here! Your arrival is as beautiful as the moonrise in the east at nightfall!"

"I understand that Queen Yasoda showers Me with nectar with this order! If I had not gotten this order (to cook for Krsna) My mind would be so sad that it would have been better for Me to leave My body!" (2)

"O Rasavati (humorous girl, or good cook)! I see you have come to take Me there for cooking, but first go to My superiors and ask them for permission and then quickly come back!"

Drinking the nectar of faireyed Radhika's words, Kundalata blissfully smiled and said: "*Sakhi* ! You know it all, so don't delay and come along with me and take Your friends along! *Sakhi* ! Don't worry about Your superiors! It won't be the slightest difficulty to get their permission, because Vrajesvari Yasoda controls them with a matchless shower of wealth of barley and cows! And all the people of Vraja are unconditionally favorable to Krsna, the prince of Vraja, who is dearer to them than millions of lives, so there's no fear of them either! *Sakhi* ! Queen Yasoda is eager to collect incomparably tasty things to cook for Krsna, not considering personal gain or loss, fame or infamy, her own purpose or that of others! *Sakhi* ! Whatever you cook belittles the nectar from heaven! This is known throughout Vraja! Who is not astonished by Your skill in cooking? O Lotus-eyed One! Ever since Durvasa Muni bestowed his blessings on You (that whatever You cook will increase Krsna's strength, bliss and longevity) not one day has passed that Vrajesvari did not ask You to cook for her son! Yasoda thinks there is no other reason that her tender boy defeated all those horrible demons than because of eating the food which is prepared by Your spotless hands! O Moonfaced One! Knowing Vrajesvari's heart I tell You: "Every day she is as afflicted by separation from You as she is by separation from her son!" (11)

Sri Radhika replied: "Sakhi Kundalata! What you said is not improper, but, O wise girl! It's not right for girls reputed for their chastity to go to other people's yards! And your cousin-in-law Krsna is a debauchee with the housewives at every moment, so I don't want to go to His house!" Hearing this, Kundalata told fair-eyed Radhika: "O nicely-thighed One! My cousin is not like you just said! You call Him a debauchee because He is so good looking, but with You He will be *alamapati* (a decent boy, or: *alam*= useless, and *pati*= garments, viz. He will consider Your clothes to be useless and take them off!). Just trust me and come with me!" (13-14)

"What to speak of Krsna's yard, You know the *aparangana* (=own yard, or other's yard)! That is proper for a housewife like You and Krsna shivers (of erotic bliss), knowing You to be *aparangana* (someone else's wife, or: His own wife, a+para)."

Hearing this, Sri Radhika replied: "Stop joking, O wise one! I'm not going there, stop your waywardness! I have My honour not to leave the path of chaste housewives' duties and virtue!" (Or: Don't rush! What if anybody hears that I'm going with you? You know how eager I am to go there! Don't think that I'm proud of My reputation as a chaste housewife!")

Understanding Sri Radhika's purpose, Kundalata replied: "Sakhi Radhe! You don't have to ask me to protect Your virtue as a housewife! That will surely be accomplished! You are helped by the blessing of Durvasa Muni, the best of muni's. So don't delay and go to Vraja (Krsna's abode Nandisvara)!" (Or: Radhe! Don't desire anymore ravaging of Your chastity! Your desires will surely be fulfilled by going to Nandisvara, so don't delay!)

Hearing Radhika's and Kundalata's joking discussion, Jatila suddenly appeared and said: "O chaste Kundalata! You are always the object of my confidence! O Radhe! Although it is improper for a chaste girl to put even one step out of her husband's house, especially to go to the house of that great womaniser Bakadvisa (Krsna), still I tell You to go there, because the words of Purnamasi, who knows everything, cannot be ignored! I can also not refuse the repeated humble requests of the wife of the king of Vraja, so I'm sending You to her home, but don't worry! The Supreme Lord Hari will protect You!" (21)

"O fairfaced One! The Lord of the world, Sri Hari, protects the whole universe. He will not desert chaste girls, like You, who stick to their principles! By handing You over to His hands I became free from anxiety!"

Hearing old Jatila's words, Sri Radhika fell silent and covered up the ocean of laughter that swelled within Her, looking at Her friends with the movements of the corners of Her big blue eyes. (23)

Sri Radhika pretended to be unwilling to go while She was in Jatila's presence, but She actually considered Fate to be favorable to Her, because Jatila was so eager to send Her to Nandisvara. Offering Her humble obeisances unto Fate, She then set off with Her friends like Lalita.

As She went out of the door and walked through town, Sri Radhika made the alleys shine like gold and jewels with the reflection of Her effulgent body, clothes and ornaments, and Her nice fragrance pervaded all the directions. (25)

Sri Radhika was slightly averse to the people that were coming and going down the road. She lowered Her eyes and covered Her lotuslike face with Her veil, remaining on one side of the road. In this way She looked very sweet.

But when She travelled on a lonely path, Sri Radhika forgot where She went or where She came out of ecstasy, and engaged in frivolous talks.

The *sakhis* then said: "Radhe! We are far from Your village now and we're approaching the abode of the king of Vraja! Will the desires of Your Cataka-bird-like eyes be fulfilled now?"

Hearing these words of Her friends, Radhika was overwhelmed by ecstatic symptoms like goosepimples and inertia. Seeing that this obstructed Her progress on the road, Kundalata told Her: "O fairfaced One! Did You become so afflicted because Krsnacandra did not cross the path of Your eyes? I am aware of Your chastity and Your friends can testify it! O Abale (weak girl)! Still You are unable to keep Your heart at ease? You must control Yourself for a while! I will engage Giridhari in carrying the heavy mountains on Your chest (Your breasts)!"

Lalita said: "O ignorant Kundalata! Our very chaste friend fearfully flees from that direction where Giridhari dwells. Alas! Why are you forcibly blemishing Radhika and why are You engaging Her like this? Mother Jatila has entrusted this girl to you and now you want to make Her act indecently? Don't you recognise anyone as your equal?" (32-33)

Kundalata said: "*Sakhi* ! There's no need for anymore useless talk! Look at the only One You desire in Your heart, sitting on that new jewelstudded chrystal dais!" (34)

"Look! After milking His cows and wrestling with His friends, Krsna now looks out with an anxious heart for You and Your friends to come, knowing that You will come."

"*Sakhi* ! Carefully look at Your lover, who maddens all the housewives of Vraja by embracing them with the aura of His luster! Is He standing in this threefold bending form because He cannot carry the weight of His own abundant sweetness? Intoxicated honeybees buzz around His swinging garland of forestflowers!" (36)

"The Makara-earrings that swing on Krsna's very soft cheeks are expert in teaching His eyes how to dance and He pleases all directions with the luster of His golden cloth that is swung by the wind and with the bluish waves of His bodily luster!"

"Your Beloved One places His left arm, that defies the beauty of an elephant's trunk, on the shoulder of His dear friend, twirling His playlotus, that belittles His own luster, around in His right hand to subdue all the *gopis*."

When Sri Radhika drank these nectarean words through the cups of Her ears She became completely enchanted and Krsna's fragrance streamed in and out of Her nostrils. She began to shiver and Her body became studded with goosepimples and sprinkled with tears of ecstasy. Calmly She said: "*Sakhi* ! Is there no other way to enter into Nandisvara? My feet cannot walk any further. What shall I do?" (39-40)

Lalita said: "Radhe! Because You act on the order of Your superiors there will be no fault in You, so don't be shy or afraid! It's not Your fault if You walk past this debauchee!" Being addressed like this, Sri Radhika walked on before Krsna. (41)

When Radha and Krsna saw Eachother They thought: "What is this?". Their bodies emitted waves of great beauty that inundated the *sakhis*. Even Sarasvati cannot describe this shower of sweetness!

How amazing! Sri Radhika's moonlike face drank the nectarean rays of the Cakorabird Krsna (although usually the Cakorabird drinks the nectar of the moon), and the Catakibird Radhika showered the Giridhari-cloud with rains of erotic *rasa* (although the cloud usually showers the Catakabird).

Then the *gopis* cleverly covered their faces with their veils with their left hands, relishing the nectar of Priyatama's lotuslike feet with their lowered eyes as they walked on carefully.

As Radhika and Her girlfriends passed by through the town gate, their veils slipped off their heads and Hari cast His lotuslike eyes on their effulgent buttocks.

One *sakhi* asked Radhika: "When Hari saw You passing by He became very happy and Madhumangala hung a garland of Campakaflowers around His neck. Did You see that? Do You understand this hint?" (Krsna will wear You like a golden garland around His neck by embracing You) (46)

Sri Radhika said: "*Sakhi* ! Do you think that everybody is like you? Do you want to make every girl a Campaka-garland around Krsna's neck?" In this way She passed through the big gate, slightly smiling and frowning Her eyebrows at Her girlfriend. (47)

The walls of Nandisvara are made of chrystal, the roofs and gates of gold and jewels and the bolts of these gates of diamonds. Female statues made of jewels carry the chandeliers and birds of jewels sit up in jeweled trees that are entwined by vines made of jewels. The sunrays are reflected in the jeweled pots hanging over the veranda and many artificial peacocks are dancing on the flags on top of these pots. The abode of king Nanda defeats the abode of heaven king Indra in opulence and is full of regal opulence.

On the northern side of the palace is Balarama's room, on the western side king Nanda's storehouse and on the eastern side the jeweled temple of king Nanda's *istadeva* Lord Hari (Laksmi-Narayana) which was worshipped by the best *brahmanas*. On the south is Krsna's bedroom with its matchless sapphire balcony and on all sides of the town-pond are many groves. (50-51)

Hari's mother saw Radhika and Her friends enter into her abode and she happily considered this daughter of the sun (Vrsabhanu) the goddess of beauty of all the three worlds, illuminating her home. When Sri Radhika humbly bowed down to her, mother Yasoda quickly lifted Her up and embraced Her, smelled Her head and showered Her with Her loving tears, inundating Her in a river of blissfull nectar. Mother Yasoda blessed Radhika, saying: "O Moonfaced One! Glory to You! May You give joy to my mind's eyes for a hundred years!" The mind of mother Yasoda, who is a matchless vine of parental affection, was also enchanted by Radhika's girlfriends, whom she also blessed like this.

Yasoda, whose heart melted with affection, saw that Radhika and Her friends were shy when she had some sweet soft savouries brought and served to them by Dhanistha. After fondling Radhika, she brought Her to the kitchen.

She said: "O Lotusfaced girl! O giver of fame to mother Kirtida! The Creator made You so expert in cooking! Please come in my kitchen and cook, engaging Your friends like Lalita etc.! I have plenty of all ingredients You may need in my house. Since You, being the goddess of fortune Herself, cast Your glances on My home, there is no scarcity of anything! Whatever different ingredients for cooking You have seen or heard of are all in my house! Go inside with Dhanistha and take whatever You need!" (56-58)

Saying this, Yasoda went to get her son to bathe Him. The *sakhis* got absorbed in their own duties and the maidservants served Sri Radhika by fanning Her etc.

Sri Radhika washed Her hands and feet and took off all ornaments and necklaces that might disturb Her while cooking. She offered Her obeisances unto Rohini, Haladhara's mother, and entered into the nicely smelling kitchen. (60)

Rohini said: "O daughter, You are an expert cook! I just cooked something to lessen the heavy burden of Your duty. Now You may cook what You like!"

Hearing this, Sri Radhika shyly lowered Her lotuslike face, but Rohini embraced Her as if She was her own daughter and fondled Her, forcibly seating Her on a dais covered with a white sheet that stood just before the stove.

The fire burned on cedar- and aloewood. Next to that was a pile of different vegetables, cut and put into different pots, ready to be put in the cookingpot for making a nice preparation. Sometimes Radhika checked if the fire was burning well, sometimes She added some wood to the fire and sometimes She lifted the lid to see if it was cooking nicely and stirred the preparation, making Her belly, breast and arm vibrate along with Her garments. (64)

Acyuta came from His room and looked through the window of the kitchen to relish the sweetness of this scene with His eyes. Intoxicated by desire He said something to Madhumangala, just to attract Radhika with the sound of His voice. When this very sweet sound entered the cups of Sri Radhika's ears, it forcibly took Her mind off Her cookingwork. But nevertheless She managed to cook very nicely.

The *sakhis*, being eager to hear Krsna's ascertainment of a meetingplace with Priyaji, walked here and there in His vicinity, casting sly meaningful glances at Him. Krsna, knowing that the time was right, clearly expressed His desires to them.

Thus ends the fifth chapter of Sri Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta", entitled: Sri Radhika goes to Nandisvara to cook for Krsna.

SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRITA MAHA-KAVYA : CHAPTER SIX

Breakfast and other pastimes

In order to soothe Sri Krsna's erotic affliction one young *suka*-parrot recited verses to Him with the syllables 'ra-dha' hidden in them, so that He could relish them without being caught by His superiors. He sang: "May Lord Narayana, whose body resembles a mountain (*dharadhara* means mountain and contains twice the syllables *ra* and *dha*) be merciful to us!"

After this, that parrot repeatedly said *dhara dhara* (meaning to say Radha Radha), for which Krsna fondled him and rewarded him with pomegranateseeds.

Krsna asked Madhumangala: "Friend, why didn't I see you this morning? Where did you go? You didn't wrestle with us today! I have seen people so expert in wrestling games like *prasarpa*, *sarpa* and *utsarpa*, but who is as expert as me? I jump over rods, my friends praise me for my skill in different kinds of athletics, and I wrestle alone with each one of them! I lift them and let them down again, holding them with my thighs, knees and shanks! I strongly flap my arms and wrestle with my arms as well!"

Madhumangala replied: "Friend! You may not have seen such an expert fighter like me, but if You saw me after I have trained, You may be astonished!"

Krsna asked: "What did you study?" Madhumangala said: "Astrology." Krsna: "From whom?" Madhumangala: "From Bhaguri muni's teacher!" Krsna: "What is the benefit of it?" Madhumangala: "Omniscience." Krsna: "Tell Me, what is on My mind?" Madhumangala: "Can I say what is on Your mind in such a short time, You think?" Krsna: "Then tell Me how you will know?" Madhumangala: "I can check Your zodiacal sign at this moment!"

Saying this, Madhumangala marked Kṛṣṇa's chart in the sand with his fingertips, constantly shaking his head and looking at the sky. He said: "See, on the slope of a charming hill there are two ponds on which a golden swan is swimming. You want to catch that swan to play with her, but she's protected by her flock and does not accept Your stretched-out hand, and although you try it so eagerly by different tricks and means, she cannot be enchanted. O friend, thus I'm aware of everything, being a brilliant astrologer!"

Kṛṣṇa said: "O great scholar, you've understood My mind! Will I be able to get that swan today or not? Look carefully in the stars!"

Madhumangala was silent for a while and then said: "O Kṛṣṇa! I studied the stars for a means for You to catch that swan. You should take shelter of some colourless (*vivarna*) branch (*sakha*), remain there and enchant that swan, stealing her heart with the playing of Your flute, looking at the wonderful flapping of her wings." (Double meaning: You must take shelter of Her friend (*paksapata*= flapping wings, or friend) Vi (*varna* = syllable, or colour) Sakha (= branch, or Vi-sakha sakhi), who stays at one place until You attract Sri Rādhikā with Your flute playing."

"Now that I ascertained this You must reward me! You must reward me as much as I tried to look into the planets for You!"

When Kṛṣṇa filled up his hands with pomegranate seeds, broad shouldered Madhumangala ate them, saying: "O friend, do You take a *savayas* (friend) like me to be a *vayas* (bird), that You give me this birdfood? Do You think that we (*brahmana*'s and birds) are the same?"

Kṛṣṇa replied: "Both you *brahmana*'s and birds recite the Veda's and both are called *dvija* (twice born), so you deserve equal treatment!" (*brahmana*'s are first born from the mother, then by *upavit samskara*, and birds are first born from the mother and then from the egg)

"But more than the birds, you are also a scholar, so here, take a whole pomegranate!" Receiving this gift, Madhumangala blissfully blessed Kṛṣṇa, saying: "Since You gave a whole pomegranate to a *brahmana* like me, I bless You that You will receive two pomegranates (Rādhikā's breasts) in Your hands today!"

"O friend! Today You offered Your nectarean words to Your dear (*priya*) *brahmana*'s (*dvijali*), so today You will meet with all blissfulness! (Or: Today You will give the nectar of Your lips (kisses) to the teeth (*dvijali*) of Your dear one (*priya* Rādhikā). You will be blissfully united with Her later today."

Mother Yasoda then called out: "Kṛṣṇa! My boy, what are You doing? Don't be late! Take Your bath! Your meal is ready, don't let it go cold!" and engaged her servants in massaging, rubbing and bathing Him.

If mother Yasoda, who was filled with loving anxiety, ever found any imperfection in the work of Kṛṣṇa's servants, even if they were expert, she personally took over from them to teach them by example. Sometimes she engaged Sri Rādhikā's maidservants in all this work, even though everyone forbade her to do this, since Kṛṣṇa was already in His teens. But Yasoda, out of pure affection, forgot about this. She only knew: "Kṛṣṇa is my son, He cannot even forget my breastmilk, and these *manjari*'s are still very small!" So she left them alone, being eager to do her many other duties.

Although mother Yasoda was absorbed in thoughts of how the rice and vegetables were to be cooked, were cooking or were already cooked, and about the sweet rice, milk and savouries and all the other very tasty preparations to be served to her son, she nevertheless ran around tirelessly with a fixed mind.

After Kṛṣṇa was bathed He was dressed in a lightning-coloured yellow *dhoti* by His servants, who repeatedly rubbed His hair and dried it off with aloe-perfume. They combed it and placed Jati-flowers in it that served like a basin for the vines of His curly locks of hair, that defeated Lord Siva's matted locks in beauty.

The *Kasmira-tilaka* that the servantboys painted on Kṛṣṇa's forehead made this forehead known as the monarch of His moonlike face, and the earrings they hung in His earlobes swung on His two moonlike cheeks like two suns.

The brilliant, motionless armlets the servantboys placed on Kṛṣṇa's arms took over the restlessness of these glossy arms, and the restlessly swinging necklace they hung on His neck attained peace on His motionless chest that was endowed with an abundance of sweetness.

The Kaustubha-gem they placed on His neck defeated the luster of millions of moons and suns, and a garland of Kunda-flowers whose great beauty was desired for by the young girls, was hung on Kṛṣṇa's chest. (Note: Garlands are considered female, that's why the girls are jealous)

One servantboy smeared Kṛṣṇa's whole body with the most amazing *kunkuma*, and another one hung the bells that reside in Priyaji's ears around His waist as a sash.

They hung jeweled rings and bangles on Kṛṣṇa's blooming lotuslike hands and sweetly jingling intoxicating anklebells on His lotusfeet.

Then Kṛṣṇa sat down on a jeweled dais that was covered with costly sheets where He closed His eyes, thinking: "I remember Lord Narayana."

While Kṛṣṇa meditated on attaining the Bimbafruit-like lips of His Beloved One (Sri Rādhikā) and practised *japa* of the *mantra* consisting of Her names, His body was studded with goosepimples of ecstasy.

Then a servantboy named Kamalā called Kṛṣṇa, saying: "O Prince! The Queen of Vraja is calling You again and again for breakfast!", so Kṛṣṇa and Madhumangalā got up, washed their feet and climbed on the dais covered with a sheet in the middle of the diningroom.

Sridāma sat on Kṛṣṇa's left and Balarama on His right and all the other boys blissfully surrounded Him as He blissfully ate.

Mother Yaśodā called Rohini to serve and Sri Rādhikā handed Rohini one preparation after the other.

Madhumangalā then said: "Kṛṣṇa has no appetite, Balarama eats only little rice and yoghurt, Sridāma is a small eater by nature and Subalā became asubalā (weak) because of eating too little. Alas! Where is that lack of cleverness to eat nicely and where is this food, that is cooked by Lakṣmidevī (Sri Rādhikā) Herself and whose taste defeats the sweetness of nectar? In a company of prosaic people that have no eagerness to relish nectarean poetry, poetry composed by a good poet is wasted! These four kinds of foodstuff are the fruits of all human pursuits taking shape and I'm the only one who's eligible to enjoy it!"

Sridāma then said: "Quickly eat these oblations that are your everything! Fill up your belly with those things through which you attained your *brahmana*-hood, O Madhumangalā!"

Madhumangalā replied: "O fool! You're just a cowherder! What do you know about relishing mellows? Go to the forest and do your duty by herding the cows! I've studied all the Veda's and their supplements under my teacher! Anyone who feeds me, has fulfilled all sacrifices to the Lord Himself, for He eats through the mouths of the *brahmanas*!"

Sridāma replied: "O *brahmacari*! You will not know the *śruti*'s and *smṛti*'s even in a hundred births! You are known as a *brahmana* only because you wear this thread!"

Then Kṛṣṇa intervened, saying: "Bato! Have you studied the scriptures on mellows (*rasa sastra's*) so that you know the purpose and definition of these curries?"

Madhumangala said: "According to *rasa sastra* there are eight *rasa's*, but I think that there are six! Through each of our six senses (five senses and the mind) we can relish these six *rasa's*. We can behold the nice form of the food, smell its nice fragrance, taste its sweetness, touch its softness, hear its nice sound while we eat and mentally feel blissfully when we eat. Thus it is relishable through all our six senses! Those people who have taken shelter of *vyanjana* (vegetables or suggestion) saying that there are eight mellows, don't know anything! Those who give up *sabji* and *dal* for some spiritual *rasa* are like those who leave an oasis to run after a mirage! Those people who do not know that you must chew to get some taste, may go on chewing and sucking for millions of lives, but they will never taste any *rasa*!"

Balarama then said: "How do you experience the taste of these mellows, how are the *sancari's* (dynamic expressions) and how do you taste the *sthai* (permanent) mellows?"

Madhumangala explained: "Although the knowers of *rasa* say that crying of tears comes after an emotional incitement I experience it before that, of sorrow, if I don't get my curries! My face becomes joyful and my body is studded with goosepimples of ecstasy when I get my meal! Look! My bodily hue becomes smooth after eating, this is my *vaivarnya* (loss of bodily colour, another *sattvika* ecstasy), and my voice changes of ecstasy when I eat. I get stunned of distress when I cannot eat lots of sweet rice. Look at me when I sweat, and after I finished eating a lot you can see me passing out (*pralaya*, the tenth stage of ecstasy)! My clear dynamic (*sancari*) moods are sleep, laziness and thoughtfulness, and although the paramount ecstasy named tastefulness is actually one, it is experienced in many different ways! This *saka* (vegetable) is only attained after having a lot of pious merit, and whoever drinks this *dal* (peasoup) feels himself like a king! This fried rice and fried gram is rarely attained even by Lord Brahma! These *pappars* (thin cakes made of ground pulse) look like white sheets and the *bhaji* (fried things) shower our blooming lotuslike eyes with bliss! These hogplums make nectar taste sour and the cakes make us dance in ecstasy at their mere sight! When we see the *ksira* (sweet rice) we're afraid that we will die of indigestion and our minds simply want to be immersed in the mangoes and the jackfruits. My birth is condemned if I cannot taste the savouries (like *samosa's*) that are like posts to bind up my elephant-like tongue, and these pickles are what my mind was searching for. These moonlike round *roti's* (flat breads) are rarely attained even by paying millions of gold coins. This rice, that is sprinkled with *ghi* (clarified butter) that looks like golden water and that smells as nice as grass which is grazed by the cows of Vraja, is only attained by the great pious merit of having my association!"

Sridama then retorted: "O Bato! You are a *brahmana* from the forest, you should eat only leaves, fruits and roots! You're not supposed to enjoy all this! Go and perform your penances!"

Madhumangala said: "Bho Sridama, you are right! I performed penances in my last life, eating fruits, roots and leaves only. And now, in this birth, they are transformed into curries! The residents of the terrestrial heavens are well visible to me every day. Know that my enjoyment is not possible for those who did not perform penance. How can it be? While tending your cows you touched my wind (as I walked past you) and thus you became purified with the power of my penances. Therefore today you can share my enjoyment!"

"Thus I showed you how I remember my last birth. Now as a reward you must give me sweet rice!"

Vrajesvari Yasoda told Rohini: "Sakhi! Madhumangala has grown tired of remembering his previous birth and speaking about it! Give this ascetic lots of sweet rice!" But as soon as smiling Rohini went to give him his sweet rice, Subala forbade her, saying: "First you must feed the monkeys! They are also tired of speaking and they're also ascetics. They tolerate cold and heat, they eat only fruits, flowers and leaves, and aren't they learned and aware of their previous births?"

Kṛṣṇa said: "Friend Subala! *Brahmana's* are meditating on Brahma and monkeys are only interested in filling their bellies. There's great difference between them!"

After breakfast the servantboys poured water from golden jugs for all the boys to wash their hands and mouths. Everyone got up from their seats and took a hundred steps to lie down and eat *pan* in bed. The servantboys handed them the *pan* and fanned them as they fell asleep.

Sri Radhika came out of the kitchen, washed Her lotuslike hands and feet and went to take some rest in private. She was served by Her maidservants, who fanned Her and performed other services.

Then Rohini served lukewarm rice and vegetables to Radhika and Her friends in golden trays. Yasoda was taken in by Dhanistha and said: "O daughter Gandharvike! Lalite! Visakhe! Campakavalli! Give joy to my eyes by eating without reservation! O Radhe, daughter! Why are You so shy? I'm Your mother as much as Kirtida is! Just joke, play and lie down here in my home with Your friends (*savayovrta*)!" The *sakhis*' minds were sprinkled with the nectar of these words, taking *savayovrta* to mean "embraced by Krsna" and they smiled slightly. Sri Radhika closed Her eyes slightly out of shyness and took Her meal with Her friends. Her mind was immersed in bliss by tasting Her lover's nectarean foodremnants and She cast a merciful glance at Dhanistha (who had mixed some of Krsna's remnants in Her food), who thus became very happy.

Sri Vrajesvari fondled Radhika, giving Her different garments, ornaments and unguents. Tungavidya whispered something in Visakha's ear, making her giggle and shake her head. Sri Radhika, who saw this, understood what was on their minds and said: "O *sakhi* Visakhe! Tungavidye! I should not stay here when I see you whispering in eachother's ears and exchanging naughty glances with eachother! You're just infatuated housewives!" Then She got up to go home, but Visakha then said: "O *sakhi* ! Are You indicating Your desires with this show of fear? *Sakhi* ! Vrajesvari told You to freely play joke and lie down with Your *vayas* (*sakhis* or Krsna)! Now why do You make us sad by disobeying this order, going straight home without even taking a little rest after eating?"

Then Dhanistha came and told Sri Radhika: "*Sakhi* ! Don't stay with them, they are very crooked! Come with me through the sidedoor, quickly! Your desire to pick Bandhujiva-flowers for *surya puja* (or: the desires of Krsna's eyes and mind) will be fulfilled without hindrance! O *Sakhi* ! The Queen of Vraja will not find out, don't be vainly afraid! Come along with me down this path!", the clever Dhanistha said and made Sri Radhika meet beautiful Krsna in a blissfull abode in a cave of Nandisvara Hill.

Thus ends the sixth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Krsna's dressing and breakfast at Nandisvara in the morning time.

End of Pratah Lila (6.00-8.24 a.m.)

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRITA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER SEVEN

PURVAHNA LILA (8.24-10.48 a.m.)

"Gostha lila : Pastimes in the pastures"

Subala said: "Hari! I cannot see any difference between *brahmana's* and monkeys! There's not even any difference between their names (*nara*= man and *banara*= monkey). To make his expertise known to the world Madhumangala interpreted the word *brahma* to mean his belly, taking it to be as unlimited and everlasting as *brahma*. He sits down three times a day to meditate on how to fill up his belly, and for this he is fixed in celibacy. Sometimes he is so absorbed in grabbing huge amounts of cooked food that he eats with two hands, just like a monkey!"

Hearing Subala's joking words, everyone, including Madhumangala, laughed. Madhumangala then had to cough loudly, making his face turn red.

Queen Yasoda said: "Bato! Don't laugh while you eat! Wait and calm down! O boys! Don't laugh and joke with Madhumangala while he eats!"

Krsna said: "O friend! Today your belly was not filled up because you were hindered by laughter and coughs! Alas!"

Madhumangala said: "Hee hee, mother! Give me *sikharini* (a sweet yoghurt-drink)!", and while he drank it with great gusto the drink beautifully streamed from his chin onto his belly.

Sridama said: "O Krsna! Describe the beauty of Madhumangala's face! He fills up the lake of his navel with a stream of *sikharini*!"

Krsna said: "Listen Sridama! The waves that swell in the Milkoccean of Madhumangala's belly are caused by the nectarean moon of his smile. These waves flow from his mountainpeak face as a stream of *sikharini* and thus sanctify his whole body. Then again they enter into the navellake of his belly, which is hard to cross and hard to fill up!"

In this way everyone joked during breakfast and Rohini and Yasoda once more served everyone, although Krsna, Balarama and the others were already satisfied.

Mother Yasoda told Krsna: "Child, eat nicely!" Krsna said: "Mother, I have no more appetite!" Yasoda said: "I swear You, eat at least five or six handfuls more!"

Yasoda said: "O my child! You wouldn't eat this if I didn't tell You to! Have You become so skinny from eating so little every day? You love this preparation so much! Eat a little!" Krsna replied: "Ma! I cannot eat anymore!" Then Yasoda called Rohini, saying: "Rohini! Tell Him to eat! He won't listen to me!"

Rohini then said: "O Vatsa (child)! If You don't eat I would have prepared all these dishes for nothing. Why should I then invite king Vrsabhanu's expert daughter for cooking? If You don't eat, then why should we let Her go through all the hardship of cooking?" Hearing these warnings, Krsna ate a little of the rice and vegetables.

"O Krsna, where is Your character? O! How will Your body become strong and nourished if You remain hungry like that?"

Being thus affectionately fed by the mothers, Balarama and the other boys also experienced matchless, wonderful bliss.

Sri Radhika drank the beautiful nectarean view of Krsna's form through the window with Her eyes, seeing that Krsna was satisfied and had finished His meal.

The cowherdboys, that were eager to go out to the pastures with Kṛṣṇa, told their mothers: "O mother! Why do you keep me here for putting on my *tilaka* and ornaments? What should I do? Why can't I get out of the house? All my friends are meeting with Kṛṣṇa at this time of the morning! My friend Kṛṣṇa, who is an ocean of love, waits for me, looking out for me to go with Him to the forest!"

The mothers replied: "Vatsa, why are you so upset? I only have the tranquilizing protecting stone on your wrist left to put on! I don't hear the cows going out yet, it's not forenoon yet and your friends haven't left their homes yet! Why are you so restless? If you go unornamented you'll look like a beggar, and your friends, who have been decorated with jewels and golden ornaments and who have been bathed by their mothers, will laugh at you!"

Even though their mothers meant to fondle them, the boys considered them entanglements. When they heard even the slightest sound down the road, they anxiously looked in that direction for their friends to come.

Then Vasudama, Sudama, Kinkini, Subala and other boys gathered together from different places, like the waves of an ocean of bliss reaching the Kṛṣṇa-shore.

Then one cowherdman came and loudly said: "Listen, boys! King Nanda, who stays in the barn, says: "Let Acyuta happily sleep a little more. Don't awaken Him so roughly! I have personally loosened the cows! Just wait a minute and then go!"

Hearing this, all the cowherdboys joyfully joined king Nanda in the barn while some more intimate friends like Subala went up to see Kṛṣṇa in His bedroom.

Then the servantboys like Raktaka, Patraka etc., whose love for Kṛṣṇa never decreases and who are expert in their service, came to mother Yasoda, who gave one of them some gladdening sweetmeats for her son. That boy kept the sweets in his wooden basket on his shoulder, keeping it as being more precious than billions of hearts. Another servantboy brought in a wonderful moonstone jug filled with camphor-scented water and covered by a wet crimson sheet, that was colored like his attachment to Kṛṣṇa, covering the clear white water of his mind, that was outwardly manifest as matchless jewels of fortune (like the jewels on the jug).

Another servantboy held a round chrystal box filled with *pan* under his armpit, as if he was wearing his presiding deity, the moonglobe (this box was always on his mind).

Another servantboy carried many kinds of garments and ornaments for his Lord, that were like herbs that enchanted the demigoddesses.

When Hari heard His friends talking near the mountaineave where He sat with lightninglike Rādhikā, He loosened Himself from Her tight embrace and went to see them.

When Kṛṣṇa's friends saw that He was dressed in Rādhikā's fresh *kunkuma*-like dress they took Him to be a cloud embraced by restless lightningstrikes, that were unable to let go of Him. Seeing this, the boys began to shower Kṛṣṇa with their smiles, that were like moonwhite flowers. After they ornamented His limbs they brought Him back to the palace, where they began to dress Him up for going out to the *gostha* (pastures). They hung the Kaustubha-gem, whose rays extend here and there to punish the sunrays, around His neck, and they adorned His head with a crest of peacockfeathers that shone like a brilliant rainbow. Then they hung restless strings of pearls that resembled a row of babycranes, and a fragrant garland of forestflowers surrounded by blissfull honeybees, around His neck.

In this way Kṛṣṇa, who removes the affliction of the people of Vraja, inundated the area of His mother with water (the tears from her eyes and the milk from her breasts) of bliss, as He appeared before the town gate.

Then Vrajesvari Yasoda came out crying with Ambika, Kilimba, her sisters and her sisters-in-law, being followed by Sri Radhika and Her friends. When the news 'Mukunda goes to the forest' went around clearly, it entered into the earholes of the villagers like 'the sun is setting!' The cowherdboys then said: "Friends! Take the cows out on the path to the forest without delay! We're going to fight for fun with Hari on the slope of Govardhana Hill today!"

The *brahmanas* blessed Krsna with handfuls of Darbha-grass and peacefully sprinkled Him with drops of water that were sanctified by *mantras* from the *Rg Veda*.

Parjanya, Krsna's grandfather, told the cowherders: "Take me to Krsna somehow or other, so that I can soothe my eyes with the nectar of my grandson's lotuslike face, without which I cannot live!"

"O Visarade (expert girl)!", one *gopi* told another one, "find some trick by which we can deceive our old mother! I'm going down the secret path to the cottage in the trysting-kunja! *Sakhi*, what to do now? I hear Hari is going to the forest through the town gate! I'm so eager to see Him, but my body is stunned of ecstasy, I cannot climb the watchtower! There's no more need to make up my hair! Let my chest remain uncovered! If I cannot see Madhava even once my life will leave me! Alas! Let my husband give me intolerable punishment, let my superiors see me, I'm going to Krsna! Time won't stand still when He goes into the forest!"

One *sakhi* told her obstructing mother-in-law: "O uglyfaced one, why are you screaming?! Am I the only one going out of your house? Look here! Whose bride is not running out of her house, and which mother-in-law is there to stop her?"

Then Krsna, who has eyes like forestlotuses, went out of the barn into the forest with His cows and His friends, spreading a sapphire luster that astonished everyone.

At that time even the slightest arising feeling of separation from Krsna afflicted Nanda and Yasoda, who followed their son with their eyes full of the tears that sprinkled the soil of Vraja.

Mother Yasoda and Rohini, understanding that they would not see their boys for a long time, forgot all bodily activities and they became stunned like statues. Father Nanda embraced his son within his heart, after which he quickly became stunned and enchanted.

Mother Yasoda said: "O tender boy! If You go into the forest to tend Your cows then we will all follow You! Don't deceive us by going without us. O son, don't send us elsewhere, take us with You! We know You cannot tolerate the heartache of Your parents, who are burning in the fire of separation from You! O ornament of our town! If You don't take us with You, then these blissfull abodes in our town will swallow us by force and we will remain alive in vain! Do You want to hurt us by returning home from the forest only after nine long hours? If You don't want to come home soon, that what shall we do? Where are Your footsoles, that are like the spotless and tender leaves of crimson lotusflowers, and where are the sprouts, thorns and pebbles on the forestsoil? O! Where is Your body, that is as soft as a puppet of butter sprinkled with liquid musk, and where are the scorching sunrays that increase their heat at every moment? The life of this unfortunate mother of Yours, that is tearing up her chest, refuses to leave her. It bears the burden of a kingdom of great cruelty! Let the cowherdboys, or king Nanda himself herd the cows! O my child! If You don't give up Your eagerness for this, then how can Your friends remain alive?"

"O my tender Krsna! Why did You take birth in a family of cowherders, where You must walk after the grazing cows? With such a body as Yours, which is softened by the nectar of auspiciousness, You should have been born in a royal family."

Hearing this ocean of faltering words from His mother, Krsna humbly waited with going into the forest and stood before Her. Mother Yasoda, whose life was almost gone, became aware of this and embraced Krsna,

showering Him with her tears of love.

Mother Yasoda recovered from her swoon, because of Krsna's blissfull embrace as Krsna forced Her to drink the full nectar of parental love. She became overwhelmed with feelings of love as she protected her son's body with the names of Lord Nrsimhadeva, telling Balabhadra, Subhadra, Yardhana and other leading boys that stood before her: "O boys! My Krsna is Your younger brother, friend and very life! Don't I know that? Still this mother cannot remain alive without grinding pulp every day?"

"Although Hari is so tender, He is the leader of all the rowdy boys, and although He is very intelligent, He does not know His limits. Although He is weak He is also very dashing. Therefore You should stay around Him to protect Him. He cannot be controlled by His father, His mother or any of His superiors, but He may listen to you, I hope my request to you will not be in vain! If you see Kamsa's cruel demoniac servants you should run, leaving even the cows, and quickly take shelter of us! O Subala, Ujjvala, Kokila and the other boys! Don't play so roughly with your heart's friend Krsna! Are there no other games in this world for men?"

"O Raktaka, Patraka and other expert servantboys! I'll tell you about Krsna's and Balarama's nature, listen! Even if They are hungry They're not aware of it, because They're absorbed in playing and even if Their throats are dried up from thirst They will not feel thirsty!"

Then Yasoda told her husband, Nanda: "The road where our boys walk will be scorched by the sun and this mother even stays alive seeing this father staying home in his golden brick home! Even those women whose sons suffer when they go out to tend the cows, but who still shamelessly continue their house duties without dying of compassion, are worshipped in this world!"

Then she told Krsna: "Your friends, who see You going into the forest, have become as hard as thunderbolts! But still You gladden them with Your attributes, having a heart as soft as a flower?"

Krsna, who wore these words of His afflicted mother on His ears as His best earrings, revived her by sprinkling her with the nectar from His moonlike smile.

Krsna humbly replied: "Mother, you have not seen the forest path! I feel no trouble in tending the cows at all, it's My greatest pleasure! We're playing in the dense cool shade of the fragrant trees in the forest on the bank of the Yamuna, looking at the cows. It's also no problem for us to keep the cows together, for that I have My expert new Murali-flute! And the paths also don't give Me any pain: The Camari-deer sweep them with their tails, the trees shower them with their honey and the Nabhi-deer scent them with their navel-musk! These paths are flawless and as soft as cotton! With its fragrant caves and *kunjas* where the cuckoos sing, the peacocks dance, the honeybees buzz, where the vines with their different flowers are always swung by a soft breeze, and where there are many cascades, Govardhana Hill attracts our minds at every step! The joy that your jeweled abodes give Me is nothing compared to the joy I feel in these mountaincaves! Here I am adorned with flowers by My *vayas* (friends or girlfriends) and here I lie down in great joy. Why are you vainly distressed?"

Saying this, Krsna quickly and secretly embraced the eyelashes of the jewel of girls, Sri Radhika, with His eyes. This meeting made the corners of both Their eyes melt. In this way the corners of Radha and Krsna's charming eyes cleverly briefed over Eachother's heartaches. This gave the hearts of the Young Couple some temporary relief.

Madhumangala said: "O mother! Why are you so upset? Listen, I tell you frankly: there's not a drop of happiness in your town compared to the bliss we feel in the forest! We simply eat the ripe and fragrant banana's, jackfruits, mangoes and pomegranates that fall automatically from the trees! Our friend Krsna desires to go to the forest to pick the fruits, leaves and flowers from the desire vines. Such a desire cannot be fulfilled in your town!"

Although they are very hungry, the cows will not set one foot into the forest without Krsna, the destroyer of His friends' miseries. But now they began to call Him by mooing, so Acyuta, seeing their condition, carefully stopped His parents from following Him and blissfully began to mark the forestsoil with the signs of the disc,

the lotus etc. from His footsoles as He walked on.

While He went into the forest, Hari thought: "Those who love Me feel sad when I leave, so let Me take their minds with Me." But the Vrajavasis' eyes also thought: "What other objects do we have but Krsna?", so they also followed Him. In this way the Vrajavasis entered their homes like liberated souls that maintain their bodies only as an external custom.

Thus ends the seventh chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta", describing how Krsna goes out into the forest in the morning.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRITA MAHA-KAVYA : CHAPTER EIGHT

"VIPINA VIHARA : Pastimes in the forest"

When the moon from the ocean of loveliness, Sri Krsna, collected His cows and went into the forest, the heartache of the Vrajavasis became indescribable. The girls of Vraja were unable to control their senses without Krsna, so they take shelter of their friend 'swoon' and they were in a sleeping condition for a long time. That swoon helped all the fairbrowed *gopis* in times of distress as a friend, pervading their homes like a *yogini* to soothe their heartache of separation from Krsna. The *sakhis* repeatedly told Murecha (swoon): "O inauspicious One! Are you embracing our dear friend? Aren't you afraid of us? Leave our friend Vrsabhanu nandini alone!"

Who can describe the ways of love, tell me? Although Murecha pacified Sri Radhika's mind from Her severe affliction, still Her *sakhis* resented Her!

In an unseen way Lalita sent a few clever *sakhis* to Govardhana Hill. Coming there, these girls were very happy to catch the fragrance of Krsna's flowergarland.

Hari made His cows enter a fresh meadow on the very cool bank of a pond and played there with His friends. Then these *dutis* (girl-messengers) came there with food sent by Dhanistha and secretly met Him and Madhumangala there.

Seeing Hari there, these *dutis* became very happy. Then Krsna asked Sri Rupa manjari, who is a limitless mine of beautiful attributes, about the condition of Sri Radhika, the jewel of young girls. Sri Rupa manjari told Him: "O best of lovers! When You embrace the soil of the forest with Your footsoles, it becomes very beautiful. Now Sri Radhika challenges that beauty by embracing the soil of the pastures! O Hare! You colour this forest sapphire, offering it Your own luster! Even if the Creator could not challenge You by discolouring the forest again, Sri Radhika could, by making it golden with Her own complexion! You make the people of Vraja cry when they see Your face, which is greyed by the dust thrown up by the hooves of the cows. Alas! Now Sri Radhika is also crying and rolling in the dust of the earth (go means earth or cows), making Her *sakhis* also cry!"

"Unusual as it seems, water (Radhika's tears) now comes from a lotus (Her lotuslike eyes), although normally lotusflowers grow from the water. A similar case was with Kardama muni (*kardama* also means mud), who was

the son of Brahma (the lotusborn), although lotusflowers normally grow from the mud!"

"Sri Radhika's hair, dress and garland have loosened, although they are so beautiful (*sadhu*). Who will remain controlled in a kingless country? Even the *sadhus* become loose there!"

"Sri Radhika becomes very upset when She hears how Your lotusfeet are hurt when they tread the forestpath. She breathes out hot air, no matter in how many ways we try to console Her. When even half a sentence like 'there are no pebbles, sprouts or sharp thorns there', from the mouths of Her friends, falls in the edge of Her earholes, She cries out loud and falls in a swoon. Then, when we try to break that swoon, saying false things like: "He Radhe! Your Priyatama has come! Get up and look at Him!", keeping Your very fragrant garland of forestflowers before Her nose, She wakes up and becomes grave. Then She will ask a friend: "Sakhi! Where is that best of dancers, who makes His wagtailbird-like eyes dance?" The *sakhi* then says: "He is hidden in Your house." Radhika then says: "Are you cheating Me?" upon which the *sakhi* says: "Why should I cheat You? You can smell the fragrance of His body (coming from the flowergarland). Isn't that the proof that I speak the truth?" Hearing this, Radhika becomes slightly happy, but Cupid cannot tolerate that and forcibly aims his five arrows at Her and wounds Her. Then She falls down, shivers, perspires and sprinkles Her own body with Her tears, but alas! She cannot soothe Her Cakorabird-like eyes with the nectar from Your moonlike face when She enters Her home! Coming home, She tells Her mind: "O mind! Why are you vainly taking the *sakhis'* false (*anrta*) words to be just like nectar (*amrta*)? Because of that, your affliction has doubled!" ,and then She falls to the ground again! Then She gets up again and says: "O afflicted life of mine, you are cursed, being without My friend!" Although She thus curses Her own life, its burden did not become lighter but rather heavier!"

"O Krsna! Out of separation from You, fairbrowed Radhika becomes so thin and fragile that She cannot even tolerate the blowing of Her life-air, what to speak of the breeze of fanning Her!"

Hearing this news about His beloved, Madhusudana became afflicted at heart. His eyes were filled with tears of love as He told Madhumangala with a faltering voice: "You speak on my behalf."

Madhumangala told Rupa manjari: "Bring that golden lotus Radhika to the forest, otherwise, out of the forest, what will be Her fate? And what will become of Madhusudana, the honeybee, if He cannot drink Her honey?"

Madhava took the garland of Campaka flowers from His neck and handed it to Rupa manjari, saying: "O Rupa, let this Campaka garland adorn Priyaji's chest!" (or: let Priyaji adorn My chest like a golden Campaka garland) Rupa manjari then swiftly ran back to Sri Radhika with the Campaka-garland and hung it around Her neck. Thus Sri Radhika was revived by the embrace of Her lover's fragrance.

Then She was again bitten by the horrible scorpion of separation from Her Priyatama and She became very afflicted. The poison of this bite made the nectarean fragrance of Krsna's Campaka-garland fade.

Sri Radhika planned to deceive Her superiors and to meet Krsna, going out of the house on the pretext of worshipping the sungod with Her friends. By some stroke of good luck Jatila then came in and, following the words of Gargi, said: "O girls! Go into the forest to worship the sun, who has a thousand rays (*sahasra go* may also mean Krsna, who has a thousand cows), so that we'll get billions of cows (or: so that you'll get great bliss). Let the splendid Mitra (the sun, or Your friend Krsna), who is the god presiding over the eyes, make you happy!"

Sri Radhika and Her friends, who were thus favored in their purpose by Fate, the destroyer of misery, collected many nice eatables for Krsna's pleasure, pretending they were meant for worshipping the sun.

They took sweetmeats with them that defeated the pride of nectar, that were prepared by Sri Radhika Herself, and that were unobtainable even by Lord Siva, the master of Kuvera, the treasurer of heaven. Sri Radhika was a little late due to collecting incense, lamps, nice clothes, ornaments and garments for the *puja*, but Kesava could not tolerate the slightest delay because of His intense eagerness to meet Her. The matchless ocean of His patience and tranquility were diminished to a spoonful.

Acyuta then engaged His *duti* (girlmessenger) Muralika (His flute) in getting the golden garland Radhika around

His neck. The *sakhis* wore her (Murali's) songs on the ears as ornaments. Muralika threw Sri Radhika in a river of eagerness. It seemed as if she had entered into Her ears like some goddess, casting Her fear and shame far away. Sri Radhika did not know anymore where Her lotusfeet were stepping or what Her sproutlike hands were catching. She was just shivering and showering Herself with Her tears.

Seeing how slow Her friends were in dressing Her in garments suitable for Her *abhisara* (love journey) into the forest, Sri Radhika admonished them and began to dress Herself. But out of anxiety She adorned Her buttocks with Her Gostana necklace, Her neck with Her waistbells, the end of Her braid with Her *lalatika* (an ornament for the forehead), Her eyes with musk, Her forehead with *tilaka* made of eyeliner and Her body with footlac instead of *kunkuma*. Then She set out, like sweetness personified, with Her charming blue sari on, which looked like a cloud holding a bright lunar orb (Her bodily luster) within itself, on earth.

When Sri Radhika and Her friends placed their lotusfeet on the roads of the subforests of Yavat, their lotuslike faces began to blossom. This made their night-like veils perish as they opened them, dispelling the darkness of their shame.

Hari's flute sang as pleasant as someone who knows all the scriptures, and stifled even the Pika-birds, being very sociable. When Hari called His cows with His flute it was as if the earth showed goosebumps of ecstasy on her skin in the form of erect blades of grass. The trees showered honey as drops of perspiration, the parrots, Pika's and peacocks became stunned, the clouds, considering themselves very fortunate, shed tears of ecstasy and the directions fanned Hari with their soft cool breezes. (In this way nature showed all eight symptoms of *sattvik* ecstasies of love). Without Krsna's wish all these creatures (the earth, the trees, the birds, the rivers, the clouds and the directions) felt themselves being addressed with the word 'go' as Krsna's flute sang: "come, My go" (actually just calling the cows).

The cows heard Krsna's flutesong, that was actually meant for them and they replied with their mooing.

All the melodies and musical scales, as well as the goddesses in heaven swooned when they heard Krsna's flutesong. Who can censure Sri Krsna? The mountains melted like no other object, although they are the hardest objects of the world, they felt the most love for Krsna. Seeing the melted boulders flowing here and there, the thirsty birds and deer began to drink this fluid with great fun!

Sri Radhika said: "Aho *sakhis*! These deer are justly called Krsnasara, for they take Krsna to be the essence (*sara*) of things! Even if their wives are attracted to Giridhari, the ocean of mercy, they do not become envious, rather they follow them to make them happy! *Sakhi*, look! These does very eagerly run to Krsna, turning their backs on their bucks, but when they hear the song of Krsna's flute they become stunned like pictures! Look! These birds were drinking from the waterbasin when Krsna's flutesong turned the water into stone! Now their beaks are stuck halfway in the water and they are anxious to pull them out again!"

In this way the *gopis* were scented by describing the nectar sound of Krsna's flute, drinking this nectar through the cups of their ears and serving it to each other.

Although the inertia, horripilations and shiverings of ecstasy caused by Krsna's flutesong obstructed the *gopis* from going near Him, they still swiftly went to the garden named Madana Rana (erotic fight), urged by their passionate attraction to Him. There they entered the Sun-temple where they bowed down to the Sungod and prayed to him: "O Lord! O ocean of mercy! Quickly show us the only Lover of our hearts!"

Sri Radhika entrusted Her *puja*-paraphernalia to the fairies (*vanadevis*) there and proceeded to the charming forests around Her own lake (Radhakunda).

The luster of Vrsabhanuja (Radha, the daughter of Vrsabhanu, or: the sun in the month of Taurus, May) adorned the surroundings of Govardhana Hill, making Hari's lotuslike heart bloom up of joy at once. Madhusudana, the *rasika* honeybee Krsna, then thought to Himself: "My beloved Padmini (lotuslike Radhika) is now beautifying the forest around Her pond with Her dearest friends! Otherwise, how could My heart suddenly become so happy?"

Then suddenly a soft breeze carried Sri Radhika's bodily fragrance in Krsna's direction. When Krsna smelt it, He became very agitated by desires for erotic happiness and He stopped playing His flute, being unable to control His restless mind, just as the young honeybees cannot find peace without the fragrance of the sweet Malati flowers.

Madhumangala, knowing Krsna's mind as if he was a demigod, said: "O Pinchabhusana (who is adorned with a peacockfeather)! I've got something to do, I'm going now! Today I went to Bhaguri Muni to learn astrology and I had a great doubt that I asked him to dispell, but he could'nt. Fortunately Gargamuni, who is praised by all the munis, has come to take a bath in Suryakunda. He alone can clear my doubts!"

Krsna, the subduer of Kesi, replied: "O Friend! My mind is also very eager to see Gargamuni, but it is not polite to go and see him with so many friends!"

Madhumangala said: "If You think it's not polite to go with so many boys, then let's just go the two of us! See! The swanlike sun has swam to the middle of the lake of the sky! It's getting noontime! The cows are resting in the cool Kadamba-forest and our friends also want to take rest! Don't strain them unnecessarily with any more playful games!"

Hearing Madhumangala's dashing words, the cowherdboys said: "O friends! You just go together!", so Krsna and Madhumangala blissfully went to Radhakunda, swiftly passing through Pramoda vana.

Approaching Radhakunda, Krsna said: "Madhumangalo! Where have we come? This is not Govardhana, nor Vrajabhumi, because everything here is so golden! Is it mount Meru or Ilavrita varsa, that have sent expansions of themselves to Vraja? But why is Cupid then piercing Me with his arrows as soon as I entered that wave of luster?"

While Krsna thus spoke to Madhumangala, being very anxious to see Her, Radhika became dizzy of His great sweetness, just looking at the bluish forest around Her lake, that showered Her with the nectar of His luster, like a charming cloud quenching Her intense thirst.

From a distance, Radha and Krsna took Eachother to be the lightning and a Campaka-vine (Radha) or a cloud and a Tamala-tree (Krsna), then for some time They wondered: "Is this My lover (Krsna)? Is this My beloved (Radhika)? Aho! Then again They identified Eachother with the aforementioned objects!

Thus ends the eighth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrita", describing Sri Krsna's morning pastimes in the forest.

MADHYAHNA LILA (MIDDAY PASTIMES) 10.48 - 15.36

"Flowerplays and loveplays"

One *gopi* said: "Radhe! Look, Madhava (the spring or Krsna) has come, making all the vines blossom and making all the directions nicely fragrant! Surely Your efforts in picking flowers and worshipping the Lord of the lotusflowers (the sun, or Krsna, the Lord of the lotuslike *gopis*) will be successful!"

Sri Radhika replied: "O bewildered girl! Look, Hari has come to catch Me! I cannot even flee, My thighs are stunned and My body shivers! Why are you laughing so silly, instead of protecting Me? O restless eyed one! You see the situation, I'm dying of fear!"

That *sakhi* said: "O Radhe with confused eyes! Why are You afraid of that darkness (Syama), whose heroism and pride will be diminished by the Lalita-sun? I cannot believe that this debauchee will be able to forcibly touch You, the crownjewel of all chaste girls in the world!"

Sri Radhika said: "Sakhi, you speak the truth! But Fate became angry with Me and made the sun, who destroys the darkness of the vows of chaste girls, appear on earth. He forcibly closes all the lotusflowers when they are separated from him, making them attracted to him. All the people speak about him like that!"

The *sakhi* said: "Gandharve! If You are really scared, then quickly enter into this *kunja* and wait here for two or three hours (stay in this dense *kunja* with Madhava, the spring or Krsna). We may need that much time for picking flowers for Mitra (the sun, or Krsna) without being in anxiety (otherwise Krsna will disturb us by hassling us, because You are with us!).

While the *gopis* considered all this, Krsna suddenly appeared in their midst like the moon appears amongst the lilies. The *gopis* then began to stop the waves of the ocean of their ecstasy with a sanddyke of their neglect and false anger towards Him. The boats of their eyes fell into the whirlpool of the obvious sweetness of each of Krsna's limbs and began to rotate there. These eyes shyly looked at the ground, like boats sunk after having fallen into the whirlpools. But anyone who says that this is a sign of shyness, does not know the truth!

When the great soldiers of Krsna's fragrance entered the nostrils of the Vrajagopis and smashed the gates leading to the inner chambers of their patience, Krsna said: "O plunderers of the forest! Who are you?" When the nectarwaves of Krsna's voice entered into the *gopis'* earholes, everything within them became inundated.

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When Krsna got no reply from them, His eyes started spinning as if He was angry and He said: "O! What are You saying so proudly? Have You come to My garden abode to plunder it? Today you should come to My *upakantha* (close to Me, or: around My neck) or have you anyway come here with such desires? Quickly and clearly tell Me now: Who are you?"

The *gopis* replied: "We are no-one!" Which poet in the world is able to make a comparison with the sweet way in which the *gopis* concealed their erotic feelings, showing bashfulness, restlessness and fear? These poets can be compared with the seekers for *brahma*, who desperately try to ascertain it by saying *neti neti* (it is not this, it is not that).

When Krsna heard the *gopis'* words, His mind became filled with ears and He became pierced with even more arrows of the mindborn Cupid. Although He tried to hide His feelings, His shivering revealed them clearly to the *gopis*. He proudly told them: "O moonfaced girls! Are you telling Me 'we are no-one'? Alas! Alas! Usually words are not seen with the eyes, but I can see you clearly! Not only you are stealing flowers, but you also steal your own personalities (by saying 'we are no-one')! Day and night I was thinking: 'How will I catch these girls that steal My *sumanah* (flowers, or: mind)?' Now finally I caught you coming to *atmabhu* (My land, or: Cupid). O bewildered young girls! Now I will make you reap the fruits of your offenses! Accept them!"

Sri Radhika replied: "O impudent one! Every day we pick flowers to worship Mitra (the sun or Krsna), who creates a great festival for the eyes of everyone in the world by destroying the darkness, who causes the Padmini's (the lotusflowers or: the *gopis*) to blossom up with the touch of His *kara* (rays or: hands) and who fulfill all (our) desires. Why are you needlessly angry?"

Krsna said: "O Fairfaced Girl! If You worship Mitra I will not be angry, but how can I trust You, since women are always lying? If You're really picking flowers for the god (or for Our pastimes, *dev* can also mean play), then take an oath and I will forgive You Your offenses. You will see My saintly behaviour, even with flowerthieves (or heart thieves) like You!"

Sri Radhika said: "O Krsna! We are very famous in Vraja for our thievery, and You are surely the greatest-saint, who will not confirm that? What is the use of repeating it without reason? Can Your qualifications, like truthfulness, simplicity, purity, absence of desire for other people's property and so on be seen in anyone else in the world (but You)?"

Krsna said: "O proud girls! Are you turning the tables on Me, the Lord of Vrndavana, who is praised by all the saints, by calling Me a thief? You carry such pride in your hearts! Even though you're just cowherdgirls you're showing such skill in speech! Are you so proud because of your fresh youth, your wealth, your fidelity to your husbands or your expertise in dancing and acting according to the scriptures on art? Now I will see how proud you are in this *nikunja*, showing You the skill of My arms (in holding you)! Saying this, Giridhari came up to Sri Radhika, but Lalita came up before Her and proudly chastised Krsna, saying: "Who is there who wants to touch this chaste housewife by force in front of Lalita? Go away, Casanova, if You want to be safe (from me)!"

Krsna said: "O Lalite! When I see you showing so much force it seems to Me that you want to fight (Cupid's battle) with Me! And, being bewildered, you will tell Me whatever you want. So now I will squeeze you in My arms and your friends may all see it! O foulfaced one! You will repeatedly tell Me: "No! Don't!"

Lalita said: "O womanthief! You're always raping innocent housewives, but I am Lalita, and I'm not afraid of You at all! On my own strenght I can protect myself and my dear friend Radhika, and I can take flowers from any forest right in front of You! O impudent One! Why don't You stop us by force? Why would You tolerate us?"

Krsna said: "Look Radhe! Ahaha! If You agree with the words coming from Your friend's mouth, then You will never get free from My grip! I will bite Lalita's lips with My teeth and scratch her itching tongue also! Silence is a sign of agreement!"

Sri Radhika said: "O king of cheaters! What are You saying, don't You know who I am? There's no young girl in Vraja more famous for her chastity than Me! My friends are very dedicated to the ways of the incorporal Cupid, and Lalita is the best of them! Because of her harsh nature she can defeat even You!"

Krsna said: "Radhe! Your two mountainlike breasts represent Your mountainlike pride of two things: 'I am worshipping the sun' and 'I am very chaste'! Today I will pierce them and scratch them with My nails! Even if You hit Me then with these two mountains, I can tolerate it!"

Hearing these words, the *sakhis* all flashed beamlike smiles from their moonlike faces. Krsna passed them by and when He touched Radhika's breast with His hand, both His and Radhika's body was studded from tip to toe with goosepimples of loving ecstasy, being pierced by Cupid's arrows. Shouldn't Cupid be proud of the erotic affliction he gave Them at that time?

Sri Radhika became enchanted when She was touched by Hari's hands. Then Her friends loudly said to Krsna: "O Cheater, what are You doing?" Sri Radhika screamed and carefully stopped Her lover's hands with Her lotuslike hands, crying without tears (feigning anger) in an averse mood. When She stopped Krsna's right hand, Krsna pulled at Her veil with His left hand. This inundated all the directions with indescribable waves of sweet nectar, causing Madhava to forget His desires to embrace Radhika or to kiss Her lips and He just remained

standing there, being constantly immersed in this shower.

At that time the hair on Krsna's face looked like the deep darkness which could not be dissipated by His bright shining moonlike face. Or was the moon defeated by the darkness, that swooped down upon Him? And how can this moon shine so brightly, despite being defeated by the darkness? Has he made friends with his conqueror? No, that is not possible, because friends don't stay up-and-under, but share equal positions! Then has the moon become the servant of darkness? Would'nt that be embarrassing in this world? And where have these two fishes on that moon come from? Did they get stuck on him when he rose from the Milky Ocean? That is not possible, because fishes are naturally restless, and these fishes aren't! Then are they blue lotusflowers? No, that cannot be, because they would not remain closed, sitting on the lap of their friend the moon! Then are they two wagtail birds? If they were, then who has brought them to the moon and why are they dancing there?" Saying this to Himself, Krsna considered His eyes to be very fortunate. His own body and all the directions were constantly inundated by the nectarean stream of Sri Radhika's bodily splendour, and He drank the ever-attractive honey of Her beautiful glances coming from the corners of Her eyes, with His own eyes. In this way Hari became stunned, giving joy to the *sakhis*. Because of Krsna's astonishment Radhika was able to loosen Herself from the bondage of His arms. Krsna was as if defeated by a weapon of (Radhika's) beauty and He began to yawn (like Siva yawned from Krsna's *jambha jvara*, yawn-missile). Sri Radhika became very beautiful when She tightened Her blouse and sash, that had loosened from Krsna's grip. It was as if She bound Her assistants up in Her erotic fight with Krsna. She tied Her half-loosened braid into a knot on the back of Her neck with Her left hand and chastised Her *sakhis* with the indexfinger of Her right hand, loudly saying: "O cheaters! Just wait, just wait, I will revenge Myself in time!" Then She gave Krsna *atanu* (intense or erotic) pain by piercing Him with the arrows of Her sharp glances, but She also gave Him joy by showing Him Her eagerness to bind up Her hair and dress. This vision made Krsna consider His birth blessed.

Sri Radhika said to Krsna: "Bho Lord (*brahmana*) of Vrndavana! Bho pious soul! Bho famous One! I will go to the house of My mother-in-law to get a reward (*daksina*) for Your (*brahminical*) activities here! Once You had that matchless, extraordinary reward You will never pray to us for *prakama* (pious benefit or sex) anymore!"

Krsna said: "Radhe! I'm a qualified person to receive Your matchless reward! Look at My endeavours in preparing the sacrifice to Cupid, before You give Me the *daksina* and teach Me the procedures, so that My auspicious work will become successful! The learning of any scholar who does not praise and approve of such work is useless!"

Kundalata then said: "O cousin-in-law! If Radhika agrees in this, then we will know Your scholarship and we will know that She is a learned girl also! As long as a grinding slab and a piece of gold do not rub together, how can we know their glories?"

Note: There is a confidential second meaning to this verse.

Gandharva (Radha) said: "O pious Kundalata! I can see that you love Your cousin-in-law Krsna even more purely than Your dearmost husband Subhadra. That must be why you are teaching Him the *kama sastras* (erotic scriptures) and now that you know His expertise in it you personally want to reveal the qualities of your disciple?"

Visakha said: "He Radhe! If You have faith in Kundalata's examination of Krsna's expertise in the sacrifice to Cupid, then engage Him in the desired work! Otherwise, if you let this job be done by ignorant people Your *ananga* (bodiless, or erotic) work will not be completed (or: You will not be satisfied)."

Krsna said: "He Radhe! What's the use of this vain examination? In this world Your friend Visakha is famous for her dedication to *atanu dharma* (erotic duties). Let her come with Me to a lonely place to test if I pronounce the *mantras* from Vatsyayana muni's *kama sastra*, that I have studied, purely or impurely. It is forbidden in the scriptures to pronounce these *mantras* in public."

Note: Vatsyayana muni wrote the famous Kama sutra.

Kundalata said to Radhika: "Hari has spoken well! You must order Visakha to test Him!" Hearing this, Sri Radhika sprinkled Her lips with Her nectarean smile and said: "Sakhi Visakhe! Kundalata cannot give up her very bad desires in any way, so go and be tested by Krsna in solitude!" Hearing this, all the *sakhis* giggled, covering their mouths with their veils. Then Visakha smiled and said: "Radhe! Only Your indifference has protected You from Krsna's hands, but that is now also dying out at every moment! Now I don't see any other means for Your protection than Your fortunate assistants. O morose heart! If You desire Your own happiness, then enter into this solitary *kunja* and take shelter of that! We have come here to help You to get Krsna's bodily association, but now You became so favorable to Him that You don't need any help anymore. You have already sprinkled the *sumana prada* (giver of flowers, or of the mind) Punnaga tree (tree or Krsna, the best of men) with *ghanarasa* (water, or sweet words), causing Him to blossom (with desires)."

Just then Nandimukhi came with Vrnda, handed Hari a letter and blessed Him (being a *brahmana*-girl), saying: "All godspeed to You". Krsna opened the letter and read it to Himself. Everyone could see that its contents made Him very happy. After reading it, Krsna left towards the north without saying anything.

Although Radhika was sad for not seeing Krsna for even a moment, She appeared very happy externally, just to make a show before Her *sakhis*. Then She and Her girlfriends respectfully approached Nandimukhi and anxiously asked her: "O Nandimukhi! Who sent that letter?" Nandimukhi: "Purnamasi!" Radhika: "What for?" Nandimukhi: "I don't know!" Radhika: "Come on, tell Me the truth!" Nandimukhi: "She sent Him to another *kunja* to enjoy another girl." Radhika: "Come on, stop joking!" Nandimukhi: "I swear You, I speak the truth!" Radhika: "He would never do that right in front of Me!" Nandimukhi: "He is so clever that You would never notice it!" Hearing this, Radhika doubtfully looked at Lalita, who pacified Her, saying: "Radhe! When He is with You, Hari can never desire another girl! If the young honeybee tasted the honey from the blooming Malati-vine, can he ever remember anything else? Will an intelligent person desire anything else but nectar? This Nandimukhi speaks nothing but lies ever since she was born. Her tongue will be the *guru* of *Kali yuga*. What do You think, O beautiful One? Krsna falsely left us just to tease us! That letter was also false, so why should You be in vain anxiety? Nandimukhi is falsehood personified!"

Nandimukhi said: "Lalite! Purnamasi is knowledge personified, she is the leading lady here in Vraja, she's the birthplace of all religious principles and she's the mother of Sandipani muni, who is Vedic purpose personified, and I am her assistant. Can you just call me a liar?"

Lalita said: "We keep You on Purnamasi's vow! Now tell us the truth! Nandimukhi said: "Sakhi, what should I say? Purnamasi forbade me to reveal it. But taking your oath I can also not remain silent anymore. Swear me, don't disbelieve what I say!" Sri Radhika swore it and Nandimukhi said: "Yesterday Krsna went to see Purnamasi and politely requested her: "Holy mother! You are the greatest knower of all *mantras* and herbs! O great ascetic lady! Sri Radhika always sits on a mountain of *vamya* (an unfavorable mood towards Krsna)! How can I delude Her *sakhis* and take Her off that mountain? O goddess! Not even a billion *gopis* are able to astonish Me with erotic bliss as good as She can! Only She can adorn My *manobhu* (support of My mind, or: erotic bliss). Is She a *kalpalata* (fancyvine), *akalpalata* (a vine of ornaments), or a *vaijayanti mala* (a garland around My neck, or: a victory flag)?"

Hearing these sweet words, Purnamasi was pleased within, but outwardly she said: "Krsna! How can I do such a thing all of a sudden? Sri Radhika is the most chaste girl, She's an ocean of bashfulness and She's highborn! Should She just sit on Your lap like the lightning embracing a raincloud?" Hearing this, Aghabhid (Krsna) went home. At nighttime Purnamasi practised all the Vedic *mantras* and in the morning she came to me and said: "Nandimukhi! Go and give this letter to Krsna!" Following her order, I quickly went to give Him this letter, that's all I know!"

Sri Radhika said: "Bho *sakhis*! What *mantra* has Purnamasi sent to Krsna through Nandimukhi, that He went to practise in solitude? Let's run home and then do our *surya puja*! Krsna is enchanted by this *mantra*. Let's offer our obeisances to the place where He stays (viz. Let's avoid Him)!"

Nandimukhi laughed when she drank the nectarean words coming from Vrsabhanu's daughter and said: "Whatever you said was improper! Why should you vainly be afraid? Why would that boy, who makes You give up Your chastity, maddening You with a single drop of His beauty, practise this *mantra* just to destroy Your

Sri Radhika said: "Bho *sakhis* ! Bhagavati maintains a matchless *sannyasa* vow, studying the *kama sastras* the whole night, and Nandimukhi has given up all sense enjoyment under her guidance, but Kundalata has realised the auspiciousness of oneness of *brahma* and the *jiva* (soul) (*subhadra sahaja svatmaikya* also means: she has attained oneness in sexual union with her husband Subhadra's cousin Krsna). In this way these three ladies take the housewives to the stage of *samadhi* (or: they make the housewives give up their righteous principles, giving them much affliction + an even more intimate meaning)."

While this discussion was going on, Rupa manjari saw the moon (Krsna) rising in the eastern side of the forest and she told Radhika. The daughter of Vrsabhanu then said: "Krsna has attained full beauty on the strength of His *mantra japa* and He has come here to enchant us and give us anxiety. O *sakhis*, what shall I do? O *sak* Lalite! This moonlight is quickly destroying My patience from afar! What shall become of Me when this moon of Vraja comes close to Me? I understand He has attained matchless perfection in having His desires fulfilled. Lalite, where is a good hidingplace? If I stay here He will confuse My intelligence! Who knows what will happen when this *mantra* awakens?" Saying this, Sri Radhika contracted Herself in anxiety and carefully walked towards the temple in the Asoka-kunja. When She heard the jingling of Her own anklebells, She was afraid that it was Krsna following Her. She hid Herself between the branches of the Kadamba tree, fearfully looking behind Her again and again with a crooked neck, anxious to protect Herself from a possible attack from Krsna.

Although Acyuta saw the pure *kunkuma* splendour of the jewel of ladyloves, Sri Radhika, from afar, He did not follow Her, but instead asked Her *sakhis*: "Where is Radhika?" Lalita said: "Krsna, She went home!" Krsna said: "Lalite, the time that you always cheated Me is gone now! I've now attained mystic perfection and I can see through your deceit!" Nandimukhi whispered in Lalita's ear: "Lalite! If Madhava now knows everything, then why should you vainly be at fault by refusing to tell Him where She is? Become glorious by indicating Radhika's whereabouts to Krsna with your eyes! And if you say: 'Radhika will become angry if I reveal Her presence to Krsna, then I say: 'Don't be afraid, what can Radhika do to you with false anger?'"

On Lalita's indication Krsna went to the cane-grove where Radhika was hiding and said: "O Lady, what are You doing? Are You sitting alone here to attract Me with some *mantra*? Here, I have come! Now You may do with Me what You like! You have become so powerful with this *mantra* that I won't be able to stop You if You want to bind Me up in Your arms or bite Me with the weapon of Your teeth!"

Weak Radhika made the first strike with Her knitted eyebrows, Her fresh nectarean smile and Her unfavorable shouts with faltering voice. Krsna drank that nectar through the cups of His eyes and ears and became enchanted by it. What to speak of tasting the nectar from Her lips, what condition would Krsna be in when He knew its greatness?"

Krsna then came up to Radhika and held Her hand, but Radhika said: "No! No! This is not proper!", and when He touched Her breasts She repeatedly contracted Her body, cursing Krsna. When Krsna forcibly wanted to bite Her lips, that were as red as Bimbafruits, Radhika yelled again and again. Then, when Krsna wanted to take Her inside the *kunja*-cottage, Cupid began to dance.....

Krsna forcibly held Radhika to His chest and brought Her to the bed in the *nikunja*. Radhika swung Her thighs, neck and feet out of protest, saying: "No! No! No!" It seemed as if Cupid twanged his flowerbow Campakaflowers, or that a raincloud took possession of the restless lightning.....

Notes: The Campaka flowers and the lightning represent Sri Radhika, because of their golden colour, and the raincloud Krsna, because of its darkblue colour.

During Their erotic fight Radha and Krsna were sometimes unconscious and sometimes enchanted, being filled with profuse sweetness. Their erotic cleverness was shown through rays of nectarean love in an undifferentiated way.

Thus ends the ninth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamṛta Mahakavya", called 'Flowerplays and loveplays'.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMṚTA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER TEN

"Relishing the nectar of playing in the *kunja*"

While Radha and Krsna blissfully spent Their time in the *kunja*, Lalita and the *sakhis* sat in their assembly under a tree and Nandimukhi and Vrnda had their long cherished desires fulfilled by seeing Radha and Krsna's loving pastimes.

The six seasonal Laksmis came to that assembly of *sakhis* to hear what their services were. Seeing them, Vrnda said: "Bho seasonal goddesses! Adorn the forest for Radha and Krsna's pleasure!"

"O Vasanta laksmi (goddess of springtime)! Go to Govardhana Hill and stay at the Rasa sthali (the place where Krsna dances the Rasa dance in the springtime at Parasauli village and Candra Sarovara)! O Sarada Laksmi (goddess of autumnal beauty)! Stay on the bank of the Yamuna in the land of desire trees! O all of you Laksmis! Surrender everything to the service of Radhakunda and its forests to give fun and astonishment to your masters, Sri-Sri Radha and Krsna! Be blessed, O limitlessly fortunate goddesses!"

"The rainy season should stay east of the *kunda*, the autumn south, the Hemanta (the season between autumn and winter) in the west, the winter in the north, the spring should stay in the trees around the *kunda* and the summer inside the water to make the watersports successful!" Hearing these words, the *rtu laksmis* (seasonal goddesses) that are experienced like no one else, offered their obeisances to Vrnda and the *sakhis* and went to do their services as was proper, for who will not endeavour to become blessed like this (With such service)?

Meanwhile Krsna anointed Radhika's erotically inciting body with black *aguru* and musk and dressed Her in His own clothes and ornaments, giving Her even His own flute from His belt. He seated Her facing the north and She silently sat there in Her usual bashful mood, dressing Krsna up in His usual dress, like His yellow *dhori*. Then Krsna sat down next to Her. He heard the sounds of anklebells and waistbells so He knew that the *sakhis* were approaching and He gave a wink with His eyebrows to some maidservants that stood before Them not to say anything to the *sakhis*.

When the *sakhis* came there and saw the two Krsnas, they were amazed and said to each other: "Bho *sakhis*! What country have we come to, where there are two Krsnas? They both wear peacockfeathers, They are both black like the Tamala tree, They both wear garlands of forestflowers and beautiful yellow garments! Aho! Their beauty enchants our minds!" When the *sakhis* inquired from the bystanding maidservants, these maidens said: "We also don't know who is who! They were already like this when we came here and when we ask Them what happened They become scared!"

Vrnda said: "Lalitike! I think the One doing *mantra japa* with the *rudraksa* beads in His hand, sitting on His *kusa asana* is Krsna! He gave Radhika a form like His own with the use of some *mantra*, because He wanted to enjoy Her without having to be afraid of the people around!"

Visakha said: "Sakhi Vrnde! Holy mother Purnamasi has become a troublemaker for us in all respects! This lusty Krsna has given Radhika a form like His own by practising these *mantras*. I don't know Who is Who!"

Citra said: "Sakhis, listen! What will we say to Jatila when we come home and she'll ask us: "Where's my daughter-in-law?" That's our dilemma!"

Nandimukhi said: "Citre, why are you worried? In order not to disturb Jatila's faith in Sri Radhika, He will certainly give Her Her female form back! But it's not good that She sits by Krsna's side on the strength of this *mantra japa*! Who knows what's on the mind of He who practises that *mantra*? He may take Her along elsewhere!"

Then the *sakhis* said to Krsna, thinking Him to be Radhika: "Bho bho! We know Who of You is Who! Now put on Your own dress again! Radhe! What's the use of anymore trickery? Come out of the *kunja*, let Krsna sit there on His Kusa-seat, saying His *mantras*! We're going home, we've wasted so much time! Ahaha! What a mistake! Have we left home at an inauspicious moment (that we're having all this trouble)?"

As Lalita said this, Krsna, who had practised Radhika's voice and bashfulness, said: "Lalite! Whatever mishap happened to Me today, should not even be spoken out loud! I will whisper it in Your ear in a lonely place! *Sakhi*, you are My helper!"

When the *sakhis* heard Krsna speaking in Radhika's voice, they had no more doubts that He was Her and they surrounded Her/Him. When He wanted to take one *sakhi* to another place, touching Her with His hand, that *sakhi* was startled and said: "Aho, Radhe! Your hands, fingers, feet, eyes, cheeks, forehead, ears, every limb of Yours has become like Hari's! Only Your voice has remained the same! Tell me, how did this happen?" But they did not ask why the touch of Her body caused the same erotic sensation as the touch of Krsna's body did. They thought that Krsna could naturally transfer this ability on another person's body also.

Then Krsna, playing Radhika, said: "Bho *sakhis*! I don't know what Krsna did after He hypnotised Me with these *mantras*, but listen to what I saw much later, when I came back to consciousness: Krsna took some water in His hand for *acamana* (washing the mouth). He curled His lips and blew on the water thrice. Then He smeared My whole body in with this water, although I tried to stop Him. Fortunately that water didn't touch My throat, as I kept My mouth closed. I was amazed to see that I had taken Krsna's form! Krsna sat on His Kusa-mat again, practising His *mantras*. Whatever else happened can not be said openly, but I can also not keep it to Myself. If I find any of you alone, I will tell it. I'm too shy to speak out in front of all of My *sakhis*!"

Hearing this, all the *sakhis* said: "Radhe! We are Your intimate friends! Why should You be shy before us?" But Krsna, playing Radhika, remained motionless and silent, so all the *sakhis* went out in a bewildered state, leaving only Lalita behind.

The *sakhis* outside thought: "If we cannot hear it, then no problem, we'll ask Lalita everything when she comes out!" With this faith they all waited outside while Krsna entered the *kunja* with Lalita, where He embraced Her, drank the nectar of Her Bimbafruit-like lips and pulled at her blouse, girdle and breasts. Lalita said: "Sakhi Radhe! What are You doing?" Krsna said: "Sakhi! This is the secret that I wanted to tell you! (This is what Krsna did to Me!)"

Then Krsna began to speak with Lalita in His own voice and enjoyed her. Was'nt their erotic mood enriched with the *rasa* of laughter and astonishment at that time? (Surely it was!)

Lalita consulted Hari for a few moments and then she quickly went outside where she blissfully told Visakha: "Come, come quickly and inquire from Hari about what happened!" When Visakha came to Krsna, Lalita made her experience the same as what she had experienced. After that, Campakalata and all the others were gradually enjoyed by Madhusudana. When the *sakhis* met each other again they were not very shy about the signs of Krsna's lovemaking on their bodies, as they were all in the same condition. There was no contradiction

between them.

Then Lalita and her *sakhis*, along with Vrnda and Nandimukhi, went to the place where Radhika was sitting in Krsna's dress. Seeing them, Kundalata said: "Come, come O *sakhis*! O chaste girls! Where do you come from so late? Where do these erotic signs on your bodies come from? Your restless eyes are devoid of eyeliner (*niranjana* also means: free from designations), your hairs are loosened (*bala* also means living entity and *mukta bandhanah* also means they are liberated from all bondage), your lips have lost their colour (*viraktika* also means renounced) because of someone's bites, and your breasts have been scratched (*punar bhava ksata* also means the cycle of rebirth is broken) by someone's nails! Madhava, who has given you *sayujya* (means union with Him or integral liberation) is sitting here on His mat meditating, then tell me who has done that to you? This is very amazing!"

Nandimukhi said: "Lalite! There's no need to speak about anything else now! Tell me quickly what happened with your *sakhi* Radha! Does She still have Krsna's form? Where is She staying?"

Lalita said: "O Nandimukhi! Our *sakhi* Radhika stays in the vine-

cottage, having Krsna's form! She's too shy to come out, but being wise She thought of a solution for a long time, after which She privately told us: "If Nandimukhi and Kundalata passionately embrace Me, then My shameless misforming will fade away. It will not fade even after using thousands of kinds of medicine! On the strength of Nandimukhi's severe penance and Kundalata's great chastity the contamination of this *mantra* and the dress that this debauchee Krsna made Me wear, will vanish!"

Nandimukhi said: "Lalite! Is there any loss if Radhika embraces you or any of your billions of *sakhis*? I think you're lying to us about who's calling us!"

Hearing this, Vrnda said: "Nandi! These stupid housewives like Lalita have not performed any austerities and Krsna has already turned their chastity into a will-of-the-wisp!"

Kundalata said: "Vrnde! You are the goddess in charge of the forest! How many perfections haven't you attained and how many herbs don't you know? You quickly go to Radhika and cure Her alone!" Hearing these words, all the *sakhis* laughed and Lalita said: "Why are you vainly quarreling? Hari sits on His mat, practising *mauna* (silence). Are you afraid to ask Him?" Hearing this, the *sakhis*' faces became beautified with slight sproutlike smiles and they went to see Radhika, who was still wearing Mukunda's dress. With Lalita upfront they came before Her, the corners of their eyes playfully shy as they said: "Bho crownjewel of *mantra*-knowers! You've had Your desires fulfilled now! Why are You still practising silence! Answer my questions!" Sri Radhika, taken to be Krsna, was as if awakening from a dream. She carefully opened Her eyes and said: "O *sakhis*! When have you come?" Looking around here and there, She said: "Where is that impudent boy Krsna?", and threw the peacockfeather from Her head with Her left hand.

Lalita said: "Sakhi! You are Radhika! Why were we vainly shy in Your presence? There is another Radha, dressed up like Hari, hiding in the *kunja*! This false Radha bewitched us! We thought that She was You and we went with Her, but luckily we were saved. Fear could not leave our hearts when we saw this false Radha!" Speaking like this, the *sakhis* pretended to be astonished. Seeing this, the keeper of the forest, Vrndadevi, slightly smiled and said: "O *sakhis*! These two are your boy- or girlfriend, you can see Them with your own eyes!"

Nandimukhi said: "O *sakhis*! Previously we saw two Madhava's and now we see two Radhika's! It's no loss to us, but we know it's a great loss to you, for which we are very sad!" (58)

Visakha said: "Nandimukhi! Only Dvapara (doubts, or a cosmic age) gives us sorrow? You desire it's end, that is proper, for ascetics like you always like to end the suffering of others! Doing this, the merit of your occupational duty will increase!" (Or: It's normal for You to desire the end of Dvapara *yuga*, and for Kali *yuga* to start, because at that time all the ascetics like you fall down! You will reap the results of such irreligious acts!" (59)

Then the *sakhis* removed Kṛṣṇa's colour and ornaments from Rādhikā's body and dressed Her with Her own ornaments again. Then Kṛṣṇa came and imitated Rādhikā's voice again. While speaking He imitated Her slightly feigned fear and shyness, half covering His greatly astonished moonlike face with His veil. Drinking the honey of Śrī Rādhikā's lotuslike face with His honeybee-glances, He said: "Bho *sakhis* ! Let this impudent boy misform My body, it's alright! The most astonishing thing is that He enchanted My *sakhis* by wearing My dress and by imitating My beautiful form and nature!"

"O *sakhis* ! Why do you stay at the side of this boy, who is expert in conjuring hundreds of illusions? Don't be so deluded, come here! Are you blind, making yourselves laughingstocks like this? It would be good if you could help Me escape and hide in a mountaincave, otherwise, if you stay here, the same thing that happened to Me may happen to you all!"

Vṛnda and the others said: "Aho! How wonderful is the greatly sophisticated trickery of Giridhārī! That person whom the *sakhis* first took to be Rādhā has now again appeared as Rādhā! O *sakhis* ! Now just do what Rādhikā tells you to! Go along to that mountaincave and leave this bewildering second form of Rādhā!" Hearing this, even Vṛndāvana's desirevines began to smile, finally having their desires fulfilled.

Kundalata said: "O Lalite! I can only think of one solution to this problem: Nandimukhī should go to Sandipānī Muni's mother, Paurṇamāsī, and bring her here!"

Lalita replied: "O *sakhi* ! Paurṇamāsī is just the cause of all the trouble! She won't speak about this, but rather she'll just play another trick on us! I offer my obeisances to her from a distance!"

Hearing these words of the *sakhis*, Rādhā, Kṛṣṇa, Vṛnda and Nandī began to laugh and said: "O Saraswatī, who gives these words to the *sakhis* ! You revealed the truth now! Obeisances unto you!"

Kṛṣṇa became even more thirsty after drinking the nectarlike words churned from the ocean of love and all the *gopis* became intoxicated from drinking the honey-shower of the most nectarean jokes from Śrī Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike mouth.

Thus ends the tenth chapter of Śrī Viṣvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhavanamṛta Mahakāvya", called 'Relishing the nectar of *kunja līlā*'

SRI SRI KṚṢṆA BHAVANAMṚTA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's swinging pastimes"

Surrounded by the *sakhis*, Kṛṣṇa came out of the *kunja* and the honeybee-like glances of His beloved One drank the honey of His sweetness. It was as if millions of Cupids, being defeated by Kṛṣṇa in beauty, worshipped a drop of the beauty of His toenails. Looking at Rādhikā, Kṛṣṇa placed His left arm on Her shoulder, making Her shiver of ecstasy, like a golden lotusflower shivering on the high waves of an ocean of sweetness. From both sides *sakhis* handed Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa betelleaves. Śrī Rādhikā took one with the fingers of Her left hand and put it in Kṛṣṇa's mouth, and Kṛṣṇa took one with His right hand and put it in Rādhikā's mouth. Kṛṣṇa held His left

arm on Radhika's shoulder and from there He wanted to touch Her bosom with His left hand, but She slapped Him with Her hand. It looked as wonderful as a lotusflower (Krsna's hand) trying to relish a Cakravaka-goose (Radhika's breasts), swimming in a pond of natural beauty (Sri Radhika's body), being obstructed by a red lotusflower (Sri Radhika's hand). Radha and Krsna walked over a path which was shaded by trees. Occasionally the sun afflicted Radhika, making Her perspire, so Krsna shaded His dear One's beautiful face by bending over His crown (covering over the sun). Radha and Krsna looked like a raincloud and the lightning on earth, on top of which were two moons (Their faces), that shone even in daytime, always causing the blue lotuseyes of the fair *sakhis* to blossom. Seeing the moons of Radha-Krsna's faces rise, the Cakravaka-geese became sad, the peacocks blissfully began to dance, the swans became afraid and the male Cakora birds became very happy. These contradicting moods of joy and sorrow are a natural creation of Lord Brahma.

Slowly, slowly Radhika and Krsna walked over the path that was shown to Them by Vrnda, bringing Them to the playforest named Varsa harsa, the joy of the rainy season. Being defeated billions of times in beauty by Radha and Krsna, Who were like the raincloud and the lightning on the ground, the raincloud and lightning in the sky thought: "We're not qualified to stay above Radha and Krsna, but where shall we go? The whole firmament is pervaded by Their splendour!" Thinking in this sad way, they became white from crying drops of rain (as clouds become white in the rainy season). They looked like a blue (cloud-) umbrella inset with (lightning-) gold, serving to protect Radha and Krsna from the summerheat. These showers were like "tears" and "discolouring" symptoms of *sattvika* ecstasies. They offered praise to Radha and Krsna with the soft faltering voices (another symptom of *sattvik* ecstasy) of their rumbling (clouds).

When Radha and Krsna played in the Kadambaforest, the trees with their thousands of gradually ascending bluish branches, and their golden flowers that showered honey with love, conquered the beauty of the rainclouds (the bluish branches) and the lightning (the golden flowers). The very long jeweled platforms between these Kadamba-trees gave pleasure to Krsna day and night, being showered by honey from the flowers in the trees that was protected by ever wakeful honeybees. On each side of these platforms two pillar-like trees were standing, whose branches embraced each other above the platforms, supporting emerald balconies where flowergarlands hung from. From these beautiful branches beautiful red ropes inset with pearls were hanging. They were holding up the swings, that each had two golden seats on them (one for Radhika, one for Madhava), that were swung by a soft breeze.

The maidservants artfully picked the stems off fragrant flowers and spread them over the seats of the swings, covering these petals with soft thin sheets. With their nice fragrance and softness these swings were able to attract Sri Krsna.

Syama saw the best of these swings, one with a flag on it, and climbed on it. It was as if ecstasy personified sat down on the swing that was served by the goddess of beauty.

To get completely showered by the rain, Krsna pulled His beloved One, who held His hand, on the swing and placed Her facing Him, like bliss personified facing a sleepless pond of love.....

The maidservants served Radha and Krsna by throwing flowers, performing *arati* at Their lotuslike faces, singing, straightening Their necklaces and Krsna's turban and serving Them *pan* and garlands.

The *prana sakhis* (maidservants); standing on each side of the swing, tied up their veils with their sashes, stepping back and forth to push the swing, bending their bodies as they pushed. Two other fortunate *sakhis* stood on each side of the swing, holding tasty betelleaves in their hands, which they put in Radha and Krsna's lotuslike mouths whenever the swing slowed down. Other advanced maidservants, who had sweet characters and who were floating in a current of divine love, showered Radha and Krsna with the best flowerpetals from their hands.

The goddesses in the sky praised their own fortune of seeing Radha and Krsna's swinging pastimes. They became stunned of ecstasy and, although their hopes for attaining a *gopi*-body were unfulfilled, they eagerly showered flowers on the Yugala Kisora. The clouds also joyfully showered their rains, that turned into honey when it collided with the flowershower. These honeydrops looked like pearls when they fell on the *gopis'* bodies,

and made friends with the pearls that were already there.

The sweet songs of the *gopis* pervaded the sky and the fragrance that came out of their opened mouths stirred the honeybees, that offered praises to these *gopis*. The moon of bliss gradually waxed during Radha and Krsna's swinging festival, in which Their necklaces, earrings and garlands danced, Their waistbells and anklebells became suitable instruments for making music and Their faint smiles became the audience of all this.

Radha and Krsna's lotuslike eyes swung on the waves of the swelling ocean of Eachother's bodily luster. Seeing this, the *sakhis* gained a great wealth of bliss.

That desire (lust) which worked unfavorably for the development of the pastimes by agitating Radha and Krsna's minds could not disturb this swinging festival at all. The sages say that this is because of the power of the *lila sakti* (playpower, personified by Vrndadevi).

The branches of the tree on which the ropes of the swing were hanging began to swing along and the leaves and flowers could thus serve Radha and Krsna by fanning Them. The flowergarlands hanging in these branches, that were strung in many different ways, also swung along and the honeybees were unable to catch them, though they carefully tried that. These bees looked very beautiful as they buzzed and wandered along with these swinging garlands.

Radha and Krsna wanted to swing faster, so They kicked off more speed with Their feet, giving Their *sakhis* lots of loving bliss with Their expert rising and descending. They looked very funny as They swung up and down. When Radhika was up, Krsna was down, and when Krsna was up, Radhika was down. When Krsna was below, Radhika's necklace touched His chest, dancing in His direction, and when Radhika was below, Krsna's flowergarland embraced Her blouse. This vision made the *sakhis* very happy.

Radha and Krsna saw Their own reflections in Eachother's bodies without seeing Eachother. This made Them very sad and They sighed deeply. This breathing then dimmed the shining of Their mirrorlike bodies, and, not seeing Their reflections anymore, They became very happy.

Then the ocean of playful sports, Sri Krsna, Himself began to push the swing faster, just for fun, making it go so high that Radhika's buttocks touched the leaves on the branches of the Kadambatree. Then She became afraid that She would fall and said: "Aha! Don't swing anymore! No more!" When Madhava heard this He began to laugh and, instead of slowing down, He began to push the swing even faster! Sri Radhika's braid loosened, Her veil slipped off Her head and Her ornaments were dishevelled. Seeing that She could not break off the speed of the swing anymore with Her feet, because She needed them to keep Her *sari* from blowing up, Krsna began to laugh. His eyes were satisfied and again He increased the speed, so that Radhika gave up Her seat and embraced Him around the neck. (That's just what Krsna wanted!) Krsna also embraced Her. In this way the bodies of the Yugala Kisora, that looked like one blue lotusflower and one golden Campakaflower, became one and from that union the fragrance of these flowers also emanated, piercing through the heavenly planets and ultimately reaching the nostrils of Padma, the goddess of fortune, and other residents of Vaikuntha.

Seeing Radha and Krsna on the swing without any support from Their hands (as They embraced Eachother), the *sakhis* came and stopped the swing. Sri Radhika got off and mingled with Her *sakhis*, telling them how Krsna played with Her. Then She took the chief of Her eight *sakhis*, Lalita, seated her next to Krsna on the swing and began to sing with love. Krsna did with Lalita what He previously did with Radhika. After doing the same thing with Visakha and all the other *sakhis* Krsna got off the swing. Then He expanded Himself into many forms, sat on each swing in one form and took two *sakhis* with Him on each of them, lifting them up with His arms and swinging with them. What is, after all, not possible to do for Krsna, the ocean of love?

Each *gopi* saw that Krsna was sitting on the swing with Her, drinking the honey from Her lotuslike face. That is not so astonishing, for what is impossible to do for the desire-potency (*icchāsakti*) of the son of the Lord of Gokula?

There was a lotusshaped swing on which Mukunda climbed with His dear *gopis* as soon as Vrnda showed it to Him. The center seat (or whorl of the lotus) had pillows on it. Krsna placed His left arm on Radhika's shoulder as the eight chief *sakhis* sat down on the eight surrounding petals, and the sixteen secondary *sakhis* sat on the sixteen outer leaves. In great bliss Vrnda brought tasty daisies, rose apples, grapes and other kinds of fruits. The *sakhis* ate what Radha and Krsna left on Their plates. Before this, they drank a juice whose taste defied the pride of nectar and afterwards Radha and Krsna and the *sakhis* lovingly gave each other golden shining betelleaves.

Nandi and Vrnda were very happy to push the lotusswing. The faces of the maidservants lighted up in bliss while they sang different songs. Through the swinging play Krsna attained victory over the *gopis* and gained the jewels of Their kisses and embraces. Then He took them off the swings and wandered with them from forest to forest.....

Seeing Radhika's face, Krsna thought: "Sri Radhika's beautiful face, with Her soft smile that casually opens itself, reminds Me of the buds of the Yuthiflower", and He picked some of these Yuthiflowers, strung a garland of them and wore them on His chest.

The rainclouds in the sky resembled Krsna's bodily luster, the lightning resembled the *gopis'* luster and the red Indragopa worms on the ground resembled the red prints of the *gopis'* footlac.

When the Krsna-cloud showered its matchless rains everywhere, the flowers and vines bloomed up and the cornlike *gopis* became incomparably beautiful and experienced great bliss (being nourished by Him). The monsoon-forest was also immersed in showers of joy, or erotic *rasa*.

Thus ends the eleventh chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Radha and Krsna's pastimes on the swing in the rainy season.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER TWELVE

"Wanderings in the forest"

Then Radha and Krsna, the generals of king Anuraga's (constant passion) army, being surrounded by their Silimukhi (honeybees or arrows) soldiers and keeping the elephant named Cupid ahead of Them, came to the autumnal forest.

Sri Krsna told Sri Radhika: "O restless eyed One! Look at this auspicious, beautiful pond with this golden lotusflower in it surrounded by dancing honeybees and Khanjana-birds. This pond is like a mirror reflecting Your face (the golden lotusflower is Her face, the birds Her restless eyes and the honeybees Her curly locks)! The clouds make these ponds yellow in the rainy season and give them their own smooth blue colour in the autumn. O *Sakhi*! Have the ponds and the clouds now made friends with each other. The clouds nobly gave all their water to the ponds, that were like ascetics whose water and clay had dried up from the summerheat. Then these clouds became white and vanished in the sky. Look, O dear One! The honeybees give up their taste for all the other flowers out of attachment to the Malatiflowers! Tell Us truly, *sakhi*, did your mind become afflicted (with lust) because of that?" Hearing Madhava's joking words, Sri Radhika, the jewel of ladies, smiled and slightly contracted the pupils of Her lotuslike eyes. Madhava drank the nectar of these lotuslike eyes with His eyes, that

swelled out of eagerness.

Then Vrnda handed Hari a lotusflower in His lotuslike hand. He looked at it, kissed it and praised it a lot, saying: "O lotusflower! You've defeated everyone on earth with Your fragrance! Sri Radhika became a little jealous, so Hari told Her: "*Sakhi*! Why do You frown Your eyebrows when I praise this lotusflower? Your face is glowing slightly reddish! O restless eyed One! Is it because Your pride was diminished? Anyway, after smelling both this lotusflower and Your face I will know who smells the best and I will sing the glories of that One with My flute!" Saying this, Hari kissed Radhika's face in an unseen way and said in amazement: "Aha! *Sakhi*! Your face smells incomparably nice! O fairfaced One! Don't be vainly angry with Me!"

To pacify proud, angry Radhika, Hari told the lotusflower: "O damn you fool! Aren't you ashamed to blossom in front of the face of this girl

who has defeated you in beauty and fragrance? O cheater! You're acting according to your *pankajatva* and *jalajatva*!"

Note: This means: "You were born from the mud only (*panka-ja*= born from the mud, or: lotusflower) and you're so dull (*jalaja*= born from the water, like a lotusflower, or: dull) that you even dare to blossom after having been defeated by Radhika's lotuslike face!"

"Radhe! Your face is more fragrant than the lotusflowers, that can be seen in the wind, who teaches the vines and the treebranches how to dance at every moment. Although these vines and trees gave their honey to the wind as a reward, the wind is not interested in it! O angry girl! Listen! Instead, the wind makes the edge of the veil over Your lotuslike face dance to get its precious fragrance, thinking: "Today I have become fortunate!"

Lalita said: "Why didn't you leave that honey from Radhika's lotuslike face, whose slightest whiff of fragrance even gives You topmost bliss? Today You devoured me with this anxiety, O Krsna!"

Krsna replied: "*Sakhi*, don't be sad! Is there any loss if just once five to six drops fall undrunk from the rivers of sweetness that constantly flow in all directions from Sri Radhika's pondlike face?" Saying this, Krsna lowered His eyebrows and forcibly embraced Sri Radhika's body with His snakelike left arm, freely drinking the nectar of Her lips. Seeing the faces of the Yugala Kisoras, the *sakhis* were very satisfied.

Krsna and His *anuragini gopis* (that were very much in love with Him) wandered through every *kunja*, over every road and by every pond, river or hill until they arrived in Sri Vrndavana, the crownjewel of all forests, which is surrounded by the Yamuna river, where the swans and Cakravaka-geese give joy to one's lotuslike ears with the sounds of their quarrels, where the trees constantly bear ripe fruits and where the hills all have round peaks. The many crystal, sapphire, coral and golden *ghatas* (bathingplaces) were reflected in the water of the Yamuna and appeared to the viewer to be like couples of *ghatas* (the original plus its reflection in the water). Near these *ghatas* are beautiful *kunjas* with flowergardens where the honeybees sweetly sing and where wagtailbirds dance in many beautiful ways. The Bakula-, Karavira-, Kesara-, Kadamba-, and Kujaka-trees with the fresh Malika-

, Kunda-, Ketaki-, Campaka-, Atimukta (Madhavi)-, Jati-, Lotus-, mountain-Jasmine and golden Yuthika vines are like householders that do their duty by giving charity of jackfruits, mangoes, Guvaka, Langali, Gostati, banana's, pomegranates, Kolis, Dhavas, Nimbis, Pippalas, Banyanbeads, Kimsuka and other fruits and flowers. There are groups of four trees each, each of them entwined by couples of vines. Their branches entwine each other as they ascend, so the wise men call these places *kunjas*. These big branches with their flowers, leaves and twigs look like jeweled temples with their balconies, roofs, minarets, walls, gates and doors. Some of these *kunjas* are square, some octagonal, and some are round, shining to give great erotic joy to the eyes and minds of Radha and Krsna, their master and mistress. The Sukas, Sarikas, Catalkas, peacocks, bees, Casa-birds, Tittibhas, Kalinkas, cuckoos, pigeons, Cakoras, Caranayudhas and other birds fill all the directions with their songs, and the Ruru-deer, the Salis, monkeys, buffaloes, Samuru-, Srmara- and Camuru-deer, Kapila-cows, rabbits and other animals always lick each other there with great affection.

The Malayan breeze carried the fiery poison from the snakes' fangs and touched the flowers in the celestial Nandana-gardens and the bodies of the demigoddesses there, thus becoming polluted. To purify himself he

bathed in the heavenly Ganga and then proceeded to Kailasa, where he bathed in Parvati's pond and smeared himself there with the pollen of the lotus. From there he proceeded to Vaikuntha, where he became ecstatic from getting the honey from the flowers of the playtree of the husband of Kamala, the goddess of fortune (Visnu). Then he was kissed by the limit of fortune by coming to Vraja, where he became so astonished and blissful that he took shelter there and resides there now forever.

While Radha and Krsna thus wandered through the autumn-forest, Sri Radhika pointed at the deer, the trees and the charming birds that She saw before Her and that enchanted Her mind and eyes. She pointed them out to Krsna with Her indexfinger, asking Him what their names were. They saw many fresh flowers that They picked with Their own hands and which They strung on the stems of the vines. Thus they made necklaces, bangles and armlets with which They decorated Each other. Krsna said: "Priye! I will adorn You with these ornaments! Why do You keep away Your breasts? Look, I'm not agitated when I touch them! The *vedas* repeatedly describe Me as unaltered (or unagitated)!"

Hearing this, Sri Radhika told Kundalata: "Sakhi Kundavalli! Can anybody know the cousin better than the niece? Tell Me the truth, is your cousin really so glorious?"

Kundalata replied: "Radhe! You are glorious Yourself, therefore my cousin aspires for Your glorious position! You desire fearless union with Him and fame as a chaste girl at the same time!"

Krsna said: "Sakhi! Who does not know the Gopala Tapani Upanisad, or Durvasa Muni, the son of Atri muni, who is an expansion of Lord Siva? They praise Me everywhere as a *brahmacari*! Spend some time with Me in solitude!"

Sri Radhika told Lalita: "Lalite! The Creator surely made the male sex with the essence of naughtiness and shamelessness! You can see that in these male bees that taste the honey of those (female) vines!"

Hearing this, Krsna pointed at a Tamalatree which was entwined by a golden Yuthika-creeper and said: "Radhe! Look! You call males shameless, but look at this female vine openly embracing this male Tamalatree!" Hearing this, Sri Radhika quickly covered that fresh vine with Her apron.

Note: Sri Radhika did this out of shame, because the golden vine looked like Her and the Tamalatree like Krsna.

Thus Radha and Krsna were immersed in a river of nectarean fun. With jingling anklebells They entered a golden place in the middle of Vrndavana, where there was an eightpetalled lotusflower made of rubies on a jeweled platform, with gems shining like the sun, the lightning and the moon. When that lotusflower appears in the minds of the *anuragi* devotees, it creates a festival there. They consider their lives to be successful when they drink its incomparably sweet honey. This lotusflower, that showers nice *rasa* which is rarely obtained even by those who are after it, is situated at the foot of a desiretree, that always makes Krsna and the *gopis* relish their erotic festival and it is here that they attain an ocean of good fortune. The leaves of this desiretree are like sapphires, the clusters like diamonds, the sprouts like coral, the fruits like rubies and all the six seasons serve him, so he removes all the distress of the faireyed *gopis*. When Krsna came there and climbed on the whorl of this lotusflower with Sri Radhika, who is the whorl of the lotuslike *gopi*-group, the lotusflowers that decorated His ears were dangling. When the *gopis* opened their mouths, groups of happy bumblebees greedily began to swarm around them (being attracted to their fragrance).

Is it a steady raincloud, embracing a lightningstrike and a steady lightningstrike holding a raincloud (Sri Radhika holding Krsna), coming down to earth to shower the desiretree with all it desired?

A parrot in this tree sang: "Aho! The tips of the nails of Madana Mohana, who enchants even Cupid, enchant millions of Cupids and the corners of His eyes create billions of Cupids who agitate Sri Radhika by shooting their arrows at Her. Sri Radhika also relishes Krsna's luster with the corners of Her eyes!"

"Although the great sages like Sanandana and Parasara do not know the sweetness of Krsna's lovely threefold bending form, the devotees that take shelter of Vraja can hear about this from the clever words of the Suka (means: parrot of Vraja, or Sukadeva, the lecturer of the Bhagavata)!"

"The sweet nectar of Madhava's pastimes, that are described by this Suka-parrot, is rarely obtained even by the demigods! Suka, the son of Vyasa, described it in the Bhagavata, which is the nicest fruit for those who took shelter of the desiretree of the Veda's. Although this nectar is precious, it thus became known to the world."

"O King of *rasikas*! Krsna! What can I say about the tenderness of Your feet? When they touch the ground, Your loving *gopis* shed tears of anxiety, wishing to give You shoes!"

"When You stand in Your charming threefold bending form, You carry Your whole bodily weight on Your left foot. Then the profuse reddishness on the sole of that foot becomes angry and wants to leave to go to the heel!"

"There is an indescribably beautiful line between the reddish footsoles and the bluish upper side of Your feet, whose honey is constantly agitating the honeybee-like eyes of the fairbrowed *gopis*."

"You keep Your left foot on Your right side (when You bend Yourself like that) so that Your heel can kiss the border of Radhika's *sari*, which hangs down over Her feet, with great passion."

"The Creator shows his skill in craftsmanship by smearing Your footsoles with liquid vermilion and drawing a flag, lotusflower, etc. on them. When the housewives of Vraja see this just once, they are enchanted."

"You eagerly show these signs of the lotus etc. to Your Beloved One, saying: "Look, Priye! I'm the Lord! Why don't You believe Me?", but still She won't give You the proper respect!"

"O moonlike Krsna! As soon as the *gopis* just once see the beauty of Your knees that are covered by Your *dhoti*, their uncovered hearts are afflicted by Cupid's heating!"

"O Lord! Seeing the beauty of Your very broad and round hips, the chaste girls of the world are shivering, being pierced by Cupid's arrows! You be sprinkled by their nectarean smiles and let them be sprinkled by the nectar from Your lips!" (56)

"Your navel is like a lake of nectar and the hairs coming up from it are like vines. There is a charming abode of flowers (or goodhearted people) all around it!"

"O beautiful One! Your lotuslike navel is like the abode of Cupid. How amazing! Usually the lotusflower is on top of its stem, but with You it is under! As soon as the fairbrowed *gopis*' eyes fall on this they become blind of the water flowing from them (tears) as they are pierced by Cupid's arrows!"

"The very crafty Creator collected the essence of beauty of all the three worlds and made Your threelined belly with that. The wise men, who speak the truth, say that these three lines are joined with Your middle like no other man's waist."

"When You stand in Your threefold bending form, it looks very beautiful, as if Your very thin waist bends to the left out of fatigue of carrying the heavy burden of Your broad chest!"

"When You stand in Your threefold bending form, the right side of Your middle shows *navalilata*, lowness and weakness of the three lines, and the left side *puskalavalitva*, or nourishment and strength, because it is now able to carry Your bodily weight."

"Your belly, which is more beautiful than a soft Banyan-leaf, blows up and falls in along with Your breath, and on some romantic moments it is the dancing stage for moonfaced Radhika's jeweled necklace!"

"The vine-like mark of Indira (Laksmi) on Your left chest looks like a golden stripe on a grindingslab, and the very thin hairvines showing the footprint of Bhrgu Muni look like the fibers of a lotusstem. The Srivatsa sign on Your right chest and the Laksmi-sign on Your left chest look like golden and pearl necklaces reflected in a shining sapphire mirror and the great passion within Your mind comes out in the form of Your Kaustubha-gem, which shines like hundreds of moons and suns, pervading the whole world with a reddish glow." (65)

"The housewives desire to be embraced around their necks by Your arms when they drink the sweetness of Your beautiful neck that has three soft, slightly crooked lines on it, with their eyes and thus they lose their patience." (66)

"The sproutlike fingers on Your lotuslike hands that adorn Your arms, that defy the beauty of snakes, make Your Murali-flute drink the nectar of Your lips if they even slightly dance on its holes!" (67)

"Your lips are sprinkled with drops of the nectar of Your smile and are worshipped by the shining peaks of Your teeth. Although they are known as *adhara*, they are not *adhara*, or insignificant, in their attachment to You. How can they not defeat the Bimbafruits in comparison?"

"If the fresh sprout of a sapphire tree was connected with the bubbles of the blackish Yamuna-water on each side, I could worship Your nose with some kind of analogy!"

"The *gopis* become blind of the glistening of Your Makara-earrings - that is reflected on both Your soft cheeks as they swing on them, hanging from Your fresh, sproutlike ears, that are at equal height - shines in their eyes!" (70)

"Your eyes make the fish, the wagtailbirds, the lotusflowers, the Cakorabirds, the bumblebees and other items successful with mere drops of their natural humour (the fish), playfulness (the wagtailbirds), attractiveness (the lotusflowers), truthful target (Cakorabirds) and good taste (the bumblebees)!" (71)

"Although Your eyes follow the Vedic injunctions (*sruti vartma* also means: they extend to Krsna's ears), they have become mad and began to destroy the vows of all the chaste girls, becoming great debauchees like the honeybees, being immersed in a swelling ocean of constant passion (*anuraga*)."

"Which girl will not shiver of passion when she even once sees Your halfmoon-shaped forehead, which is surrounded by Your curly locks and which is carried by Your eyebrows, that are like Cupid's bows that shoot halfmoon flowerarrow-glances at them?"

"These are not Your hairs, but the whisk of king Cupid, that is made of the fibers of lotusstems marked with musk and erotic *rasa*. These fibers became crooked because of their association with Cupid." (74)

"The moon of Your sublime glories, that pervade all of Your limbs, become embodied in the soft smile that appears on Your face and that illuminates the mind of even Lord Brahma and other Lords of the universe with their rays!" (75)

"O life of all the fishlike *gopis* of Vraja! O enchanter of the world! Thus I praised You, but how can I praise Sri Radhika, the Queen of Your life, who enchants You with even a mere drop of Her luster?" (76)

"The expert Creator collected the very red downward lotusflowers smeared with liquid vermilion (Sri Radhika's feet), a golden quiver for Cupid's flower arrows (Her shanks), two jeweled boxes (Her knees), two downward pointed bananatrees at equal height (Her thighs), a well of nectar (Her navel), the sky (Her waist) surrounded by

three circular waves (Her three-lined belly), a Lalina-leaf (Her belly) with a series of Cupid's lines (Her hairs) on them, two inseparable pomegranates (Her breasts), lotus-stems (Her arms) with sprouts (Her hands), a conchshell (Her neck), Banduliflowers (Her lips), fresh buds of the Kundaflowers (Her teeth), a sesameflower (Her nose), blackbees (Her curly locks), fresh sprouts (Her ears), a full autumn moon (Her face), clouds with the thin drain of the Yamuna (Her hair), to make the young desire playvine named Sri Radhika."

"O Devi Radhike! I offer my obeisances unto Your toenails, whose rays defeat the shining of the moon! When You shyly bow down Your head when You come before Hari, He can still see Your face reflected in Your toenails!"

"When You sit on the Yogapitha (meetingplace in Vrndavana) Lalita, who stands on the east, whisks away the honeybees that come to Your lotuslike faces with her handlotus. South of Lalita (NE of You) stands Tungavidya and north of her (SE of You) Indulekha, who is playing her *vina*. South of her (North of You) stands Visakha, and on her left (South of You) stands Citra, who waves a whisk to fan the sweatdrops, that arise from Your ecstasy of seeing Eachother, from Your faces. North west of You is Rangadevi and her younger sister Sudevi is on Your southwest, wiping the lovetears from Your eyes with Her veil, while she cries of love herself also. West of You stands Campakalata, who very blissfully puts betelleaves that shine brighter even than the sun, in Your mouths!"

"These girls that try to cross over the oceans of Your forms and pastimes drown, because of carrying a big mountain of love in their hearts and they become afflicted."

"Can my voice possibly describe these countless (*gopi*-) girls who are grasped by the crocodile named Cupid- and whose position is coveted even by Kamala (Laksmi) and Adrija (Parvati)?"

In this way the expert (*labdhu varna*) parrot turned pale (*vivarna*), while he described (*varnana*) Sri Radhika's glories and his voice choked, so Madhava told Vrnda, the keeper of the Vrndavana forest, to reward him with some juicy grapes. (89)

This Suka-parrot became very fortunate to be praised by the gentle and friendly *sakhis* like this. He passed the test (*pariksit*) by describing Radha and Krsna's (*bhagavata*) sweetness, just as Suka Muni described God's (*bhagavata*) sweetness to king Pariksit in the Bhagavata Purana. (90)

After the parrot fell silent, Sri Radhika began to play Her Vallaki-*vina*, holding it in Her lotuslike hands as Krsna held His Hamsika-flute in His lotuslike hands. It was as if They wanted to defeat Eachother in expertise in singing and playing music! Their music turned water into stone and stone into water. That's quite normal, but even the hearts of the *munis* in Satyaloka, that were absorbed in nondual vision, melted and poured down on earth. That was most amazing!

After some time, Radha and Krsna entered a jeweled abode and most happily sat down there on a lovebed, where They fulfilled the wishes of Lalita and her *sakhis* by submerging in the waves of the ocean of Cupidity.....(93)

With great skill the maidservants then made sashes, earrings, necklaces and crowns etc. of flowers, a flowerbed a canopy and a whole cottage of flowers, as well as different kinds of vines, trees, deer and birds for Their master and mistress. Radha and Krsna sat down and Their maidservants served them tasty fruits and roots from the forest there along with betelleaves.

Thus ends the twelfth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrita Mahakavya", called 'Wanderings in the forest'

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMUKTA MAHA-KAVYA : CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Radha and Krsna drink honey"

Again lotuseyed Krsna wandered through Vrndavana forest and after a while He came to the Hemanta-forest (The season in November-December). The paths that were shaded by thick trees to protect Him from the summerheat were now morose out of separation from Him. The Hemanta season looked just like Hari's union with the *gopis*, who have big buttocks, because now they covered their bodies with clothes from the cold, just as they covered their bodies in an unfavorable mood when Hari wants to make love with them. They scream and shiver of cold just as they scream and shiver when Hari wants to make love with them and they keep their knees together of cold just as they keep their knees together in an unfavorable mood when Hari wants to make love with them.

Krsna told Radha: "Sakhi ! The moonlit nights in the Hemanta-season become longer and the sunlit days become shorter. The sunrays grow weaker, so Your lightninglike body starts shivering of cold (or lust). O Lover! I cannot describe the greatness of the cold that brought You in this condition! Quickly enter into the abode of My heart, which is a suitable shelter in the cold seasons, being warmed up by My eagerness for You. Here You can give up Your stunned condition, which was caused by the cold!" Saying this, Krsna pulled Radhika close to Him with His arms. Although Rasika Radhika said "No no no!!" She was firmly and forcibly embraced by Priya Krsna, who kept Her at His chest. Because Her waist firmly rubbed against His waist, Krsna's sash loosened and His flute, that He kept there, fell on the ground as if it was angry. Lalita picked it up and told it: "O hard cold flute! Although Your only quality is the beauty of your song, you are full of faults! O disturber of the world! Now you shall get your just dues!" Then she hid the flute in her braid. Sri Krsna, the flute's master, did not notice it out of erotic intoxication.

When Sri Radhika thus wandered through the Hemanta-forest with Viharijī (Krsna, the enjoyer), Vrndadevi, the keeper of the forest, most joyfully presented Them with small wintercoats of crimson, tawny, blue and golden colours.

Krsna said: "O Beloved One! These red Amarantha flowers carry the colour of Your heart's passion for Me, the yellow Jhinti-flowers carry Your bodily complexion and the blue Kuruntaka-flowers carry the colour of Your heart's erotic feelings for Me. Would'nt this garland of fresh flowers increase My desires? O Lady! Look at this orange vine! She's so proud that she won't even hide her fruits in Your presence! But if You just slightly open Your blouse with Your finger and show her Your orangelike breasts, that vine will fall into an ocean of embarrassment!" Hearing these words, Sri Radhika smiled gently and showered Kesava with the nectar of Her crooked glances. Then They came to the forest named Sisira sukhada, the forest that gives joy in the winter, where the lotusflowers are happy always to receive sunrays from the sky.

The sun is the enemy of the Vindhya-mountains, so Durga, who lives on the mountains, asked her father Himalaya to send his snow-soldiers there to defeat the sun. Seeing them chasing him, the sun fearfully fled to the direction of his son Yama, the south. Later he will be strong enough again to return northwards and to fight the cold, but at present he is afflicted by these attacks.

In this way Krsna, the friend of the women, moved about with great fun. He saw some Kundaflowers and in

great joy He began to pick them to decorate Priyaji with them. Seeing this, Sri Radhika smiled, covering Her face and pulling up Her nose.

Then Krsna said: "Radhe! Why are You pointing at Me to Your *sakhis*, covering Your shy smiling face, that suggests disgust?" When Radhika failed to reply, Lalita came up before Kundalata and told Giribhrta (Krsna): "All the people of the three worlds praise You as Punyasloka, One who is praised with nice verses. Now why are You so eager to touch this flowering Kundavine (or menstruating Kundalata)? You are her long-desired object, so she cannot refuse You. She has become very much afflicted by Cupid's arrows!"

Kundalata said: "Lalite! Where in the world are there such pure women as you? You have given up all household duties like a headache! Now you are vainly looking amongst the vines (as Kundavine Kundalata)! When she said this, everyone laughed loudly and Sri Radhika said: "*Sakhis*! There is only one Kundalata amongst us, and she's in great fear! But we're just speaking of a Kundavine and this made her so angry! The spotless *sakhis* can now ascertain why!"

While Krsna heard Radhika's ambrosial words, that are not heard even by the *vedas*, He came to the forest named Vasanta sukhada (giving joy in the springtime), where the mangotrees are dripping from top to root with drops of honey, that make the earth very happy.

Krsna said: "Here the trees are householders and the vines are their wives. They're holding a great charitable festival on each auspicious day. That's why the Parabhrta and other birds happily return to them every day to keep themselves alive."

"Here Cupid is the king, the spring is his minister, the Malayan breezes his general, the honeybees his spies, the Pika-birds the punishers, the *gopis* are to be punished and the mountaincaves are the jails."

"Look, O Lady! Has Govardhana become the king of all mountains, destroying their enemy Indra (By defying Indra, who usually cuts the mountains' wings, when Krsna lifted Govardhana hill)? The great mountains like Meru and others have now hidden their giant forms and are worshipping him with their luster."

"The Ganga flowing from Govardhana's golden tablelands (Manasi Ganga) make him look like mount Meru, the snowy splendour of his caves make him look like the Himalaya, his high peaks that want to block the sun are like those of the Vindhya-hills and the silver boulders that form Our thrones make him look like mount Kailasa."

"*Sakhi*! This Rasasthali named Parasauli is where You enjoy the Rasadance every night. Let Us rest here for a while on the jeweled platforms!" When they did so, Vrndadevi, the keeper of the forest, brought Hari His honeywine.

When Sri Radhika looked into the silver cup to see how sweet the honey was, She saw Priyatama's face reflected in it and began to drink the nectar of this face, considering it to be sweeter than the honey. She said to the Creator: "Vidhe! How many times haven't you been cursed by the *gopis*, whose minds were burning in the fire of anxiety, for creating the bashfulness that withholds them from looking straight at Krsna's face (see Srimad Bhagavata's 10th canto)? But now that you made this honey in which we can see Krsna's face without obstacle, our minds are no longer burning in the fire of agony, but attained the pinnacle of ecstasy instead! We praise you a hundred times for this!"

Krsna said: "*Sakhi*! Now You forcibly drink the nectar of My lotuslike face! I don't know what the drinking of this honey will do to You!" Hearing this, Sri Radhika became annoyed with Krsna, as if He had removed the reflection of Their faces in the glasses by drinking the honeywine.

Krsna held the glass with honey under Sri Radhika's lips and said: "Drink, drink, drink!", but Radhika raised her eyebrows, smiled and said: "No, no, no!", turning Her lotuslike face away, but with playfully moving

glances Krsna forced Her to drink.

He also forced Lalita and her *sakhis* to drink, so that their eyes turned reddish, their garments loosened and their intoxicated state destroyed their shame. Then the *sakhis* made each other drink also. Sri Radhika became confused and dizzy from intoxication.

In their intoxicated state the *gopis* said: "Why does the su-su-sun fall from the skys? Why does the earth turn? Why do the trees dadadance? Dededear One, protect Me!" Saying this, some *gopis* hung on Krsna's shoulder, some on His arms, some at His chest and some on His back, while their veils fell off and their hair loosened.

Krsna, having all His limbs pressed upon by the *gopis'* big breasts, embraced them all tightly with His arms. The *gopis* then forcibly kissed Him, restlessly bending their sweet necks (towards Him). How many times then the maidservants did not try to stop their giggling by covering their mouths?

Krsna told these maidservants: "O fickle-eyed Ones! Look what your mistresses are doing! They're all joining together to defeat Me whereas I'm but alone! It's improper of them to rape Me like this! It is My great fortune that you're not helping them!"

Then Madhumati came and handed Krsna a cup of honey to make Him drunk, and Krsna accepted it with bent hand. Again and again He made the *gopis* drink, saying: "Di-drink, di-drink!". He held the drink to His mouth but He bit on His lips, so that none of the wine came into His mouth.

In their drunken state the *gopis* wondered: "Is it day or night? Are we women or men? Are we dressed or naked? What should we do?" with unordened speech. Krsna pointed at them, showing the maidservants.

Tulasi *manjari* asked Krsna: "Dear one, why don't You drink any honeywine?" Krsna said: "Tulasi! I constantly drink the honey of their golden faces that are reflected in My glass! Can't you see? My body is studded with drops of perspiration! Just come and serve Me by softly fanning Me!" But none of the *kinkaris* came close by, afraid that Krsna would rape her, so clever Krsna took the cup to His mouth and pretended to drink. Then He made His eyes turn red and roll as if He was drunk, as He was practised in doing that, and He made His limbs slacken so the *manjaris* smilingly approached Him.

Then clever Kundalata closed the gates of the cottage, Krsna stopped the *kinkaris* from escaping and forcibly drank the nectar of their lips. Then Cupid personally began to dance, twanging his bow as he saw the *kinkaris* helplessly trying to stop Krsna, saying: "No! No!"

Again and again Krsna drank three kinds of honey - from cane, from flowers and from ground cane and He made the *kinkaris* drink also. The maidservants, being protected by Krsna's drunkenness, began to fan Him, thinking that the pearls that were scattered over His body after His erotic battle were sweatdrops of fatigue.

The *sakhis* that had not drunk the honey out of great ecstasy of giving wonderful jewels of their love to Hari, became amazed to see that the moon of wisdom of the drunken *gopis* was getting slightly freed from the eclipse of ecstasy that was caused by drinking the honey of sweet erotic *rasa*!

Thus ends the thirteenth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with the honeydrinking play.

"Radha and Krsna's watersports"

As lotuseyed Krsna wandered through the forest called Nidagha Subhaga (the beautiful summer) He saw Madhumangala back and asked him: "O friend! Why did you leave Me to go to the forest of sweet mangoes and jackfruits all alone?"

Madhumangala said: "Friend! You think You're such a great *rasika* (connoisseur), so today I will argue with You. Tell me what is *rasa* ! Let the brahminical *dyijas* (or birds) of the *rasa sastras* (the scriptures on *rasa*, or the blooming mango vines) witness our discussion! O friend! The cowherdgirls can purchase Your heart with the mere movements of their eyes and You wander in the barren gardens of unfolded Jasmine- and Malatiflowers with them, but still You call Yourself the greatest *rasika* and so do the people, because they always consider a worthless person to be qualified! I make my belly an ocean of flavour by filling it up with the juice of mangoes and jackfruits, but still You consider me to be a tasteless. O Proud One! You can call me tasteful like You if I can hungrily wander from forest to forest! O friend! Your Vrndatavi is full of fruits that are rarely available within the three worlds, and You are fond of rambling there, the whole world knows that. But You are not interested in the flavours arising from this Vrndavana! Nothing else but that can give me sorrow!"

Krsna replied: "O *brahmana*-boy! Don't wander in the forest as an *arasika* (man with poor taste)! I wander around in Vrndatavi because the cold water pleases My tongue in the summerdays, the touch of the lotusflower-wind pleases My skin, the fragrance of the sweet Jasmine-

flowers pleases My nose, the fresh red Palasa-leaves please My eyes and the sweet cooing of the pigeons pleases My ears! Thus all My five senses experience topmost bliss!"

Madhumangala said: "Krsna! These ripe mangoes please all my senses at once! They give joy to my eyes with their emerald-like splendour, their juice pleases my tongue with their rubylike taste, their fragrance gives joy to my nostrils, their softness pleases my skin and their name pleases my ears! They always increase the desires of all my senses!"

Vrnda said: "Madhava! Look at this effulgent forest near Radhakunda, which is like a new jewel on the crown of the three worlds, protecting Your pastimes with Sri Radhika! Even the greatest poets are unable to find the proper words to describe it!"

Radha and Krsna were very enthused by Vrnda's words, that worked on Them like the ambrosial moonrays that made the waves of Their desires swell, so They went to the shore of Their lakes (Radhakunda and Syamakunda), that are the abodes of Their pastimes, and whose waters are filled with divine flavours. Of these lakes, Radhakunda is the foremost. It is surrounded by the *kunjas* of Lalita and the other *sakhis*. Lalita's *kunja* is on the north, Visakha's on the northeast, Citra's on the east, Indulekha's on the southeast, Campakalata's on the south, Rangadevi's on the south west, Tungavidya's on the west and Sudevi's on the northwest. The forestmaidens always maintain these *kunjas*, making gates of flowers and jeweled mirrors there. Radha and Krsna always swing here, or play Holi, flowerball games, hide-and-seek and watersports on the banks or in the waters. They relish hundreds of kinds of fruits there that defeat the taste of nectar, They play dice, dance, joke and relish the poetry of the parrots. Sri Radhika becomes *manini* (angry and proud) here and Krsna breaks that pique. This Radhakunda is the abode of all auspiciousness and the enchanter of everyone's eyes. All four sides of the *kunda* have jeweled steps and jeweled bathingplaces (*ghatas*) on each side of which there are jeweled platforms shaded by parasols. Each *ghata* has trees on either side, whose branches hold ropes with swings hanging on them. In the middle of the *kunda* is Ananga *manjari*'s island, which is connected with a bridge to the northern bank of the *kunda*. Sri Radhika is immersed in bliss to lay Her sister to rest here with Krsna in a moonstone cottage.

Between the east and southeast of Radhakunda is a golden bridge which connects it with Syamakunda, the abode of all playful sports that is famous like nothing else in the world. Around this *kunda* are the *kunjas* that are accepted by the cowherdboys like Subala.

When lotuseyed Krsna stood on this bridge with His dear Ones, they saw that the peacocks were dancing on the

shores with spreadout tails, swans that were agitated with lovepangs were singing in the water and swarms of bumblebees buzzed around in the sky. Seeing these extraordinary things, Kṛṣṇa said: "Radhe, look! The Pikas, Tittibhas, Catakas, swans, Sukas and Haritakis all join together, singing their own songs! Here We can hear all the six seasonal birds together!"

Note: The six seasonal birds are: The Pikas, or cuckoos, in the spring, the Tittibhas in the summer, the Catakas in the rainy season, the swans in the autumn, the Sukas in the Hemanta season and the Haritakis in the winter.

"Look at the great festival of the young bees by Your lake! In the spring they drink the honey from the blooming new Mallika-flowers, in the summer they drink from the soft Jasmine-flowers, in the monsoon from the Yuthika-flowers, in the autumn from the lotusflowers, in the Hemanta-season from the Kuruntaka's and in the winter from the best Kunda-vines. They're like householders with many wives whom they enjoy according to the (their) season! O fair limbed One! The hundreds of high branches of the trees that stand on all four sides of Your *kunda* meet eachother, covering Your pond in such a way that the sun cannot touch the water even in the daytime! The wind enters through the four open *kunja*-gates like a beggar to beg some of the fragrance of the lotusflowers. The honeybees become angry at that and they chastise him, saying: 'bham bham!', but still the wind does not give up its softness."

"Radhe! All the beauty of the *kunda* reminds Me of You: Just as Your lotuslike face always blossoms, Your *kunda* is also filled with blossoming lotusflowers. Just as You have restless, young fishlike eyes, Your pond is filled with restless young fishes. Just as Your soft sweet smile emits foamwaves of abundant subtle sweetness, Your pond is also filled with a lot of sweet foam-waves. Just as Your charming braid swings like so many wandering humming honeybees, Your pond is also covered with humming bees, and just as Your breasts look like Cakravaka-flamingoes, Your pond is also filled with playing Cakravakas. The *kunda* also shines as bright as You do!"

Kṛṣṇa then compared Rādhikā with all the holy rivers, saying: "Radhe! You are Suratarangini (the Ganga is the river (tarangini) of the gods (surah) and Sṛī Rādhikā is a lady (rangini) enjoying erotic play (surata). You are Bhanujā (the daughter of the sun is the river Yamuna, and the daughter of Vṛṣa-bhanu is Sṛī Rādhikā), sometimes Sarasvatī arises in Your words (Sarasvatī is a river and also the goddess of music, sound, learning and speech), You are My only Narmadā (giver of joy, or holy river of the same name) and You appear as Bahudamsa (keeping Your arm *bahu* on My shoulder *amsa*, or: the holy Bahudā-river), but in Your *kunda* You are fully manifest to Me! Thus, O nicely thighed One, the holy rivers are purified by Your *ghana rasa* (water, or erotic mellow), like the lightning illuminates My deep cloudlike (*ghanarasa*) form!", Kṛṣṇa said and held Sṛī Rādhikā's hand that had jingling bangles, with His own hand. Sṛī Rādhikā laughed at this with humour (*rasa*).

Vṛndā said: "O Kṛṣṇa! That place with whose water You want to wash Your limbs is not a lake, but a hilly ground of stonelike unfavorable moods! You won't be able to bathe there, leave this place, O moon of Vraja!", and loosened Kṛṣṇa's hand from Rādhikā's hand, taking Rādhikā to the place where She could put on bathingclothes. Kṛṣṇa followed her there and peeped at Rādhikā through the holes in the foliage. When His honeybee-like eyes fell on Her lotusbud-like breasts, Sṛī Rādhikā suspected Him to be spying on Her. She anxiously looked in all directions and covered Herself with a thin garment.

Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* pulled eachother into the water, like restless vines blown into the water by Cupid's gale. Then the *gopis* who are fond of *ghanarasa* (erotic mellows, or Kṛṣṇa) began their fight in the *ghanarasa* (water). They relished Kṛṣṇa's beauty and Cupid relished their bodily beauty.

The *gopis* stood in the water in a circle, holding hands, making breastlike waves by softly slapping the water. Kṛṣṇa stood in the middle of that circle like a sapphire whorl of a hundred petalled lotusflower, smiling brightly and beautifully.

The *gopis* said: "O Killer of Aghasura! O You who never gives up His vow! Those breasts that You were always so eager to see and touch, polluting the housewives, have now automatically come up from the water! It's Your good luck that they have become so easily available now! Now bless Your eyes by looking at them and bless Your hands by touching them!"

After hearing these shameless words, that destroyed the patience of the Cupid-elephant, from the mouths of

waves in the water. Then He asked the *gopis*: "Is this a breast or is this (wave) a breast?"

When Kṛṣṇa touched their breasts, the doe eyed *gopis* at once broke their circle and fled in all directions. Kundaḷatā, who was standing on the shore, made her restless, fishlike eyes play in that waterscene, and, being eager to witness Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's waterfight, said: "Hare! You are a waterfall of beauty and so are Your lovers, so just spend some time fighting in the water and perform the 'jī'-root (*karma* = to be defeated) and the 'stu'-root (*karta* = to offer prayers to the victors)."

Kṛṣṇa said: "What did You say, Kundaḷatā?" Then Kundaḷatā turned the tenses around, making Kṛṣṇa active in defeating the *gopis* and passive in praises, being praised by the *gopis* as the victor. Hearing this, the *gopis* said: "O Mādhava, now under Your influence, Subhadrā's wife Kundaḷatā has reversed the tenses, after Sarasvatī made the true words arise in her!"

Kṛṣṇa said: "OK, when you win you will experience the bliss of accepting forced kisses from the defeated One (Me). Is this why you desire victory? And if by chance I am defeated, making the 'jī'-root passive for Myself, then where will I run off to find peace?"

Then Kṛṣṇa asked Nandī: "Nandīmukhi! What should be the stake for this waterfight?" Nandīmukhi said: "O enemy of Aghasura! It is written in the *smṛti* scriptures that if a rich man is defeated in a game the victor can take his wealth and bind him up also!"

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Nandīmukhi! We are rich people! Our bangles, armlets and anklets are our wealth. If I am defeated, then the *gopis* may take that and if I defeat them, I will take their ornaments and bind them up in the ropes of My snakelike arms!" Hearing these words, the *gopis* frowned their eyebrows, that were like beautiful, flickering bows, and admonished Nandīmukhi with so many shouts.

The *gopis* surrounded Kṛṣṇa, holding each other's fingers and throwing water at Him with the sides of their (other) hands. It looked as if they shot water arrows of love at Him from red lotuslike quivers (their hands).

Kṛṣṇa faced all the *gopis* of the circle and wandered around with light steps, defeating hundreds and thousands of them by splashing them all with water, as if He threw Cupid's darts at them, making them fearfully flee.

Mādhumāṅgalā, standing on the shore of the *kunda*, saw this and cried out: "Hee hee! The *gopis* surely were defeated! Now these vainly proud girls are fleeing, hiding their wealth! Take all their ornaments off and give them to me! I will sell them in Mathura City, so that I can buy my very dear Sitopala sweets!" Hearing this, Lalitā chastised him, saying: "O crooked one! Just wait, just wait!"

Then Mādhūsudana forcibly entered the cage of the lotuslike *gopis*' arrowlike glances and began to drink their nectar. He took off all their jeweled ornaments, that jingled as the *gopis* loudly cried. Hearing that, the cuckoos and the peacocks also increased their sound-volume.

Kṛṣṇa began to fight Cupid's battle with the *gopis*, first hand to hand and then nail to nail. Shame and fear crowned in the waves of the pond as Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* kept each other bound in each other's snakelike arms. Then, after three or four seconds, they let go of each other again to pick lotusflowers from the pond and to throw them at each other.

Kṛṣṇa then took away the *gopis*' blouses, ornaments and veils, so that they shone with erotic sweetness. Their bellies looked like Banyanleaves moved by a soft breeze. With faltering voices they asked Nandīmukhi: "What is this?", as they covered their topless breasts. Wet locks of hair stuck on their faces, through which it seemed that they were not lotuslike girls, but beautiful generals of king Cupid, giving great fear to mooncrested Siva for being bound up with their ropes. (The word *sasi sekharā* in the text may mean mooncrested Siva or the nailmarks that Kṛṣṇa scratched on the *gopis*' breasts, which they covered up with their ropelike arms from being

seen by Him).

The *gopis* asked Nandimukhi: "What is this, Nandi? Why do you let us play such immoral games with this boy who has no manners?" Then Nandi asked Giridhari: "Why are You doing such immoral things?" Krsna boldly came up to her and smilingly said: "O Nandi! After I won the waterfight I went to collect My prize and I smelled the golden lotusflowers that were surrounded by honeybees. I didn't smell the *gopis'* fragrance! I felt couples of Cakravaka-birds with My hands, but not the *gopis'* breasts! Tell Me what offense I committed!"

Nandimukhi laughed and said: "Harc, You speak the truth, and it is shown by the *gopis'* anger towards You, for their lips are bitten and their breasts are scratched by You!" Krsna said: "O Nandi! Never trust these *gopis*, they are baskets full of deceit! They did this themselves! And even if I had done it, then I was not aware of it! It's only a very small offense. There's no fault in what I did, these housewives did not loudly forbid Me to touch them, saying: "This is not a golden lotusflower, it is my face, and these are not Cakravaka-flamingoes, but they're my breasts!" Now why are these proud girls so angry with Me?"

Nandimukhi said: "Krsna! O *gopis* ! Stop quarreling! There's no need to play for stakes! Let me see instead how nicely you can play music on the water!" Hearing this, Krsna and the *gopis* began to slap the water with their hands, playing nice rhythms and music. When this sound, that defeated the rumbling of the clouds, echoed on the shore of the *kunda* the Cataka birds began to wander around, the peacocks began to dance like mad with spreadout feathers, singing 'ke ka', and Madhumangala began to flap his armpits and danced along with them, exclaiming his 'hee hee!' When the trees on the shore of the *kunda* heard this, they showered streams of honey into the water as tears of love and the honeybees praised them. Krsna and the *gopis*, who are oceans of divine *rasa* thus completed their waterplays and came back on the shore of the *kunda*, where they were instantly served by their maidservants.

Radha and Krsna entered a jeweled temple, where Vrnda, the keeper of the forest, served Them savouries, jackfruits and other fruits that tasted sweeter than nectar. With love Radha and Krsna fed Eachother and then They were engaged by Cupid in tasting the nectar of Eachother's lips.

After They thus concluded Their watersports, Radha and Krsna again played, but now in the pond of the full neclarean sweetness and beauty of Eachother's every limb, and when They grew tired of that, They fell on a soft flowerbed where the maidservants served them with betelleaves, water, mirrors and dresses, fanned Them and massaged Their feet. Then They fell asleep.

Thus ends the fourteenth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Radha and Krsna's watersports.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRITA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"Radha and Krsna play dice and worship the sungod"

Sri Radhika told Lalita: "Sakhi ! Just as an elephant plucks lotusflowers, Krsna has forcefully defeated us in the fun of honeydrinking, watersports, swinging and so on. These are all power-

games. Lalite, now think of a game we can play that requires some brain! Thus we can swiftly diminish Krsna's pride!"

Lalita said: "Radhe! You are Yourself the moonlight for the lily-like dicegame, so, O proud girl, what can the darkness of defeat do to us (when we have a moonlight like You here)? It won't give us any sorrow!"

Being thus advised by Lalita, Radhika told Krsna: "O Mighty Prabhavisno! O Dearest One! Why don't You accept the challenge of the dancing girls of our desires to defeat You in the clever dicegame?"

Krsna replied: "Do You make the dancinggirl of the desire to defeat Me really dance in Your heart? But when the king of victory sits down on the throne of My handpalm, that dancinggirl will swiftly perish!"

Hearing these words of Aghari (Krsna), restless-eyed Radhika ignored Him with a slight wink of Her vinelike eyebrows and had the dice-board brought by Sudevi.

Nandimukhi sat on Krsna's side as witness and Vrnda on Radhika's side. Kundalata conducted the tossing of the dice, Madhumangala advised Krsna on the desired score and Lalita advised Radhika on this.

First the dice stones danced on the stage of Sri Radhika's red lotuslike handpalms and then they leaped up and down as they fell on the table. Bakari's (Krsna's) eyes submerged in the high waves of beauty of Radhika's breasts and armpits, but because He was experienced in holding and tossing the dice, He was not disturbed or contaminated even slightly.

Has Sri Radhika become Jayasri, the Goddess of victory, throwing Her stones with the right score, sometimes saying 'dasa dasa' and sometimes 'vidu vidu'?

Hearing Radhika saying 'dasa dasa', Krsna said: "Priye! You have thrown vitti, not dasa! You must be jokingly asking Me for dasa (or *damsana*, for Me to bite You)! Now where is Your talk of victory?"

Sri Radhika held Her stones in Her corner and Krsna, who was unable to take His stones from Her corner, thought of a way to spy on Her and out of eagerness to win, began to play by having His stones struck by Her.

When clever Radhika defeated Krsna by throwing the right score, the tender *sakhis* became very harsh and said: "O Madhumangalo! Why are you bowing your head now? Where is your shouting of 'hee hee', your dancing and your efforts to sell our bangles to buy Sitopala now?"

Sri Radhika said: "O *sakhis*! This *brahmana*-boy is fond of Sitopala, so get some white (*sita*) stones (*upala*) from the top of Govardhana Hill and shower his head with them, let him relish that taste! A-re! Why are you quiet now? Now all your brahminical qualities of *muni dharma* like tolerance, patience, peace and gravity become manifest!"

Then when Krsna lost His Kaustubha gem in the next throw, the *sakhis* said: "This gem has touched many *gopis'* breasts, how can he be worn by our dear *sakhi*? It should be swapped for a bangle or purified by washing it many times!"

To humiliate Krsna, the *sakhis* said: "This is not the forest for tending cows and killing Bakasura, Vatsasura and Utana! This is a dicegame in which clever people's intelligence is tested in the assembly!"

This Sarasvati (river) stream of the *sakhis'* words (words given by Sarasvatidevi) uprooted the tree of Madhumangala's cleverness. Fearfully he told Krsna: "Friend! Give me the Kaustubha-gem! I have some work to do! O prince of Vraja, if the *gopis* attack You when You are alone, then I'll tell Queen Yasoda and I'll let her bind them up with the ropes of punishment and throw them in the dark cave of embarrassment!"

Krsna said: "Damn you fool! Why are you so afraid? Look, I will defeat them! Don't be so stupid to announce My defeat with your panicky gestures!"

Madhumangala angrily replied: "Even when I speak for Your benefit You become angry! Then let the Kaustubha be taken from Your hand! I'm going! Let these young girls play with You and make You dance around!"

With a wink of His eyebrows Krsna got the support from the assembled *sakhis* and falsely spoke: "O assembly! I've defeated these whimsical young girls, but just see their harshness!"

The assembled *gopis* said: "Krsna, if You win, then why did'nt You say anything when the *gopis* attacked Madhumangala?" Krsna said: "I was astonished!" Visakha said: "I offer my obeisances to Your eyebrows and Your crooked glances that are like women that became our enemies by ruining our chastity. Now they are demonstrating the falsity of Your words, becoming our *sakhis* and making us happy, though!"

Nandimukhi said: "Give us Your Kaustubha-gem, Madhubhidi!", and smiling Kundavalli took it from Aghantaka's (Krsna's) chest and hung it on Sri Radhika's chest.

Then Krsna's reflection fell in the Kaustubha-gem on Radhika's chest, so Kundalata said: "O Krsna! How beautifully You are reflected between Radhika's breasts! Out of great love this king of jewels keeps You on the breasts of Your beloved One!"

While tears rolled from His eyes, Giridhari told His own reflection: "Blessed, o blessed you are, Pratibimbal! You are the all-beautiful Krsna, I'm simply your reflection! I always desire to be where you are now, between Sri Radhika's breasts!"

Sri Radhika, seeing Krsna's beloved face reflected on Her bosom, cursed Her blouse from stopping His touch and Her shyness for stopping Her from looking at Him. She was stunned and immersed in bliss.

Kundalata then said: "O Oceans of *rasa*, play again! This time put Your embraces at stake!" So They played again and Krsna, who won by cheating, became eager to collect His prize. When Radhika resisted, Mukunda said: "O proud girl! Why do You frown Your eyebrows and contract Your body? I have won by proper means! Although You are *sukala*, or naturally generous, You have become such a miser now!"

After Krsna collected His prize They played again, putting kisses at stake. This time Radhika won, showing great impudence. Krsna smiled and kept His cheek close to Radhika's lotuslike face, saying: "*Sakhi* ! I'm defeated in this assembly! Collect Your prize of kisses!" Hearing this, Sri Radhika and Her *sakhis* looked at Him and laughed, covering their mouths with their veils.

When the laughter calmed down somewhat, Sri Radhika said: "O brave boy! I did not defeat You!" Then Krsna said: "So be it!" and repeatedly kissed Her cheeks by force.

Radhika angrily told Kundalata: "Kaundi, darling of your cousin-in-law! After ascertaining this dirty prize you are laughing! Why don't you play with Krsna?" and stopped playing.

Wide-eyed Kundalata said: "*Sakhi* ! Now play for Krsna's flute and Your *vina* ! This time You will win this dicegame!"

Then Radhika indeed won, so She said: "O Krsna, give Me Your flute!" Krsna felt in His sash, but He could not find the flute anymore, so He asked Madhumangala where it was.

like mad, just for fun? Where am I, religion personified, and where are You, attached to gambling, drinking and women? Your Kaustubha-gem is already lost, now You also lost Your enchanting weapon, the flute! Now You can blissfully sing the *ri ri* song with Your mouth, wherever You go!"

Lalita said: "O noble one, well spoken! Now that the flute is gone, how will your friend attract the *gopis* into the forest, and how will He pass the time? You're in big trouble!"

Madhumangala said: "What do you say Lalite? You alone have love for Krsna and you alone are merciful to me! O blessed one! You will have to solve this poor *brahmana's* problem!" Hearing this, the faired *gopis* laughed.

Lalita angrily said: "O twiceborn one! She who accepts you as priest and gives you the divine remnants of offerings to Durga, that Candravali, the friend of Padma, mounts your shoulders and comes into this *kunja* to relieve the erotic affliction of your friend Krsna!"

Krsna said: "Lalite, stop joking and tell Me where My flute is!" Lalita said: "How do I know?" Krsna said: "Lalite, you are My shelter! Did your friend Radhika steal it?" Lalita: "Visnu!! No one of us steals other men's property!" Krsna: "Then did you take My Murali when it fell from My sash while we were swinging?" Lalita: "Madhava! I swear on the sun that I did not take it!" Krsna: "Then did you steal it while we were drunk?" Lalita: "Acyuta, I swear on Lord Visnu that I did not take it!" Krsna: "Then did you take it while We played in the water?" Lalita: "O lotuseyed One! I swear You I did not take Your flute!" Krsna: "Then where has it gone?" Lalita said: "O assembled *sakhis*! Behold this fun (how Krsna begs for His flute!)"

Kundalata said: "O cousin! You lost Your flute during the dicegame! If You cannot pay Your prize now, Radhika will bind You up with the ropes of Her vinelike arms and bring You to king Cupid! What argument do You have against that?"

Nandimukhi said: "Aho Radhe! If You tie the prince of Vraja with these ropes, we cannot bear to see His suffering! So spare us and just take His yellow scarf!"

Madhava told Madhumangala: "Friend! You have studied astrology, so look in your charts to see who took My Murali?" After some study, Madhumangala said: "Krsna, Lalita took it!"

Lalita said: "O crooked One! I didn't do it!" Then Giridhari said: "OK! Then open your blouse and your braid and let Me see, otherwise what fear would I have (to look for it Myself)?"

When Lalita heard this threat, her garments shook and Hari came up to her, held her braid and opened her blouse with His nails, which made her wink at Him towards Radhika. Thinking that Radhika had the flute, Hari then went to Her, but Radhika winked towards Visakha. Then, coming to Visakha, she again hinted at Him towards other *sakhis*. Which *gopi's* blouse was not ripped open in this way?

Then one forestnymph came and said: "Jatila has arrived in the Surya-temple!" Hearing this, the *gopis* at once gave up their blissful sports and went to see Jatila with fearful eyes.

Seeing Radhika, Jatila asked Her: "O daughter, why are You so late?" Sri Radhika said: "We went to bathe in the Manasi Ganga!" Jatila: "Why don't I see Kundalata here?" Radhika: "She went to get My priest!" Jatila: "Why didn't she come here all this time?" Radhika: "Look, there she comes with the priest!" Then Kundalata came with Krsna, who was dressed as a *brahmana* boy and told Jatila: "Today I could not find a *brahmana* boy anywhere in Vraja, even after a long search! But now I've found this disciple of Gargamuni from Mathura, who knows all sciences! Even the scholars and the intellectuals praise this boy as the best of *brahmacaris* (*bahuvarni* = *brahmacari*, or God, who appears in many colours, like Rama (grassgreen) and Kapila in white). Very eagerly I've brought Him here! Please accept Him as the priest for Your daughter-in-law!"

Jatila told the priest (Krsna): "O best of *brahmanas*! Simply on seeing You I feel blessed! Engage my daughter-in-law in worship, then all my desires will be fulfilled!"

Krsna, who wore a white robe, who kept a book and Darbha-grass in His hands, whose eyepupils were peaceful and whose sweet voice could embody the songs of the Sama Veda, told Jatila: "O Old one! Although it is improper for a *brahmacari* to look at women, I will nevertheless help your very chaste daughter-in-law, whose body is covered with garments, to worship the sun (or Me), who fulfills all desires!"

Krsna pronounced a blessing and told shy, lowered-eyed Radhika: "O chaste Girl! Accept Me as the performer of the service of the Lord of the day, the sun, Mitra (Your friend, Me). Now collect Your paraphernalia and remember Mitra, please him tremendously. I will pronounce the *mantra* 'om jaya sarva vyapakesvara' (glory to the allpervading Lord) *jagaddhitakarini* (the benefactor of the world) *bhaskara* (the Radiant One) *iksana tamonuda* (the destroyer of the eyes' darkness) *sasvat padminigana vikasaka* (who always causes the lotusflowers, or the *gopis* to blossom) *bhano dharmadaya* (O sun, who grants religious merit) *paramartha savitre* (O transcendental sun) *kamadaya* (fulfiller of desires) *mahase astu namas te* (all obeisances unto you, O great One!) (All these words can equally apply to Krsna or to the sungod)."

Jatila said: "O best of *brahmanas*! My son Abhimanyu will give You millions of cows! May You live long and free from trouble! I pray for this boon for You!"

Aghasatru (Krsna) said: "So be it" and Madhumangala said: "I will recite prayers to the sungod", while his eyes fell on the ample foodofferings. But Jatila said: "You fool, friend of a debauchee! What are you doing here? This charming bluish boy will do the *puja* for my daughter-in-law every day from now on!"

At the end of the *puja* Jatila gave gold in charity, but Hari did not accept it, so Madhumangala took the gold and ate the food.

Krsna told Radhika: "O most chaste girl! Just say *bhasvate namah* (honour to the Effulgent One), do *parikrama* and offer your obeisances with your head on the ground!"

Sri Radhika did so, Her heart filled with sentiments towards His ambrosial cleverness. But while She offered Her obeisances, Krsna's flute fell out of Her braid, making a sound like 'thanat!'. But She didn't realise it.

Then Jatila said: "What is this, what is this?!", took the flute and shouted 'hum! hum!' with reddish eyes of anger, chastising doe-eyed Radhika like a snake.

Sri Radhika said: "Arye! Today this flute just fell from the slope of Govardhana Hill! That's where I got it from! Because it gives me so much trouble I wanted to throw it into the Yamuna! Why are you so angry?"

Jatila said: "O polluted, lowborn girl! You're always trying to cheat me! I will tell the assembly of elderly *gopis* about You and we will consider a suitable punishment for You and that lusty boy (Krsna)!"

Krsna said: "O old one! Why are you angrily shouting at your daughter-in-law, I don't understand! I'm your benefactor, so tell Me everything frankly, even if it embarrassing!"

Jatila said: "Arya! O son of a *brahmana*! Do you know the king of Vraja?" Krsna said: "Yes, he is famous even in Mathura Puri!" Jatila: "He has one son...." Krsna: "Yes, He has killed Aghasura, Bakasura and Kesi! I know Him!" Jatila: "Listen, He has the tendency to wreck the *gopis*' chastity. There's no one except my daughter-in-law who managed to remain pure. He attracts them with the enchanting songs of His flute into the forest, where He....(becomes too embarrassed and folds her hands, saying) *Om Sri Visnava Namah!*"

Hearing Jatila's words, Krsna smiled and said: "Really? What is this flute like? Give it to Me!", took it in His

hand and looked at it as if He had never seen it before. Jatila said: "Arya! O Expert One! If You like You can take this jewelled flute with You, out of Vraja, to Mathura! Let the chaste girls here be fixed in their family duties. Now if You will follow me, I will quickly return to my home with my daughter-in-law. O Ocean of qualities! Please come here every day to do *surya puja* for us! Be kind to your devotee (me) and her daughter-in-law!"

In this way, the nectarvine of Aghari's pastimes, that pervades the three worlds, blossoms in Vraja at midday. I have picked its flowers that are very dear to the fair-eyed *gopis* and that Cupid uses to make arrows that pierce their hearts. Anyone who is pierced like that becomes happy in Krsna's company!

After Jatila honoured Hari, who was clad as a *brahmana*-boy, she went home with Radhika and Her girlfriends. Krsna also went home, holding hands with His dear friends, occasionally looking behind Him to see Sri Radhika, until He had returned to His cows and cowherdboyfriends.

Thus ends the fifteenth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Radha and Krsna's dice game and worship of the sungod.

THUS ENDS THE MADHYAHNA LILA (MIDDAY PASTIMES) 10.48 – 15.36 h

APARAHNA LILA : AFTERNOON PASTIMES 15.36 – 18.00 H

Although She was fixed in Her love for Her dearest Krsna, Sri Radhika lost Her patience when He vanished from the corners of Her eyes, that were like His abode (as She always looks at Him, His reflection dwells in Her eyes) and looked like spotless lotusflowers. Then afflictions like sorrow forcibly attacked Her heart, entering it to break it. As She was afflicted by the disease of separation from Her Pranapriya, Her *sakhis* tried to cure Her with the medicine of their consoling words, but all was futile. Sri Radhika experienced a second to last like a millennium, Her parental home to be like a waterless well and Her shame to be like a net as hard as diamonds. Although Her girlfriends served Her as was proper by repeatedly smearing Her body with sandalpaste, lotuspollen and camphor, the heat of her afflicted body made these substances dry up and then they had to apply them again. Just then Candanakala, one *sakhi* who was excited by divine love, came before Her.

The *sakhis* asked her: "Where do you come from?" Candanakala said: "From Vrndavana!" *Sakhis*: "What for?" Candanakala: "On the order of queen Yasoda!" *Sakhis*: "What was that order?" Candanakala: "To engage Radhika in quickly cooking something for Krsna and to bring it to her!" *Sakhis*: "What is Krsna doing now?" Candanakala: "He's playing different ballgames with His friends."

Krsna said: "A-re Sridaman! What are you saying? Don't you remember that the stories of my glories bust open your ears and that I almost crushed you with My boltlike arms, wielding a rod? If you desire your own welfare, then you should get out right after hearing about our armfight!"

Sridama said: "Sridama, who is famous for his power, has been victorious, is victorious and will remain victorious, that can be seen on Your shoulders (Sridama sat there after defeating Krsna, see Bhagavata 10.18.24), but You still diminish Your own glories by showing Your restlessness with Your angry and proud face? You're so proud of killing all these demons, but for no reason, because the *brahmanas* killed Putana with their *mantras*, and did You enter Aghasura's belly alone, or what? And if You say: "I lifted Govardhana Hill, then I'll say it went up in the air by itself, being pleased with our Govardhana *pūja*! Why are You so proud?"

"O *sakhis*!", Candanakala said, "in this way Krsna became very enthusiastic to fight with His friends, who worshipped His splendid rays with millions of hearts by sprinkling Him with the nectardrops of their proud words. Being love personified, He spent some time with two or three of these friends on the bank of the Yamuna."

In this way Candanakala saved Sri Radhika's life by throwing Her fishlike heart from the dry land of separation from Her Priyatama back into the nectar river of Krsna-consciousness by telling Her stories about Him. Then she told Radhika that queen Yasoda, whose heart was moistened by affection for her son Krsna, had ordered Her to cook a meal for Him.

Before cooking Sri Radhika was ornamented with Her sixteen sweet *akalpa* ornaments, such as 1. a bath 2. garments 3. ordure of sandalpaste 4. *tilaka* 5. Her playlotus 6. Makari-pictures on the cheeks 7. footlac 8. garland 9. braid 10. *pratisara*-amulet 11. ear-ornaments 12. eyeliner 13. nosepearl 14. muskdrop on Her chin 15. flowers for the hair and 16. betelleaves, and the twelve *abharana*-ornaments, namely 1. crestjewel 2. *grāiveyaka*-neckornament 3. anklets 4. *keyura*-armlets 5. sash with bells 6. hoop-earrings (fixed behind the ears) 7. regular earrings 8. bangles 9. necklaces 10. anklebells 11. fingerings and 12. toerings.

After being thus ornamented, Sri Radhika eagerly said: "This afternoon seems to last like a thousand millennia and still the day is not over yet! This deceitful Creator made this afternoon just like a rod to

crush My insectlike heart!" Then She began to cry streams of tears and Her face wilted with sorrow. Lalita then quickly found a remedy by bringing Radhika upon the watchtower, saying: "Radhe! Come out of the sour ocean of Your sorrow! Look at the dust thrown up by Krsna's cows there in the east!" Sri Radhika said: "O auspicious One! This is not dust, but camphor-powder to cool off My afflicted eyes, entering from afar! Or it is a medicine to revive My birdlike life-air, that had come up to my throat, bringing it back to My heart?"

Just then, a cool breeze blew from the east, so Sri Radhika said: "Lalite! I'm very fortunate that this very merciful eastern wind that carries the sweatdrops of Your beloved One (Krsna) is reviving Me! This wind is not only in name, but also with its qualities the life-

air of the world! O *sakhi*! Is the loving prince of Vraja, remembering My miserable condition of separation from Him, quickly coming towards Me now, keeping His cows in front of Him? How can He move swiftly when His gait is naturally slow like that of a lusty bull? And how can He come closer while He's on the distant forestpath?"

Lalita said: "Radhe! Why are You so sad? Your lover is almost here now! He wears spotless *tilaka* and has restless curly locks hanging over His forehead that is surrounded by humming bees. The fragrance of His Tulasi-garland pervades all directions and He destroys all Your sorrow with His slightly lowered crimson turban with a peacockfeather stuck in it."

"He does *japa* of His cows' names according to their colours on a jeweled beadstring, calling them by name: 'Hee hee Pingel Dhumre! Dhavali! Sabali! Syeni! Harini!'" and counts them, although they are innumerable. In this way He soothes Your eyes that are burning with the fever of separation from Him!"

"Radhe! Listen to the sound of His flute, that attracts all the girls of Vraja from their homes and that causes Cupid to arise in their hearts! Let's deceive our superiors and go to the garden to pick flowers!" So Radhika quickly followed Her *sakhis* downstairs, Her patience being diminished by Her eagerness to see Krsna.

Hearing Krsna's flutesong, Syamala *sakhi* said: "Sakhi Bakulamale! You don't have to decorate my ears with flowers anymore! They are already decorated by Krsna's flutesong! Let me go, I fall at your feet! I will be cooled off only by the bluish Krsna-cloud! There's no more need for me to put blackish collyrium around my eyes, because blue mascara-like Krsna is coming from the forest to relieve the affliction of my eyes!" Saying this, Syamala threw off all of her ornaments and quickly came to see Sri Radhika.

The doe-eyed *gopi*-group leaders (*yuthesvaris*) said to each other: "Bhadre! Don't delay! Candravali! Give up your sorrow and look at Krsna! Dhanye! Give up your complacency! Kamale! Quickly come out of your house! Pali! Why are you still feeling sad? Quickly come and be revived by the nectar (sight) of Hari's beautiful limbs!"

To facilitate Krsna's meeting with His dear ones, Balarama, Sridama and the other boys went ahead of Him to Nandisvara with the cows that were calling their calves with their mooing and that ran ahead to meet them. The boys then entered Nandisvara to lift their mothers out of the ocean of their sorrow.

When Krsna slowly entered the village (Yavat or Barsana) He threw the slender *gopis* into a whirlpool of erotic bliss with His restless lazy glances. His flowergarland swung on His chest and He was playing ball with the *gopis*' flowerball-like minds in which the ocean of His youthful natural beauty was swelling. With His lustre Krsna made the roads look like forests of blooming blue lotusflowers and the *gopis*' beelike eyes feasted on the sweet honey of these lotusflowers. Krsna's anklebells jingled loudly as He slowly moved on into Gokula with His dear friends. Seeing this, Syamala said: "Sakhi! There's no more need to proudly hold on to your shame! Radhe! Varada (bestower of blessings) Pasupati (Siva, or the cowherder Krsna) has come! Look at Him with the bee-like pupils of Your lotuslike eyes! If You worship Pasupati like this, You will find relief from the onslaughts of His enemy Cupid! Such auspicious opportunities are rare!"

Sri Radhika replied: "Syame! Quickly run there and worship this Mahesa by offering Him Your two soft

lotusbuds (breasts). O fairfaced One! If Your desires are fulfilled in a moment through this worship, I will be submerged in an ocean of bliss and nectar!"

Syamala said to Lalita: "Sakhi Lalite! Don't lie to me! Why did this young honeybee leave the blooming vines, and why is he dizzy?" Lalita said: "Sakhi Syame! It's true, this young honeybee fell on the incomparably fragrant Malati-vine and cannot move anymore!"

As Radhika's and Syama's discussion soothed Krsna's ears like a stream from a pond of love, Sri Radhika's blossoming lotuslike face with Her dancing wagtailbird-like eyes hid in the blossoming vines again, after having once been seen by Krsna's eyes.

Giridhari anxiously thought: "Ahaha! The thirsty Cakora-bird of My eyes only stuck out its beak to drink the nectar of the rising moon (of Sri Radhika's face)! A-re Creator! You big offender! Damn you for taking this nectar away again!"

Sri Radhika thought: "O Lajje (shame)! You don't have to leave My whole body, just leave the corners of My eyes for a while, so I can just once lick (the nectar of) Krsna's face! O cloud of bliss! Be pleased with Me! Don't obstruct My vision! O Cupid! I fall at your feet! Don't make Me shiver anymore!" Then She repeatedly told Herself with love: "How will I be so bold to lift My eyes just once to look at Krsna?" Just then Her *sakhis* cleverly pulled at Her from a vine-*kunja*, bringing Her into Krsna's sight. Sri Radhika looked at Krsna with anxious eyes. How amazing! As the red Sarasvati-stream of Krsna's glance (Krsna's eyes are red) became one with the blue Yamuna-

stream of Radhika's glance, they turned as white as the current of the Ganga. The Triveni in which Radha and Krsna's elephant-like hearts thus united also caused the lotusflowers of the *gopis*' eyes to blossom, that is also amazing! Thus the *rasika* Couple Radha-Madhava became stunned on the road, seeing which, Radhika's *sakhis* anxiously took Her home and Krsna's *sakhas* also took Krsna home. These helpful friends consoled Them, promising Them that They could meet again after sundown, so that They would not faint of misery.

Then Sri Krsna, who is the embodied object of parental affection and the external life of His father and mother, came home, seeing which Visakha sent Tulasi *manjari* off to queen Yasoda with Krsna's favorite nectarpie.

Sri Radhika said: "Visakhe! This shameless womaniser wants to put His hands on My girdle, He forcibly attacks Me here on the road! Did you see that, O curious one? Although I cried out loud, that ravisher of maidens would'nt let Me go! Quickly call Jatila and bring her here!"

Madly lamenting in this way, Sri Radhika became weak. She shivered and perspired out of affliction and when She opened Her eyes, She was astonished to find Herself lying on a flowerbed. Just to defeat Cupid's onslaughts, She asked Her *sakhis* with faltering voice: "Where is My dear One? What am I doing here? Is this house Priyatama's flowergarden or the house of My superiors, tell Me? Is it evening, morning or nighttime? Am I asleep or awake?"

One *sakhi* said: "O Lotusfaced One! You have left the garden and come home. Your Priyatama also went home after playing with You in the *kunja*! He's now soothing His parents' intense affliction of separation from Him! He will come later to make Your lotuslike eyes bloom again!"

The lake of Vraja, that had dried up from the severe heat of the sun of separation from Krsna, was now again blissfully filled up by the ecstatic showers from the Krsna-cloud that made the lotuslike faces of the Vrajavasis bloom up with satisfaction once more.

Thus ends the sixteenth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Radha and Krsna's afternoon activities.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAYANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA : CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"Evening pastimes" 18.00-20.24 h

While Krsna entered the meadows, the demigoddesses in the sky said to each other: "Sakhi ! The sun and Krsna are both friends of the lotusflowers and they are both effulgent, but Krsna, being heavy or valuable, stays on earth, while the sun, being light or cheap, hangs in the sky with its yellow light. The Creator is a big fool trying to compare them with each other. Is there anyone who will compare a mustardseed to gold? The sun shines only in the day, but Krsna shines day and night, the sun is only visible to the eyes, but Krsna showers the eyes with a stream of transcendental bliss. The sun only reveals moving and nonmoving beings, shedding his light on them, but Krsna reveals the religion of sacred love for Him. The sun has harsh rays, but Krsna's soft rays are like an ocean of sweetness. The sun has a thousand *go* (rays), but Krsna has billions of *go* (cows). The sun only removes the material darkness, but Krsna removes the darkness of *maya*. The beauty of the sun is covered over by the clouds sometimes, while Krsna's beauty defeats that of a cloud. The sun is unable to remove the ladyloves' fear of the upcoming day by placing his *kara* (rays) on their Cakravaka-like breasts. He redeems them from distress in name only, but Krsna is really the best boat for the *gopis* to cross over the ocean of their lovepangs when He places His *kara* (hands) on their Cakravaka-like breasts. The earth is surely blessed by the sunrise, but this same sun also sets again, but Krsna blesses the earth with the touch of His lotusfeet day and night. At the end of the day the sun goes to the *gavadhivara* (eastern) *asa* (direction), and Krsna, who is a mine of incomparable qualities, goes to fulfill the *asa* (desires) of His *gavadhivarah* (parents, the masters of the cows), going out of the sight of us unfortunate demigoddesses!"

The sun experienced this kind of chatter of the *devis* like nectar to his ears. He's really a fool to think that they speak about him when they see that Krsna goes to the east! He falsely thinks himself to be so fortunate and attractive!"

When Krsna strolled through the alleys of the town He was showered with flowers moistened by the tears of the demigoddesses that stood on the roofs of either side of the alley, and when He looked up, all the faireyed *gopis* thought: "Krsna is looking at me!" and shivered of topmost bliss, praising their own fortune.

When Krsna entered His parents' livingroom He merged into the nectar-ocean of their affection and the sun sank into the saltwater ocean (as it went down) as a penance to attain Krsna's audience once more.

Even cool things like lotuspollen, *usira* (a kind of fragrant grass), camphor, sandalpaste and lotusflowers were not able to bring down Gandharvika's (Sri Radhika's) hot fever of separation from Krsna. Just then one *sakhi* came from Nandisvara and began to sprinkle Her earholes with drops of the nectar-like stories about Krsna, being ordered by Lalita.

Doe-eyed Radhika came back to Her senses, got up and carefully asked her: "Sakhi ! Today My utterly afflicted desertlike ears are blessed because they experienced a wonderful nectar-shower in My dream! That cooled them off and made them happy!"

Lalita said: "O fairfaced One! Tulasi *manjari* has come from the house of Queen Yasoda to shower You with nectarean stories about Your lover! That's how You woke up!" Lotus-eyed Radhika then told Tulasi: "Tulasi! Glorify My Priyatama's qualities before the assembled *sakhis*!"

Tulasi said: "When Krsna came to the town-gate and father Nanda saw Him, Nanda extended his arms and embraced Him. Father Nanda's body was stunned and studded with goosepimples of ecstasy as He took Krsna on His lap. Together they shone like a beautiful blue lotusflower (Krsna) in a lake on mount Kailasa (Nanda *baba*). Nanda *baba* slightly removed Krsna's turban to smell His head and showered Him with his tears of love. He covered Krsna's face with his face, so that they looked like a spotless autumncloud covering the moon who removed the heated affliction with his cool rays.

"Queen Yasoda spent the evening in great distress, walking out of her house onto the courtyard and back, her face dried up from different worries about her son's delay in returning home. When she suddenly saw her beloved boy, her eyes emitted a Yamuna-stream of tears and her breasts a Ganga-stream of milk. Stunned of ecstasy, she embraced her boy and asked Him about His welfare. She was not able to see Him properly because her eyes were filled with loving tears. Then Rohini, Balarama's mother, made a charming *arati*-ceremony for Krsna by waving lamps and then placed Him on His mother's lap. Is Krsna like the moon sitting on the lap of His birthplace (His mother) who is like a nectar-ocean of parental affection, is He the king of lovejewels, sitting in His own mine, or is He a sapphire, ornamenting a bluish doll (His mother) smeared with musk of nectarean affection, placed nicely on her lap by Fate?"

Although Krsna already sat on His mother's lap, Yasoda was still stunned of ecstasy, so Krsna affectionately told her: "O mother! I'm already sitting on your lap! Why don't you look at Me instead of showering Me with your tears?" Saying this, He wiped the tears from her face with His own hand, making her happy like a female swan on a lake. With her breastmilk mother Yasoda washed the cowdust from Krsna's body and fondled Him. Seeing that there was no end to Yasoda's ecstasy, that flew from her like incomparable waves, the goddess of affection (Vatsalya Laksmi) brought her back to her senses and engaged her in caressing Krsna's body with her hands and engaging her maidservants in anointing and bathing Him.

Yasoda melted with affection as she told Krsna: "Vatsa! O abode of pure love! I was very worried when You were in the forest to tend Your cows! O moonfaced One! You're not even slightly kind upon me! O child, lotus of Your family! You don't take Your mother with You into the forest even once! O merciful One! Although a very long day has passed although Your father repeatedly tried to take You home and Your friends cannot tolerate their fatigue, hunger and thirst anymore, You did not come home. Why should this mother still maintain her hard and useless life?"

Madhumangala then said: "Mother! My very whimsical friend Krsna was merged in an ocean of playfulness with His *balali* (boyfriends or girlfriends) and forgot Himself, what to speak about you? I'm His only superior, O mother! If I didn't control Him, then Krsna wouldn't be home yet even now!"

Queen Yasoda said: "Well spoken, Bato! Every day I see nailmarks on Krsna's body, but these *bala's* just don't listen to my prohibition! Every day again they forcibly scratch His body, that is more tender than a blue lotusflower, while they wrestle with the arms! Alas! What should I do to stop these naughty boys?"

"Radhe!", Tulasi continued, "after hearing this conversation I was ordered by Queen Yasoda to do my scheduled duties. Then Rohini went to the kitchen, while mother Yasoda fondled Krsna with Paurnamasi, Kilimba, Mukhara, Gargi etc."

"After bathing, Krsna was dressed in His usual yellow garments and His hair was bound in locks on the sides of His forehead. He was smeared with sandalpaste and adorned with a Vaijayanti-garland of forestflowers, waistbells, necklaces, armlets, bangles, the Kaustubha-gem, earrings, anklebells and spotless *tilaka*. Then Balarama, Madhumangala and the other boys came and mother Yasoda all seated them. Blissfully she served them nice sweets, scented cold water and three kinds of food (to be chewed, licked and sucked). While they were eating she said: "O boys! These dishes are very dear to you!" and served them the five kinds of cakes like Sidhukeli that You cooked. Their five senses merged into the ocean of the

nectarean fragrance, softness, taste and forms of these cakes.

"While eating, Madhumangala said: 'O mother! Whoever is so fortunate to smell these cakes loses his taste for the heavenly planets or liberation! Curses on the Creator for not giving me an unlimited belly! I call anyone who says: 'Don't give!' while this is being served, an offender!'"

"Radhe! After hearing these jokes of Madhumangala and after joking with him, Krsna finished His meal and took rest for some time, chewing betelcaves. Some time later He went to milk the cows with His friends, with His mother's permission, and I came here to see You!"

Saying this, Tulasi untied her apron and gave Radhika some Krsna-

prasada. Sri Radhika and Her girlfriends had their ears sprinkled with Tulasi's nectarean Krsna-stories and their tongues with nectarean Krsna-*prasada* that were like two rivers that cooled them off and made them happy.

When Sri Radhika heard that Krsna had gone to the barn to milk the cows She left home on the pretext of taking Her evening bath and came to the garden on the bank of Pavana Sarovara (in Nandagrama) where She climbed on a wonderful watchtower with Her girlfriends. Here She could drink the ambrosial beams of Murari's moonlike face with Her Cakorabird-like eyes and find great bliss.

She said: "Are the golden strings that tie the pearls on Krsna's turban, that stands on His curly locks that cover His face, slightly swinging? Or has the sun, the swallower of darkness, risen above the moon, winding the stars on the string of His rays with the restless lightning?"

"Krsna's earrings, that restlessly swing on His cheeks and that destroy the darkness of the *gopis'* chastity aren't really earrings, but two boats that dance to produce love, being unable to stay right in front of Krsna's moonlike face!"

"Krsna's arrow-like glances, that reside above these Makara-earrings aim to pierce our minds, but they lose their concentration on the target as they become afraid of the humming of the bees that circle over their flowers, intoxicated by drinking their honey. It is as if Cupid's carriers, the Makaras, that dance under these arrowlike glances, have tied them down! Krsna's clear and smooth eyes have two wives named Tara (pupils) and the union with them produced sons in the form of His restless glances that attract the housewives' patience out of their abodes and polluted them. Look! The glances of that swain are like rivers of Cupidity that flow in all directions. The *sancari bhavas* (transitory ecstasies) like joy, eagerness, patience, bewilderment etc. are like dacoits that climb on the sapphire boats that float on these rivers and that loot the flickering eyes of the *gopis*, that are like merchants."

"*Sakhi*! There's no mild smile emanating from the Bimbafruit-like lips of Your enchanter, nor is there any honey flowing from the Bandhuka-

flowerlike lips for the honeybees of the world, but camphorwater is flowing from Cupid's coral fountains, entering into our eyes (in the form of Krsna's audience)! Just see!"

When Radhika entered this ocean of bliss on a wave of bashfulness as She described Her lover's moonlike face, Visakha brought Her to life, saying: "*Sakhi*! Look at Hari's pastime of milking the cows! This sight will make You experience Jatila's sour words to be as sweet as nectar!"

"*Sakhi*, look! The cows became enthusiastic when Hari called them by name, saying: "Dhawali, Sabali, come!", and mooing, they jumped over each other to come near Him. Krsna, being pleased with them, lightly scratched them on their backs with eyes glowing of loving tears."

"Look! The prince of Vraja keeps His knees on the ground, keeping a jeweled bucket in between them as

He milks the cows. The milk in the bucket reflects His face, which is like the moon rising from the Milk-ocean. His turban was slightly loosened as it touched the cows' bellies, so that His curly locks came out from under it like swarms of bumblebees and His lotuslike eyes stopped dancing. After first worshipping mother Earth with two or three streams of milk, Kṛṣṇa took some milk to moisten the cows' nipples and His own fingers. His hand moved up and down while His milking made sounds like 'sana sana' and 'ghasma ghasma'."

"O moonfaced One! The other cows became very anxious (also to be milked by Kṛṣṇa) when they saw that Kṛṣṇa had finished milking one. Look! Syama's hips and thighs are marked with spotless drops of milk and the cows and calves drank the nectar of His fresh youthful luster with tearfilled eyes, keeping their necks bent!"

"The cowherdboys called the multicoloured cows after having most blissfully milked them, saying: "Let go! Come here! Hurry up! Take them! Go!" in different words. Even the greatest poets could not count the number of cows that were as blackish as Giridhara Himself!"

After milking the cows Kṛṣṇa heard indications from His dear friends about Rādhikā's whereabouts, so He went to the watchtower in the garden nearby Pavana Sarovara, being overcome by desires for loveplay. On other days He may return home. In summer evenings He swims in Pavana Sarovara to find relief from the heat. Thus some fortunate *rasika* souls can be immersed in the nectar ocean of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes.

"Is the sun, that destroys the darkness in the day with its thousands of allpervading lionlike rays now swallowed by the lion of darkness in the sky and has dissolved in it?"

Thus ends the seventeenth chapter of Śrīla Viṣvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhavanamṛta Mahakavya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's evening-pastimes.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA * CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

PRADOSA LILA * "Pastimes at nightfall"

Seeing the drops of Kṛṣṇa's luster reflected in the mirror of the sky, some foolish people, who do not investigate any further, may say: "The moon has risen", but this Kṛṣṇa who stands before the town-gate, is actually an ocean of bliss!

The lotuslike *gopis* on the watchtower shyly covered their faces when Kṛṣṇa looked up to them while the moon was rising. Seeing this, the lotusflowers in the water closed their leaves out of embarrassment, their pride having been diminished. How foolish they were to compete with these lotuslike *gopis*!

At twilight time, when neither the king of the day, nor the king of night reign, some citizens are happy and some are sad. Somewhere the Cakorabirds, seeing the moon rise, became very happy and elsewhere the Cakravaka-flamingoes began to cry when they saw the sun going down. Some honeybees blissfully buzzed around the blooming lilies while others remained enveloped within the closed lotusleaves.

Seeing a lamp, the darkness in the house fled into the forest, and the fragrance of the forestflowers entered into the house, like householders that flee into the forest, renouncing their fearful household life, returning home when their renunciation collapses. Cupid, whose pride increases at nighttime, entered the *gopis'* hearts like a snake and began to destroy their patience and shame there.

Note: The darkness is the householder and the fragrance is the failing renunciant.

When the king of both night and day ruled indecisively, the *gopis'* awareness of their house-and-caste duties was lost. Then the night removed the powerful evening. Does the opulence of darkness ever remain for long?

In Her parental home Radhika had laid Her dearest One (Krsna) down on the bed of Her mind in the golden house of Her body, that She had closed off with the gates of Her eyes. Just then Her girlfriend Induprabha came from Nandisvara and said: "Radhe! That moonlike Krsna in whose absence You are so distressed, has no liking for any other girl but You in Your absence, and although He steals the hearts of everyone in the three worlds, His heart was stolen by You and He eagerly longs for You!"

Hearing this, Visakha said: "Induprabhe! The stories you're telling me about Krsna are like a shower of nectar, thirstily drunken by the Cakorabird-like ears of the *sakhis*!" Induprabha said: "Sakhi! When the king of Vraja sat down in Nandisvara to take his supper, he seated Giridhari on his left and Baladeva on his right, looking just like Kuvera flanked by his gems Padma and Sankha! King Nanda invited his brothers and their sons for supper every night, and they sat around him to eat like Cakorabirds that were thirsty after the nectar of Hari's moonlike face. Krsna and Balarama looked like the Himalaya's of transcendental bliss surrounded by mountains of love (Their associates). Rohini sometimes served one, sometimes two or three sweet and light dishes, and when Krsna and Balarama praised her cooking, she felt indescribably happy."

"Father Nanda and his brothers told Krsna and Balarama: "O boys! If You eat this Your bodies will be nourished, and if You eat that You'll become strong, so eat!" Krsna and Dhenukari (Balarama) ate with gusto whatever the cowherdmen served Them with minds melting with affection. Again and again Nanda, Yasoda and the elders urged Krsna to eat with the gestures of their eyes, and only when Krsna ate something their honeybee-like eyes were satisfied. This was their only purpose in joining Krsna for supper. The rest was just a custom."

"As Hari's friends thus concluded their supper with Him, their glances brought them the nectar of His sweet lotuslike face, with which they lovingly washed their mouths. Then they all went to their own abodes, chewing betelleaves given to them by their servants. O Radhe! With a smiling face Krsna lay down on a flowerbed on the veranda, surrounded by His friends! Listen to what He told them out of separation from You, and how He praised Your great sweetness!"

"He said: 'O Subala! Where is that beauty, that pervaded the whole meadow, that destroyed My patience and enchanted Me when I came there in the afternoon to tend My cows, followed by My cowherdboy friends? Ahaha! Is She like nectar churned from the ocean of sweetness, waves of charming lightning-strikes wrapped in garments, the personified Raja Laksmi (goddess of regal opulence), or a bunch of Campaka flowershafts for Cupid? Is there a blooming lotusflower smeared with *kunkuma* on top of this lustrous aura, or a full moon rising from the ocean of erotic mellows, I'm not sure! The glances of these restlessly dancing jeweled wagtailbirds are striking and hurting My eyes! Aho! What is this? I became stunned with curiosity! Just then this object which was wrapped in dark clouds (a blue *sari*) disappeared in the vines and

I could not lick it. Even the slightest awareness of this object arouses lusty feelings in Me! The peon of My heart went out to search for this object and My eyes went ahead of him to show him the way. Until now this peon has not come back. Was he maybe caught and bound up by Cupid's dacoits?"

"Subala said: 'O Destroyer of Aghasura! As soon as that Radhika, for whom You are searching, and who is praised by all, saw You, She rolled on the ground of ecstasy, bereft of Her patience and feeling great pain in Her heart. Streams of tears flowed from Her eyes over Her body as She cried.' Seeing Her distress, the *sakhis* said: "Hey Tanvi (slender girl)! Mukunda has come to make You happy!" Radhika said: "Where is that ocean of *rasa* ? Where?" The *sakhis* then showed Her that night was falling, so that the pain of separation from You was somewhat relieved, and She shyly covered up Her body."

Induprabha continued: "When He heard this from Subala, Krsna cried big teardrops of love that fell from His lotuslike eyes. His eyes were like two Cakorabirds that threw up one pearl after the other, that had been mistakenly eaten by them, as they took it to be lunar nectar."

"I was there with Krsna to serve Him and, anxiously looking at me, He told me: "*Sakhi* ! Quickly go and tell Radhika that She should come and meet Me at the foot of the desiretree on the bank of the Yamuna!"

"Meanwhile the assembly of cowherders was waiting for Krsna, so He went to the theaterhall to hear the sound of the *mrdangas* etc. Then He was called by His mother to take rest on the balcony of His bedroom after having been fondled by her."

"Then Your incomparably clever lover managed to come to the meetingplace on the bank of the Yamuna without being seen by the people, so now You eat a little before You deceive Your superiors and passionately go out to meet Your beloved One!" After saying this, Induprabha left.

Jatila called Radhika for supper and, seeing that She was too shy to eat before her, she said: "O chaste girl! If You are shy, then take Your favorite dishes and eat them with Your girlfriends!"

Taking the word *bhakta* to mean Krsna, Sri Radhika smiled slightly and hinted to Her girlfriends with Her glances. Gladdening Jatila with Her humility, She said: "Arye! With your permission we will take the dishes to My bedroom!" Arriving there, the maidservants mixed that meal with the remnants of Priyatama's meal, so that it became as fragrant and relishable as the honey flowing from His lotuslike mouth, just as all water which is touched by Ganga-water can destroy the sins of the world and is praised as such."

While eating Lalita said: "*Sakhi* Radhe! Listen! Your superiors have fallen asleep inside the house and Your husband Abhimanyu sleeps far away in the barn tonight, so let Your memory, intelligence, patience and shame sleep here on the bed and most blissfully go out to meet Your lover in the play *kunja* ! Don't be afraid to go out, Your strong love will accompany You at every step to show You the way and Cupid's soldier (the urge of Your desire) will follow You to protect You! Embrace Your girlfriend named 'heart's eagerness' and go out right now! You won't feel the slightest fatigue on the way! O smiling faced One! If You fear the bites of the people's eyes (watching You), then cover Yourself with a white cape, wear a garland of Jasmineflowers and a pearl necklace and smear Your body with camphor and white sandalwoodpaste! If You are afraid that Your ornaments will betray You, then take off Your anklebells! The slightest rays of Your moonlike nails can adorn the whole world! The Creator, seeing that the cosmic moon is impure compared to them and simply repeats their luster, cuts it with a line of ink!"

Note: This line of ink is the half moon manifestation.

Being thus incited by lusty feelings through the words of Her girlfriends, Sri Radhika, who is an ocean of matchless qualities, went out of Her home, not considering the obstacles caused by Her superiors, entering the forest like the stream of a river of great loving sweetness. Wearing an enchanting dress, She waited a while for Her expert and clever maidservants, who were checking out Her superiors before running behind

Her into the forest.

If someone asks what would happen if any of Radhika's superiors would find out and would angrily go out to search for Her, then the answer is that Yogamaya, Krsna's mystic illusion, being entrusted with this duty, will arrange for some solution.

As She entered the forest, passionate Radhika thought that every sound She heard was Krsna's flute, every Kadambatree She saw was Krsna, any fragrance She smelled was Krsna's fragrance and whatever She saw was Krsna's form. Feeling Her braid sometimes touching Her shoulders, Radhika shivered, fixed the bow of Her restless eyebrows and asked Lalita: "Lalite! Did you see that peculiar thing? Your snake-like lover (Krsna) placed His arm on My shoulder and forcibly embraced Me around the neck!"

Lalita replied: "My dear friend, Madhava is in great need and You have become most magnanimous by giving Your heart to Him. How can I stop You, despite being a knower of right and wrong in *Smrtibhava* (moral Vedic principles, or eros)? O spotless-faced One! You became the greatest donor! There is one great donor on earth named Karna (the warrior from Mahabharata), (Karna also means 'ear'), but You lend two ears to Krsna, and although one generally donates one *bali* (sacrificial offering) You give Krsna Your three *bali*'s (the three lines on Your belly) during a festival of one hundred Cupid's! Radhe! You gave Your eyes in charity to Krsna and You thrust Your nose into the ocean of His fragrance! Now Hari has bound Your braided hair around His neck as if it was His arm, knowing it to be His only!"

Hearing these kinds of jokes from Her friends Radhika became shy. Then She slowly entered into the Bakula forest, remaining patient, although actually Her patience was already swallowed by hundreds of thousands of arising desires.

Seeing Sri Radhika, Krsna told Himself: "Ahaha! What is this? I hear the jingling of Her anklebells! Or is it the sound of a Cataka-bird? If these sounds enter My earholes I know that the tree of My fortune is bearing fruit!"

Visakha repeatedly doubted her own eyes when she saw Mukunda embracing a young Tamala tree. Quickly and joyfully she told lotuseyed Radhika: "O Fairfaced One! Look! There is Madhava standing!"

Hearing this, Sri Radhika thought: "How many times haven't I seen this tree before? This is not My lover, but a Tamala-tree!" How amazing is slender Radhika's loving delusion! Although She was anxious and dizzy with impatience at heart, She still thought that Krsna was a Tamala tree!

Sri Radhika said: "O Clever Visakhe! Out of eagerness to see Krsna My eyes became bewildered! Is it proper for you to joke with them? But actually your bewildering words are right, for the spring season and the motionless Tamala-tree are also called Madhava!"

Visakha said: "Radhe! I'm not joking! But I told You this Tamala-tree is Krsna just to console You, since You're so eager to see Him! Since You are an ocean of cleverness You shouldn't be deceived by my words! Anyway, just be satisfied by looking at this nice Tamala-tree for a while!"

Hearing these words of lotusfaced Visakha, Hari took off His yellow scarf and covered up His jeweled ornaments for fun. Then He held out His arms like the branches of a Tamala tree so that He looked just like that best of trees.

Seeing this, Visakha said: "Radhe! Krsna's there in the distance, standing under a desire-tree! O Lotusfaced One! As long as You cannot enter the Bakula-grove with Him, You just patiently stay here for just a moment, keeping Your hand on the trunk of this Tamala-tree! Don't be afraid that we will leave You here, because we know that no one who ever takes shelter of this Tamala-tree, will ever be afraid!" Saying this, Visakha left with Lalita and the other *sakhis* and hid between the vines to see how Sri Radhika slowly, slowly approached the fresh Tamala-tree with increasing erotic feelings, falling in an ocean of astonishment.

and climbing a mountain of erotic bliss at the same time.

Sri Radhika thought to Herself: "How many Tamala-trees haven't I seen? But this tree has exactly the same luster as the prince of Vraja! I praise the Creator for making such an unlimitedly sweet immobile being! Now I will satisfy the thirst of My eyes on this being!" Tears of boundless bliss streamed from Radhika's eyes as She said: "O incomparably beautiful Tamala-tree! How can I praise you more? You aren't just a tree, you are Sri Krsna Himself! O king of trees! Shower Me with sweet honey as I firmly embrace you, I'm burning in a forestfire of lust at every moment! Thus I will be immersed in the waves of an ocean of sweet bliss!"

Deluded by Her intense pure passionate love for Krsna, doe-eyed Radhika could not immediately recognise Him and She even mistook His yellow *dhoti* to be Her own luster reflected in the Tamala-tree. When She anxiously looked in all directions as She firmly embraced the Tamala-tree, Krsna, the Ocean of Divine Love, who had become dizzy with erotic intoxication, also embraced Her. Then Cupid pierced Radha and Krsna's bodies as They united and stole the very beautiful jewels of Their minds. Thus Madhava became just like the Tamala-tree and Radhika like the golden vine who embraced him.

After some time Kundadanti (Sri Radhika, whose teeth are brightly white like Kundaflowers), who was kept on the waves of the erotic battle, recognised Her lover and was carried away by waves of embarrassment. She was constantly astonished at Her own matchless innocence and at Krsna's cleverness.

Even Sarasvati, the goddess of speech, was not able to end her descriptions of what Radha and Krsna began to do there on the flowerbed to make Cupid's kingdom successful, even if she had made the eyes of the witnessing *gopis* her *guru* for a long time! She (Sarasvati) became stunned out of paramount ecstasy and cried streams of tears with a choked voice.

Thus ends the eighteenth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya", dealing with Radha and Krsna's nightfall-pastimes.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMUKTA MAHA-KAVYA * CHAPTER NINETEEN

Chapter nineteen and twenty conclude the book with descriptions of Radhika and Madhava's nocturnal pastimes (22.48 - 03.36).

Chapter nineteen deals with "The Rasa Lila with reversed roles", the making of riddles, and the actual eternally revolving Rasa *lila*.

Out of love for Her *sakhis*, Sri Radhika tried to arrange for their meeting with Krsna also, so She told Him: "O Priyatama! In this forest the greatly offensive king Cupid reigns, piercing My girlfriends, who are searching for You, with his arrows!" (1)

Acyuta said: "O You who are showered with the matchless nectar of affection! You know that it is My unbroken vow to look after anyone who simply looks for Me in this forest, keeping that person in My heart! I marked Your girlfriends with My blessings (or: with My nail- and bitemarks)!"

Saying this, Sri Hari went elsewhere and some maidservants came to serve moonfaced Radhika, dressing Her so expertly that the *sakhis* would'nt be able to see that Krsna had made love with Her. She looked just like She was before They united. They made a new flowerbed as well, so Sri Radhika appeared as a *vasaka sajjika* (a girl who waits for Her lover in the *nikunja*).

Then Sri Radhika, hearing Her girlfriends coming, pretended to be morose and asked them: "O where is My Dear One? Bring Him here, otherwise what's the use of My body and My ornaments?" (4)

Seeing the bodies of Her girlfriends studded with lovmarks, Sri Radhika covered up Her smile and said with slightly knitted eyebrows: "Aho friends! How sad! How did Your Bimbafruit-like lips and Your breasts get cut like this? Did you enter a cave to catch a snake or so?"

The *sakhis* replied: "The snake that has bitten us is under Your control! You sent him to us! O Fairfaced girl! You are famous for this in Vraja, so don't laugh vainly! Won't Hridevi (the goddess of bashfulness) stifle You when we start describing Your character?"

After Lalita said this, Sri Krsna came on the scene and said: "Bho *sakhis* ! Listen as I describe Sri Radhika's wonderful, charming character! Today She came to Me and told Me: "O Dear One! Please embrace Me and take the nectar of My lips! Fully extinguish the fire of burning desire in My heart!" When I heard these words I was submerged in an ocean of astonishment!"

"Sri Radhika made Her patience and bashfulness sink in the deep mud of the Yamuna by embracing Me and seating Me on the bed, and after defeating Me in the erotic battle She ran out of the *kunja*. Now I take shelter of you *sakhis* !" Sri Radhika shyly covered Her face with Her veil when She heard all this.

Lalita said: "Krsna! Are You lying?" Krsna said: "Lalite, I swear on the sun! Ask Your friend Radha!" Lalita said: "Radhe! Is this true?" Radhika said: "I cannot remember what I said when I was so deluded to embrace a Tamala-tree!"

When the *sakhis* heard this, they were inundated in an ocean of laughter. Then Krsna said: "O *sakhis* ! These solitary erotic dealings are not so astonishing! I can never forget that Sri Radhika once asked Me to shower Her with the nectar from My lips!" (See Srimad Bhagavata 10.29.35 *sincanga nas tvad adharamrta purakena*)

Sri Radhika said: "If I could get My hands on Your flute I would enchant everyone by playing on it and

lure them into the forest (like You did the first time) making them act according to their own natures!" (From now on Sri Radhika will be the leader in the Rasa lila and Krsna will take Her place a submissive *gopi*-leader). Hearing this, Sri Krsna said: "Let it be", gave Sri Radhika His flute and went elsewhere with the *sakhis*, just for fun. (12-13)

Then moonfaced Radhika dressed like Sri Hari, placing His flute at Her lips and Sri Hari in His turn took Her form and mood, being surrounded by Lalita and Her girlfriends.

Just as Krsna spoke to the *gopis* when they first came to Him to dance the Rasa with Him (See Bhag. 10.29.18) Sri Radhika now also said: "O housewives of Vraja! You are world famous! Why have you come here today? Why are you wandering here and there? You should be a little more careful, being just weak girls (in the middle of the night)! Go back to Vraja, don't stay here! It is the duty of women to serve their husbands! Have you come here to look for flowers maybe? These you can also find in your own gardens!"

Hearing this, Krsna (playing Radha) and the *gopis* made morose faces and began to scratch the ground with their nails, moistening the soil with their tears (see Bhag. 10.29.29). They said: "O Dearest One! O very form of Divine mellows! We are always thinking of You! Don't speak such cruel words, O Ocean of Divine Love! (see Bhag. 10.29.31) We are burned by the fire of lusty desires, but we will cool ourselves off with the nectar of Your moonlike face! Don't hack down the vine of our desires that You sprinkled with the nectar of Your flutesongs, with the axe of Your harsh words!"

By showing Her sweetly smiling lotuslike face, Sri Radhika (playing Krsna) removed all the *gopis'* distress. Then She made love with Krsna (playing Radha) who had assumed Her mood, words, dress and looks.

Seeing the erotic cleverness of Krsna, who was dressed as *vama* (contrary) Radhika, and Sri Radhika, who was dressed as naughty Krsna, the *sakhis* submerged in an ocean of fun. They were themselves also repeatedly embraced by Sri Radhika who was dressed like Krsna. Seeing this from a distance, Vrndadevi, whose eyes were moistened by love tears, considered her birth to be successful.

Then Sri Krsna (Radha) took Radha (Sri Krsna) away from the other *gopis* to a lonely place (as in Bhag. 10.29.48) to play with Her, leaving the *gopis* pitifully asking all the Banyan-, Kadamba- and other trees about their whereabouts before they finally saw Radha and Krsna's loveplay through the slits of the *nikunja*-walls, thus removing the sorrow of their eyes.

Sri Krsna (Radha) then took Sri Radhika (Krsna) with Him from forest to forest, ornamenting Her (Him) with wonderful garlands and ornaments (as in Bhag. 10.30.33). Then when Radhika (Krsna) said: 'I cannot go any further, take Me wherever You want' (as in Bhag. 10.30.37), He (She) quickly left Her (Him).

Sri Radhika (Krsna) moistened the soil with Her (His) tears, wailing: "Ha ha Madhava!" (as in Bhag. 10.30.40) and then Her (His) girlfriends came, surrounded Her (Him) and joined Her in Her lamentation, saying: (as in Bhag. 10.31.19) "O Dearest One! Come here and make us happy! We will put Your delicate lotusfeet on our hard breasts, but we are afraid that these lotusfeet will be injured when You tread on the pebbles and sprouts of the forestpaths! Don't place Your lotusfeet there!"

Hearing these lamentations, Sri Hari (Radhika) smilingly re-appeared amongst the *gopis*. His yellow cloth shone like lightning and His body shone like a blue cloud. It was as if Radha and Krsna had placed Their golden and bluish complexions in Each other and these colours had made friends with each other. (25)

One *gopi* held Krsna's (Radha's) hand, another one His lotusfeet, another one placed His arm over her shoulder, that shivered of ecstasy and Radha (Krsna) made Krsna (Radha) relish the gestures of Her eyebrows, making Krsna (Radha) cry.

Then Vrnda approached lotuseyed Radha and Krsna and said: "Radhe! You have defeated Your lover in

Your delusion! Krsna! Accepting Sri Radhika's grave mood You were also embraced by Jayalaksmi (the goddess of victory, i.e. You were also victorious)"

"Radhe! Now give Me Hari's Murali-flute!" Sri Radhika then gave Vrnda the flute and Vrnda returned it to Mukunda, who pretended to be amazed and said: "Aho! I am Krsna, not Radha!"

These clouds and lightningstrikes are showering eachother with joy by exchanging their colours. Then They (Radha and Krsna) Each assumed Their own forms and sat down on the Rasa sthali (the place of the Rasa festival) where the forest goddesses served Them.

Krsna asked Radhika a riddle, saying: "What is alive though dead and lovingly enchants the three worlds, living in a body of nine gates, like actual embodied souls?" Sri Radhika said: "O Hare! It is Your crooked flute, that enjoys the nectar of Your lips as its fee, that You give to her!"

Then Radhika said: "O jewel of My life! Tell Me, who is expert in erotic mellows, although staying in the *grama* (village or musical note), having the most beautiful *guna's* (transcendental qualities or strings) and *murcchana* (faints of spiritual erotic ecstasy, or a musical note) while singing Your glories?"

Krsna said: "Radhe! It is Your Vina, who defeated My Murali out of envy through all her artistry, who makes Me happy with her sweetness and who has a big breast (or gourd of the Vina) like Yours!"

Then Sri Lalita, Visakha, Citra and others wanted to make Krsna happy by defeating Him with another riddle, asking Him with sly gestures: "Who is known as young but also as very old, who is both bound and liberated and who is the abode of darkness, but is still very pure and crooked also?" Krsna replied: "I am Krsna, I get entangled in all kinds of activities (*lila's*), but I'm also the bestower of liberation! I loosen the braids of all the girls that become attracted to Me. Although I'm the abode of all darkness (*Syama*) I'm still very pure. I'm very crooked in My dealings also. I worship the parted hair of the *gopis* that are loosened when we make love!"

Visakha said: "O Dear One! If You know which *yogini* (girl united with her man, or: mystic girl) is wandering on the road, wearing her *vibhuti* (ashes or eyeliner) as an *artha tattva vistara pandita* (knower of the 24 material elements, or of one's mental purpose) and a *visva bhava darsini* (knower of the mood of the world, or of Krsna's mind) I know that you are blessed!"

Krsna said: "I praise that Priya drk (seer, or faired Radhika) who is *ujjvalatma vedana krpardraya* (compassionate upon the living beings, or: who is being softened by erotic feelings) attains perfection in *ananga sukha* (incorporal liberation, or the pinnacle of erotic bliss) and on whose order I gave up all other happiness to go into the forest (to perform penance, or to meet Her) to attain all bliss, which made Me become very dear to Her!"

Citra made the following riddle, saying: "O Acyuta! Make Yourself known as the knower of spiritual mellows by telling us what beautifies this world through a great fortune of passion, *sadapavarga sadhana* (who always strives for liberation, or: who always pronounces the *pa-varga*, the *pa*-consonants, or the lips) *nitanta danta vigraha* (one who always controls himself, or: one who combats Krsna with the teeth) *sucipriya* (who is keen on cleanliness or erotic enjoyment) and *ruciprada* (who gives taste for spiritual or erotic bliss)?"

Krsna said: "How can I explain this riddle without using my tongue? So, dear *sakhis*, you must unite My tongue with the lips of Your girlfriend, who is very eager to unite with him!"

In loving anger Sri Radhika told Her girlfriends: "O crooked friends! You can play dirty games with this debauchee yourselves, I am leaving! Let this clown be pleased with you and sing your glories!", and chastised them with the fierce movements of Her eyebrows and indexfinger. Krsna pacified Her, saying: "O chaste girl! Don't be angry or hottenpered! I will pacify You with another riddle. If You can keep Your

cleverness by solving it then we know that You are intelligent and that You're able to defeat Me!" (41-42)

Give Me one word whose first syllable expresses beauty, the first two the demigods, the first three something that You like very much, the first four a desire tree, and the whole word of five syllables something which pleases the ears of the *sakhis*!"

Note: the first syllable is *su* = beauty, then *sura* = demigods, *surata* = lovemaking, *surataru* = desire tree, and finally *surataruta* means 'the sound of lovemaking'

Hearing this, Sri Radhika lowered Her lotuslike face, unable to control Her laughter, and then cleverly replied with moving eyebrows and a suppressed smile: "First You must give Me a nice answer to My counter-question, then You will find the syllables You asked for, one by one. Then You may go to Padma's girlfriend Candravali for Your answer!"

"First: What does a householder want (*sukha*, or happiness), then: what does a youngster want (*rata* or enjoyment), what is a beautiful musical instrument (*tata*), what is knowable to the ears (*ruta*, or sound) and what do My girlfriends want to hear when they hide out in the vines (*surata ruta*, or the sound of lovemaking)?" Mukunda immediately said: "Surataruta!", and the *sakhis* glorified the victory of the jewel of young girls, Sri Radhika, relishing the nectar of Her cleverness.

Note: The first sanskrit syllable of each word in the riddle of verse 46 form the word *surataruta* also.

Vrnda said to Radhika: "Aho! You tricked Krsna into saying the same word that You had to give to Him! How wonderful! You are unconquerable in all respects! Even Krsna cannot approach the limits of Your cleverness!"

Saying this, she served Radha-Krsna many kinds of garlands, betelleaves and divine ornaments. Then, seeing Krsna was eager to perform the Rasa-festival, she proposed: "O Rasika (Krsna)! Look at how incomparably expert the wind makes nice cotton-like waves of soft sand on the banks of the Yamuna! Look at the very fine ripples on the Yamuna-water! The only way that one can distinguish between the beach and the water are by their white (beach) and blue (water) colours!"

"Look! The Yamuna looks like a river of musk flowing within a river of camphor, her beach! Rather, the beach embraces Yamuna, singing, dancing and playing musical instruments, glorifying Your unlimitedly famous Rasa lila to all the three worlds!"

Sri Krsna then took Sri Radhika's sproutlike hand and said: "Come, come, My beloved One! Let Us begin Our festival of beautiful pastimes on this beach, dancing the Hallisaka (circular female dance)!"

"Radhe, look! Someone who is eager to witness Our many Rasa lila's has nicely cleaned this splendid beach with silvery water! It is as if the Creator has sprinkled the whole world with white strings of powder of sweet mellows, spreading it out with a cloth to make it shine brightly! Being afraid that the thick remainders of this powder would pollute the beach, the Creator threw it up into the sky and that became the silver moon. The spots that scattered around after this upthrowing became the hundreds of thousands of stars that surround the moon!"

After Krsna made this poetic description, the devoted *gopis* enclosed Him in their circle for a while, holding each other's vine-like arms. Thus they looked like a wonderful blooming golden lotusflower with innumerable *gopi*-leaves and a sweet blue whorl (Sri Krsna) in a lake that was filled up with the nectar of Cupid's glories. Seeing this, the swarm of bee-like eyes of the demigoddesses in the sky offered prayers. Krsna and the *gopis* also resembled a beautiful leaf of a Tamala-tree of musk (Krsna) inside a vermillion circle (of *gopis*) on the sandal- and camphor-smear forehead of mother Earth (the Yamuna bank).

The *gopis* were like golden banana's growing on a field of camphor (the Yamuna bank) covered over by a

Tamala-tree with a peacockfeather, or like a smooth cloud (Krsna) that fled over the scorching rays of the autumn sun, leaving the sky to look for a cool place (the bank of the Yamuna) where it is now surrounded by lightningstrikes (the *gopis*).

Then the best of *rasika's*, Sri Krsna, sang 'tena tena' in the Kedara-

tune which was touched by four marginal notes (*sruti's*), ornamented with ascending and descending notes and modulations like the *sadja*. Hearing these sweet songs, the demigoddesses and their husbands became stunned by Cupid's attacks, sitting in their airplanes. Even Cupid and Rati themselves became greatly deluded by the arrow-strikes of the transcendental Cupid Krsna and His boundlessly sweet songs.

When Krsna stood in between each two *gopis*, placing His arms on their shoulders, His voice joined the voices of Lalita and the others as they danced and sang many songs. They were like an ocean of amazing artists.

Then, in an unseen way, the demigods came there, performing their own activities, carefully embodying all the tunes, voices, *murchana's*, marginal notes, lyrics, rhythms and claps by playing their musical instruments.

Newer and newer sounds came from the Vina's and Mrdanga's, following which Aghamathana (Krsna) began to dance as never seen or heard before. The Mrdanga's played waves of rhythms - *thaitatha thaiya tatatha thaiya drmiki drmiki trki trki trki trki tha* - after which sweet songs emanated from the lotuslike mouths of Krsna and the *gopis*.

(65)

While they danced, their anklebells and waistbells jingled sweetly 'jhanad jhanad' and the minds of the golden vine-like *gopis* were all softened by spiritual erotic mellows. (66)

Were the *gopis* like goddesses of fortune churned from the ocean of supreme beauty by Cupid, engaged by the Creator in spreading his glories all over the world by showing their cleverness in dancing? (67)

Armed in a circle Krsna and the *gopis* looked like Cupid's *japa mala* (string of prayer beads), not with blue cloud- and golden lightningbeads, nor with golden and sapphire beads, nor with Campaka-flower- and blue lotusflowerbeads, but with erotic spiritual mellows smeared with vermilion (the *gopis*) and musk (Krsna).

The Rasa-lila is nondifferent from Radha and Krsna's Loveplay, since the dancing with clapping hands, charming gaits and rhythms are just like erotic acts like holding the breasts, kissing and embracing.

Then Krsna sang a song, describing Sri Radhika's face: "O beautiful One! Your face is the abode of natural beauty, where Your eyes are playing. My passionate mind is enchanted by its boundless beauty and erotic artistry! O dearest One! The rising of Your face takes away the joy of the moon, showing the ill fame of his deermarks! Out of fear of being ridiculed by the people, the moon considers committing suicide by drinking poison, although he is twice born! (both the moon and the *brahmana's* are twiceborn and they are forbidden to drink). Thus his face becomes black!" Hearing this, Sri Radhika also sang the glories of Sri Krsna's face, singing in the sa, ri, ga, ma, pa and dha-notes and other very clever sweet tunes.

Krsna cleverly broke out of the *gopi*-circle and said: "O girls! Now you make wonderful dances, one after the other!" Lalita agreed and began to dance wonderfully while the mrdanga played 'dhiddhi dram dram dram kutu trki tha'.

Then Visakha and the other *sakhis* all showed their skill in dancing, one after the other. Krsna relished this while swinging His head constantly along with Radhika's. He was very satisfied with the performance.

(74)

Then all the *sakhis* gathered and encouraged Radha and Krsna to dance while they accompanied Them with sweet songs. They played 'tatta dhidhi tati kata ghrghi tat tat tadhiddhi tati kata ghrghital' on mrdanga's. These sounds came to Radha and Krsna's lotuslike faces like sweet nectar for the ears.

Then Radha and Krsna held Eachother's lotuslike hands and began to dance, Their jeweled bangles trembling along with Their arms, shining brightly. Their moonlike faces were bathing in the luster of Their swinging earrings.

Radha and Krsna held Eachother's hands and then fell away from Eachother, keeping Their feet against Eachother and quickly rotating like that. It was as if the two golden and blue jewel-wheels of the potter Cupid turned around so fast that they became One. Their braids flew around far from Their backs, looking like two beautiful circumferences.

Then, when the rhythms of the dance changed, Radha and Krsna let go of Eachothers' hands and began to dance various difficult dances seperately. Hari tried to place His right lotushand on Radhika's bosom, but She stopped Him with Her own lotushand, as if She wanted to change the rhythm of the dance.

When Radha and Krsna stopped dancing some of Their maidservants began to fan Them, some began to replace Their scattered ornaments, some smeared Their bodies with sandalpaste and camphor while others served Them betelleaves.

How can neophytes relish this *Rasa lila* with their tongues? Those people whose eyes were blessed to witness it because they were born here are also unable to describe this sweetness. Even if Prema, sacred Love itself, would be the Lord and engaged some clever people to describe it, they would also be unable to do so.

But if anyone would cast a glance at the place of the *Rasa* festival, that is illuminated by the rays coming from Sri Sukadeva's moonlike face, that lights up the whole world, he could see it on the strength of Radha and Krsna's boundless grace....

Notes: This means that Sri Sukadeva mercifully described the *Rasa lila* in *Srimad Bhagavata*, so that the whole world has come to know of it.

Thus ends the Ninteenth chapter of Srila Visvanatha Cakravarti's "Sri Krsna Bhavanamrta Mahakavya" dealing with Radha and Krsna's nocturnal *Rasa lila*.

SRI SRI KRSNA BHAVANAMRTA MAHAKAVYA * CHAPTER TWENTY

"End of the day"

After singing all these songs and playing different nice tunes with Their amazing musical instruments, Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* changed Their clothes for playing in the Yamuna-river and entered a *kunja* where Vrnda brought Them dates, bananas, jackfruits, rose apples, mangoes and other juicy fruits. Radha and Kṛṣṇa were enchanted by the nice forms and smells of these fruits and praised them.

The *sakhīs* had brought Karpura Keli, Piyusa Parva, Amṛta Keli, Sidhu Vilasa and Ananga Gutika-cakes from home that Radha and Kṛṣṇa jokingly relished with shining smiling faces. Mukunda, whose teeth are white as Kundaflowers (that's why He is named Mukunda, *mukha-kunda*), relished the golden betelleaves given to Him by the maidservants. While chewing them He looked like a sapphire toppled by a moon (His face) that was washed with sweet (erotic) mellows by the Creator and in which stars (His eyes) were shining that were reddish inside.

When the moon of Kṛṣṇa's glance rose, the darkness of Radhika's patience was vanquished and the lotus of Her bashfulness dried up and shriveled. But Her erotic feelings began to bloom up like a field of lilies do when the moon rises, and Her eyes showered drops of ecstatic tears, just as the moonstones start dripping when the moon rises.

Kṛṣṇa told Sri Radhika: "O restless eyed One! People become excited with erotic feelings when they see the spots of moonlight coming through the small slits between the thick leaves of the trees that are trembling in the wind! It seems that the moon has engaged the moonlight in attending to Us here in Vrndavana! Therefore Our friend the wind has caught the leaves, to swing them for Us!"

Sri Hari got up, held Radhika's hand and said: "Radhe! Let's rest on this very nice flowerbed in this *kunja* of desiretrees for a while!" Kalanidhī (the artful, or moonlike Kṛṣṇa) held His left arm on Radhika's shoulder and brought Her to the bed where They both lay down. Then the *kinkarīs* had their desires to massage Radha and Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet fulfilled.

Two maidservants held the lotusfeet of Radha and Kṛṣṇa on their thighs, that were like golden seats, and worshipped these feet, offering *padya* (footwater) with their teardrops and *arghya* (handwater) with their hairs, that were standing up in ecstasy. But this frightened them with the thought that Their tender lotusfeet might be hurt by these erect hairs. They worshipped these lotusfeet with their lotuslike hands, offered scents with the musk and camphor from their breasts, incense with their breaths, lamps with their shining jewellike nails, garlands with their glances, foodstuffs with their pomegranate-like breasts and a camphorlamp with their very lives, that are full of love and are mixed with the moonlight of their faces.

Kṛṣṇa's feet were like sprouts on the golden banana-like thighs of the maidservants, whose red lotuslike hands massaged them. Their bangles buzzed like bumblebees as they went up and down with the movements of their massaging hands. Other maidservants fanned Radha and Kṛṣṇa with flowerfans, as if they wanted to gladden the poets by having their descriptions of their master's (Kṛṣṇa's) glories dancing before them in personified forms.

One maidservant stood on each of Radha and Kṛṣṇa's side, serving golden betelleaves filled with camphor, nutmeg and cloves. Radha and Kṛṣṇa looked like spotless rising full moons, sprinkling two golden vines (the maidservants) that constantly worshipped Them with their sprouts, with Their ambrosial moonbeams.

Kṛṣṇa said: "Dear Radhe! Look! Your maidservants are very tired! They perspire and their eyes are rolling! Let them take some rest! If Your feet are still tired, then I will massage them Myself!" (19)

As soon as the maidservants heard this they left the *kunja*, like worshippers leaving the temple with the priests after having had their desires fulfilled.

Then Kṛṣṇa bathed in Cupid's holy lake, horripilating of cold (or of erotic bliss). His body was made shining by being washed, after which He joyfully engaged in worship, being expert in all particular religious functions of the *smṛti* scriptures (*smṛty udbhava* also means Cupid).

After bathing, Aghabbid (Krsna) performed *acamana* (flushing the mouth) thrice with nectar, after which He performed the regulated activities to get a body without hindrance, although He was *ananga* (incorporal, or Cupid).

Second meaning: When Krsna stepped into Cupid's pond, His body horripilated from lustful agitation and was brightened up by it (*ujjala* also means eros). He became eager for all the different aspects of erotic play. In the beginning of the union He drank the nectar of contrary unwilling Priyaji three times, and then He removed the obstacle of Her contrariness by embracing Her by force etc.

At the beginning of His sacrifice, Krsna had fixed all the directions with different paraphernalia (or: He was assured of His Priyaji's desires that She expressed with the movements of Her hands), then He worshipped the demigods by placing His hand on a golden jeweled pitcher. He painted a moon on this pitcher (or: He made His fullmoon shaped nailmarks on Radhika's golden pitcherlike breasts, placing His hands on them) and gave clothes in charity to the *brahmanas* (bit Her lips with His teeth, that are called *dvija* like the *brahmanas*) after which He became One with the demigods (or: He united with His beloved), smiling and riding on a wave of bliss.

Sri Radhika thought to Herself: "How can I make My girlfriends share this happiness?" Krsna, understanding Her loving purpose, expanded Himself into as many forms as there were *sakhis* and enjoyed with them also.

The maidservants, who cannot live without seeing Radha and Krsna's pastimes, beheld Their play through the windows of the *nikunja*. One of them suddenly said: "*Sakhis*! Just look at Radha and Krsna's amazing condition! They bind Eachother's bodies up with Their arms, lying there motionlessly for a while, then again They shiver and say: "Ha ha!" (cry of anxiety) with faltering voices (out of supposed separation from Eachother), sprinkling Eachother with Their warm tears! Even if They give up Their embrace and sit facing Eachother, They strike Their own foreheads and become thin out of distress, unable to see Eachother through Their innumerable tears!" (This is called *Prema Vaicittya*, or separation even in union)

The high waves of Radha and Krsna's *prema vaicittya* (separation, felt even during union) obstructed Cupid's *rasa* from flowing through, because those who are rich in passion are easily moved by the crooked waves of joy and sorrow. (29)

After some time one maidservant said: "O *sakhis*! Don't be sad anymore! Look! Now They embrace Eachother again and blissfully sprinkle Eachother with cool tears (of union)!"

"Listen, Krsna tells Radhika: 'O proud, angry girl (Manini)! Where have You gone, leaving Me behind?' and Radhika said: 'O Dear One! Why have You hidden Yourself to joke with Me?' The *dasis* and *sakhis* giggled while they relished these utterances of loving delusion.

One maidservant said: "Why do these Two feel separation from Eachother? And why do They still meet, although no one arranged for it?" Another maidservant, speaking on the conclusions of the *rasa*-science, said: "These clever maidservants know Their moods! When They are separate, They constantly meditate on Eachother and even when They see Eachother They think that that vision is false. When They stretch out Their arms to embrace Eachother, Their touch mitigates the pangs of Their separation!" (32-33)

"O *sakhis*! This separation caused Their eagerness to meet Eachother to increase a millionfold and in this way, remaining stationary for a long time, it also increases the pleasure of Their union!"

"Look, the Loving Couple, fearing separation from Eachother, tightly embrace Eachother and take off Eachother's clothes as if They make Eachother enter into Eachother's hearts, softly telling Eachother: "I'm entering into that mind where You are always keeping Me, to play there!" (36)

"It is certainly proper for this enjoying Couple to become One in Their embrace, since They are already One soul and One mind, but not yet One body. Is this why the wise have quickly united Them in erotic Oneness?" (37)

"Seeing the vastness of Sri Radhika's bosom, Krsna proudly thought: "Only I am huge in this world. Do these breasts want to defeat Me? I will smash their pride!" Is this why He is massaging them like that?"

"Screams and lotusflowers, both friends of Cupid, are both *abja* (born from the mouth and born from the water, resp.), so they should be friends, but instead they are enemies. Is Cupid therefore forcing them to embrace each other when Radha and Krishna are kissing Each other? Or are Radha and Krishna's faces like lotusflowers that grow in Their lake-like bodies that are deep and filled with erotic *rasa*? The honeybees scream when they get stuck inbetween these two lotusflowers when They are united by the blowing of Cupid's gale." (40)

"The moon that Lord Brahma created is single, not always full and has spots, but Cupid made two everfull spotless moons in the form of Radha and Krishna's beautiful faces. Have Their dark curly hairs now boldly surrounded these moonlike faces, wanting to combat them?"

"O Beautiful friend! After Krishna kissed the collyrium from Radhika's eyes Her Bimbafruit-like lips anxiously thought: "Ahaha! Who has put ink on Krishna's lotuslike lips, like spots on the moon? Let Me take it away and put the red colour of My chewed betelleaves there!"

"*Sakhi*! When I see how They bite Each other's lips I think that four Bandhujiva-flowers are fighting over each other's honey and that the Kundaflower-shafts (Their white teeth) of king Cupid have pierced these Bandhujiva-lips!"

"When I see how Krishna scratched Radhika's breasts with His nails and how the pearls from Her necklace are falling on the round one by one after Krsna broke the string, I think that Cupid has pierced his enemy Shiva (Her breasts look like *Shiva lingas*) with the halfmoon mark of his arrows after binding them up with two sproutlike ropes. Seeing this, the Ganga, who falls on Shiva's head, became afraid and began to cry, her white pearllike teardrops falling on the ground one by one (as the falling pearls)."

"Look! The lightning is empowered by Cupid and topples the cloud after attacking him!" (Radhika was empowered by Cupid to topple Krishna, thus reversing Their positions while lovemaking). Seeing this, the *sakhis* and *manjaris* cried tears of loving ecstasy that showered the windows of the grove through which they watched this scene."

The maidservants that stood outside of the grove pulled at the strings of the ceilingfan. They were angry at their tears of ecstasy, feeling sorry that they stopped them from witnessing Radha and Krishna's loveplay.

Did the honeybees get angry at the moon, unable to tolerate his drinking the nectar of their blue lotusflowers, that they now forcibly drink the nectar of the moon?" (During Their reverse pastimes Radhika's moonlike face drank the nectar of Krishna's blue lotusface, so Krishna's beelike eyes, unable to tolerate this, began to drink the nectar of Shri Radhika's moonlike face also)

string of pearls dances on the sunglobe that rose above the clouds to attain liberation and the golden vans on earth blissfully began to play music with the *avadhutas* (mendicants). Others could not come on that golden ground and when Madhusudana came there He sang sweet songs that made the vine-like bodies of all the *rasika* devotees melt of ecstasy (or: Radhika's pearl necklace danced upon the Kaustubha gem, as it was like the rising sun perking on Krsna's cloudblue chest. Radhika's swanlike (*hamsaka*) anklebells rangled as they became *avadhuta* (they began to shake along). Many Madhusudana-honeybees came there, being attracted to Radha and Krishna's nice fragrance, and began to sing sweet songs that made the vine-like bodies of the *rasika kinkaris* melt.

Crooked and foolish people wander around restlessly, attached to the fruitive activities prescribed in the Vedas that will grant them residence on the moon. (Or: crooked hairlocks swing here and there and become fit for decoration as they are bound behind the ears)

The Divine eternally youthful Couple, that was intoxicated by drinking an unlimited amount of nectar, whose shields of sandalwoodpaste were smashed (by Eachother's nails) and that had bound Eachother in Their snake-like arms, were ever more eager to defeat Eachother through Their everfresh desires for union.

Radha and Krishna competed with Eachother in erotic cleverness, but Their fight ended with tiredness that brought Nidra devi, the goddess of sleep, there to promptly stop the fight.

I worship Srila Rupa and Sanatana Gosvami, who brought Radha and Krishna, the king and Queen of Vrindavan, out of their hearts into this world, who revealed Their pastimes from the Vedic scriptures, and who are followed by all the spontaneous devotees of the world.

I take shelter of the Shri Krishna Chaitanya-cloud, who showers the whole world, making it drink the stream of His luster that is like billions of Cupids so fair, and who destroys the darkness of the material world.

Thus ends the twentieth chapter of Sri Vishvanatha Chakravarti's "Krishna Bhavanamrita", describing the night pastimes.

**THUS ENDS SRILA VISHVANATHA CHAKRAVARTI'S VERSION OF RADHA AND KRISHNA'S
ETERNALLY REVOLVING EIGHTFOLD DAILY PASTIMES, ENTITLED "SHRI KRISHNA
BHAVANAMRITA MAHAKAVYA"**

Translated by: Advaita Dasa

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1

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRTA

The eternal nectarean pastimes of Sri Govinda

By Sri Krsna Dasa Kaviraja

This book describes Sri Govinda's eternal eight-fold daily pastimes. The first of the eight time-divisions is called "Nisanta Lila", pastimes at dawn and is described in the first chapter of this epic. It deals with the time from 3.24 to 6 a.m.

AUSPICIOUS INVOCATION: Obeisances unto Sri Govinda, the abode of transcendental bliss in Vraja and the forest of Vrndavana, who find happiness in Sri Radha's company! (1)

I take shelter of Sri Krsna Caitanya, the wonderfully compassionate Lord, who cured the world from its intoxicating madness of ignorance, maddening it instead with the nectar-treasure of Love of Himself (2)

I offer my obeisances to the eternal pastimes of Sri Radha's heart's friend in Vraja (Sri Krsna), the service of whose lotusfeet is the highest goal of devotional service, and is only attainable through intense sacred greed. This is unattainable even by Lord Brahma, Lord Siva or Ananta Sesa. Now I will describe this mentally performed service which is practised by devotees that travel on the path of sacred passion. (3)

SUMMARY OF THE EIGHTFOLD DAILY PASTIMES: May Sri Krsna, who daily returns from the *kunja's* to the meadows at the end of night, who milks the cows in the morning and evening, and who eats then also, who plays with Sri Radhika and Her girlfriends at noon and at night, who returns to His village in the afternoon and who pleases His wellwishers in the evening, protect us! (4)

All glories to Sri Govinda Lilamrta, the immortal nectar pastimes of Sri Govinda, that defeats the nectar of the demigods, or the desire for liberation, bestows a wonderful sacred thirst whenever it is drunk through words or with the mind, curing the disease of material life and deluding one with loving intoxication, nourishing the heart and the body and giving a high taste to those who always relish this nectar. (5)

Won't I be the cause of great laughter for Vaisnava's that always play in the nectar-ocean of Sri Krsna's pastimes? For even though I am incompetent, mediocre, less intelligent and unqualified, I desire to taste that nectar! (6)

May the lowly words of a great clown like me cause laughter and joy to the Vaisnava's of Vraja, whose minds are absorbed in the dance-like pastimes of Sri Krsna, that were exposed by real playwrights like Sri Rupa Gosvami! (7)

Although I am dullminded my lowly words about the Lord's pastimes will be liked by the saints, since it is said (in Srimad Bhagavata 1.5.11) that every word about the Lord's activities, though imperfectly composed, will destroy the sins accumulated by humanity. Encouraged by this statement, I will now describe the eternal nectarean pastimes of Govinda.... (8)

May the saints give a place on the shore of the lake of their ears to nourish this cow (text) of mine, which is heading towards Gokula, but is afflicted by wandering over the desert of my mouth! (9)

SUMMARY OF THE DAWN-PASTIMES (3.24-6.A.M): I remember Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa at night's end, being awakened by various sounds of the parrots that were sent by Vṛndā devī and that were making Them rise from Their pleasure-bed by reciting different pleasant and unpleasant poems to Them. They are joyfully witnessed by Their friends as They are tired of lovemaking and They become afraid of the words of the old she-monkey Kakkhāṭī, so They leave for Their individual homes, although They are still thirsty for more love, and go to bed. (10)

Seeing the end of the night Vṛndā ordered Her birds to awaken Rādhikā and Mādhūsudana. Although They were eager to sing from the beginning, the parrots remained silent on Vṛndā's order. Now they joyfully surrounded the bower and startled warbling. The she-parrots sang in the grapevines, the male parrots in the pomegranate-trees, the ^{cuckoos} with their mates in the mango-trees, the pigeons in the Pīlu-trees, the peacocks in the Kādamba-trees, the bees buzzed in the vines and the cocks started cooing on the ground. (11-13)

Then a swarm of bees, greedy after honey, began to hum like Cupid's auspicious conch in the charming grove which was full of blooming vines and had a bed of lotusflowers. A swarm of joyful she-bees, intoxicated by honey, hummed like the auspicious cymbals of Cupid to awaken Govinda. (14-15)

A flock of ^{cuckoos} repeatedly sang *ku-hu* on the fifth note like the *vina* of Cupid. The cuckoos sat next to their mates in the mango-trees, intoxicated with divine love, relishing the soft mango-pits, sweetly singing with clear voices like Cupid's *vina*. (16-17) I suppose the king of hyena's called Cupid frightened the does of the *gopīs'* patience, moral conduct and fame. He became angry at the tigers of their proud pique and roars at them with the sound of the cooing pigeons. (18)

Whilst awakening Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa in the morning, the peacocks cried out *ke ka*, as if asking who (*ke*) other than Kṛṣṇa can lift the mountain of Rādhā's patience and what other lady (*ka*) than the very fortunate daughter of king Vṛṣabhānu, though they may be very beautiful, can chain down and control the maddened elephant Kṛṣṇa. (19) The cocks also said *ku ku ku kuu* with short, long and intermediate vowels, like a *brāhmaṇa* boy reciting the Vedas. Then, although the birds were calling Them with their warbling, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, unaware of Each other's wakeful state and upset at the prospect of breaking Their intimate embrace, pretended to sleep with Their eyes closed. One very learned *sarika* (female parrot) named Manjubhāsini, who witnessed Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's entire night pastime, and who was very dear to Vṛṣabhānu's daughter, addressed Kṛṣṇa, sitting in a golden cage.

*gokula bandho jaya rasa sindho
jagṛhi talpam tyaja sasikalpam
prīṭyanukulam sṛiṭa bhūja mulam
bodhaya kantam ratibhara tantam*

"O Friend of Gokula! Glory to You, O ocean of spiritual flavours! Please arise from Your moonlike bed! Awaken Your lover, who is sheltered in Your arms and who is tired of lovemaking!" (23)

O Lord of Vraja! The morningsun, which is so cruel to young girls by nature, is swiftly rising! Leave the bank of the Yamuna and quickly return to Your bedroom!" (24)

O Lotus-eyed friend (Rādhikā)! Now You enjoy Your sleep after so much endeavour in lovemaking (the previous night). There is no fault in that, O chaste girl, but look, the rising sun in the east colours the sky red, unable to tolerate Your happiness like Your rival *gopī* Candravatī! O Lotus-eyed friend! The night is over, the morning has come! The sun has risen! Arise now from Your nice bed of cool leaves!" (25-26)

Then Vicakṣaṇa, a male parrot who was very attached to Kṛṣṇa, very calm by nature and expert in using words, recited a series of verses full of clear and sweet syllables that were suitable for awakening Mādhava:

*jaya jaya gokula mangalā kanda vraja yuvatī tatī bhṛṅgy aravinda
pratipada vārdhita nandananda sṛi govindaeyuta nata sanda*

"Glory glory to You, O source of auspiciousness of Gokula, lotus for the bee-like girls of Vraja! O Govinda, O infallible One! You increase Nanda's joy at every step and give joy to the surrendered souls!"

(28)

*prabhatam ayatam asesa ghoṣa tṛṣarta netra bhramararavinda
garistha bhuyistha visistha nistham
gostham pratisthasva dayistam istham*

"O Lotus for the thirsty bee-like eyes of the people of Vraja! Look, morning has broken! Swiftly return to Your abode in the meadows, which is affectionately served by Your relatives and superiors! If not, You may be embarrassed by them!" (29)

"O Lotuseyed One! Look! The eastern horizon, seeing that the red morningsun wants to rise, looks like a ladylove with a bright red dress (as is worn by a wife whose body is smeared with *kunkuma*, as she expects her husband home). So give up Your sleep, O Kṛṣṇa! Look! The moon has fled along with the night out of fear of the sun, so You also leave the bank of the Yamuna now and return home with Your innocent ladylove! O Kṛṣṇa! The sun is rising, the Cakravaka-bird looks with one eye at the sunrays, that colour the eastern horizon red, and at her distant husband with the other eye. The owls, who are blind for the day, enter into their tree-hollows, becoming silent out of fear of the sounds of day. So give up Your sleep, O Kṛṣṇa!" (30-32)

A *sarika* named Suksmadhi, who kept all the verses she learnt from Vrnda-devi around her neck (i.e. memorised them) as a necklace, whose sweet words were intoxicated by drinking the wine of love for Sri Radha and whose feathers stood on end out of that love, made her words dance on the stage of her tongue, just to awaken Her. She sang: "O beloved of the prince of Vraja! Quickly return to Your abode, before people start travelling over the roads of Vraja! O Fairfaced girl! Look, the sun is swiftly rising! Leave Your bed and return to Your home in Vraja! O *sakhī*! Give up Your drowsiness and wake up, wake up Your lover! Leave the *kunja* and return home! Don't give the people any chance to embarrass You! Working people are coming now for their scheduled work!" (33-37)

Although Radha and Kṛṣṇa were both awake, They were still lying down in a tight embrace and although They were very restless, knowing that the night was over, they could not leave Their beautiful happy playbed. Sri Radhika placed Her buttocks on Kṛṣṇa's knees, Her breasts on His chest and Her face on His face, embracing Him around the neck and using His arms as Her pillow. Although She had awoken, She could not move Her body even slightly. Kṛṣṇa became restless and got up from bed to return to Vraja, but He could not move His body even slightly because He was afraid to disturb Sri Radhika's tight embrace. (38-40)

Then a parrot named Dakṣa, who was the teacher of hundreds and thousands of other parrots and who was expert in describing Kṛṣṇa's pastimes, came at the gate of the *kunja* and began to sing, with His wings flapping out of love for Kṛṣṇa: "Kṛṣṇa! Your mother has risen and is approaching Your bedroom, saying: "O Maidservants! Kṛṣṇa is tired of wandering in the forest and is now enjoying His happy sleep, so churn the yoghurt quietly!", so quickly return to Your solitary bedroom! O Govinda, You must surely know that Your cows like Kalindi are all staring down the road, eager to see You. With raised ears and faces they moo to call their calves, being afflicted by the overweight of their unmilked udders! Being very eager to see You, Holy Purnamāsī finishes her morning duties and is coming to Your bedroom with Your mother to see You. Before she gets there, quickly get up from bed and return to Your room!" (41-44)

Hearing these words of the parrot, Sri Hari quickly loosened Himself from Sri Radha's embrace and got up to return home. Before He did this, the *sakhīs* awoke and met with Vrnda to witness Radha and Kṛṣṇa's morning pastimes through the window of the *nikunja*. (45-46)

Then a peahen named Sundarī, who is very proud of her absorption in love for Radhika, left her husband in the Kādamba-tree and came down in the yard of the *nikunja* cottage. Hari's pet peacock named Tandavik quickly descended from the Kādamba-tree, spread out his feathers and happily began to dance all around. The doe named Ranginī, leaving her husband at the foot of a mango-tree, joyfully and swiftly approached the *kunja*-gate to cast restless loving glances at Radha and Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike faces. Hari's pet deer Suranga, who gives great joy to Kṛṣṇa, arrived in the *kunja*, leaving his mango-tree, fixing the waves

of his gaze on Kṛṣṇa's face, his body freed from the grip of fatigue. (47-50)

Sri Kṛṣṇa, having arisen, sat up in the bed and took slender Rādhā, who still pretended to sleep with closed eyes, on His lap with His arms to attentively behold Her sweetness. With a slight smile Acyuta drank the nectar of Her lover's face which was like a morning lotus. Her eyes restlessly rolled like wagtail birds and Her curly locks surrounded Her forehead like a swarm of black bees. With great love Kṛṣṇa saw how Rādhikā stretched out Her arms, entwining the fingers of both Her hands. While yawning She slightly showed Her teeth, that shine like Kunda-flowers, and rubbed Her whole body. Seeing His exhausted lover in the morning, resting face up on His lap, in false anger, Her face slightly smiling and crying at the same time, with Her half-

opened braid, Her crushed flower garland, Her broken necklace, Her eyes showing weariness externally, but joy inwardly, eagerly looking at Him, again and again rolling with them while She opened them, the moon of Vraja (Kṛṣṇa) felt paramount joy (51-

54)

Sri Rādhā, who was languid with loving fatigue, placed Her exhausted boy on the body of Kṛṣṇa, that was bluish like a glistening Yamala-tree. She could be compared with a steady streak of lightning resting in a fresh blue raincloud, or with a golden lotusflower. (55)

Seeing Hari's face with its glistening Makara-earrings, His gentle sweet smiles, His eyes weary of love-fatigue, His curly hairlocks smelling of lotusflowers and His lips cut by Her teeth and blackened by Her eyeliner, lotus-eyed Rādhikā became eager to enjoy with Him once more. (56)

Kṛṣṇa also thought of resuming His lovesports when He saw His lover's slightly smiling face, with Her eyes slightly contracted out of shyness from Their exchange of glances. He lifted His beloved's head which was lowered out of shyness with His left hand and Her chin with His right hand. He bent His neck and repeatedly kissed Her face which was beautified by Her smiling cheeks. Immersed in an ocean of bliss from the touch of Her lover's lips, Rādhā slightly closed Her eyes, moved Her hands and softly said: "No, no!", giving great joy to Her girlfriends. (57-

59) Those girlfriends, afraid of the unavoidable dawn, entered the grove which was filled with the sounds of many bees, joking and prodding each other, joyfully smiling. (60)

Sri Rādhikā doubled Her lover's pleasure by showing Him Her restless eyes at seeing Her friends approaching unnoticed with their smiling faces. Then she got up from His thighs, covering Her body with Kṛṣṇa's yellow cloth and looking shyly at Her friends. Then She sat down next to Her lover. (61-62)

The *sakhis* felt great joy over and over again from watching Their two dear Ones (Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa) whose lips bore the cuts from Each other's bites, whose bodies were covered with nailmarks, whose make-up had been washed away, clothes loosened, hair dishevelled and garlands and necklaces broken. Their bed indicated all these different sports. The middle was colored with the deep vermilion from Acyuta's body, the sides were smeared with Rādhā's wonderful footlac and throughout were drops of eyeliner, sandalpaste and vermilion. Rādhā's girlfriends saw the bed, which was made of wilted flowers, covered with various signs of *pan*, eyeliner and body-ointments, looking just like Sri Rādhā's body, which was marked with similar signs of Her lover's enjoyment. With their eyes they relished the restless lips of Hari about to say some joking words and beautiful Rādhikā's lotuslike face, which was lowered out of shyness. (63-66)

Showing them His chest, Hari, hoping to see a sweet medley of emotions on His beloved's face, said: "O Friends, look! The star named Rādhā, seeing that Her lover the moon is leaving, fearfully marks hundreds of moonbeams on the canvas of the sky, desiring to see him!" (Double meaning: "Look! In the morningtime Rādhikā, being afraid of Her lover's departure, marks His chest with hundreds of moonray-like nailmarks, being eager to see Him!") Saying this, Kṛṣṇa showed all the *gopis* His chest. (67-68)

When Kṛṣṇa said this, Rādhikā, seeing Her girlfriends laughing, moved Her restless eyebrows, expanded Her spotless cheeks and shyly looked at Her lover with crooked glances as if striking Him. Being full of erotic bliss, slightly closed, filled with tears, their borders colored red, restless out of shame and fear, crooked with envy and with blooming pupils from the great joy of beholding Her lover's face, Sri Rādhikā's eyes increased the bliss of Kṛṣṇa's eyes unlimitedly. (69-70)

Thus the *sakhis* drank the sweetness of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's dawn sports. Both were immersed in an ocean of love-bliss. This made the *sakhis* forget their proper scheduled activities. (71) Seeing everyone thus immersed in the ocean of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's nectarean pastimes, intoxicated by love, Vṛndā became apprehensive and engaged her she-parrots, who knew her purpose, once more with a wink. (72) One such a parrot named Subhā, who was expert in awakening Srimatī (Rādhikā), preventing Her shame before Her superiors, Her fear of Her husband and ridicule from the people, said: "O Lotus-eyed friend! Your mother-

in-law has arisen, saying: "Radhe! Your husband will come here from the barn with lots of milk, being carried by his servants, so quickly get up and perform Your auspicious domestic rites!" Before she says that, You must leave this grove and slip back into Your bedroom unseen!" O dear friend! The moon, the Lord of the stars, having finished his sports with his stars at night, has now disappeared from the veil of the sky. So you also leave the *kunja* now and go home, O innocent One! The sunrays color the lunar path golden, the people are coming on the main roads, so, O innocent One, quickly leave the *kunja* and go on the auspicious path home!" (73-

76). "O Kṛṣṇa! The morning has come and still You could not leave this innocent girl? Her mother-in-law, whose heart is covered with the mud of anxiety, mistrusts Her, Her bitter husband lives up to his name Abhimanyu (always angry) and Her dull sister-in-law is always rude and abuses Her!" (77)

Thus the Milk-ocean of Radha's heart was stirred by the Mandara-mountain of the *sarika*'s words. With Her eyes wandering like baby-fish and saddened by the prospect of separation from Kṛṣṇa, She got up from bed. (78)

Kṛṣṇa too, seeing that the restless eyes of Vṛṣabhanu's daughter were agitated with fear, put on Her fine blue cloth and quickly got up from bed. Wearing Eachother's clothes, Radha and Kṛṣṇa held Eachother's hands and fearfully came out of the *kunja*. (79-

80)

Kṛṣṇa, holding Radhika's hand in His left hand and His flute in His right hand, left the *kunja*, looking like a cloud embraced by a wreath of lightning. (81)

One maidservant carried a golden pot, one carried a fan, another a golden wand, one a clear mirror, another one brought fine sandalpaste and *kunkuma*, some girl brought a betelbox inset with jewels and another one a *sarika*-parrot in a cage. Thus all these girls joyfully came out of the *kunja*-cottage. (82)

Slightly smiling, one *sakhi* came out of the *kunja*, taking an ivory box with vermilion which was studded with sapphires and gold and which looked like the breasts of a pregnant girl with her. One clever girl, collecting all the pearls from a necklace which was broken during an amorous embrace, bound them tightly in her veil, and came out of the *kunja*-cottage. Srimati Rati *manjari* quickly grabbed the earrings which had fallen from the bed, came out of the *kunja* and placed them back on the ears of Her Queen. Srimati Rupa *Manjari*, a very dear friend of Sri Radha's, picked up Her blouse from the side of the bed, came out of the *kunja* and returned it to Her in private. The maidservant Guna *manjari* picked up Radha and Kṛṣṇa's chewed *pan* and distributed it outside of the *kunja*. Manjulali took the garlands and the sandalwoodpulp which had fallen from Radha and Kṛṣṇa's bodies from the bed and distributed it to all the *gopis* outside. (83-88)

The *sakhis* began to giggle, covering their mouths with their hands, seeing that Kṛṣṇa wore Radhika's cloudblue *sari* and that happy Radhika wore Kṛṣṇa's yellow cloth. They restlessly looked all around, casting squinted glances at eachother in great bliss. (89)

Radha and Kṛṣṇa, seeing the signs of Their girlfriends' laughter, looked at Eachother's faces with blooming eyes and became struck with wonder, merging in a swelling ocean of bliss. (90)

Because Radhika's fine darkblue *sari* was so much like Kṛṣṇa's own complexion He was as if merged in it, unrecognisable. Similarly Radhika almost vanished in dear Hari's bright yellow cloth, like milk inside a golden conchshell. (91)

Then Lalita, upset at seeing the rising sun spoiling the two lovers' playful nectarean enjoyment, angrily spoke the following abusive words: "O Radhe! Look at this rising sunned! Because of breaking the enjoyment of the best of women with their lovers, he lost both his legs through leprosy. Still he will not give up. The saying 'it is difficult to give up one's nature' is certainly true!" (92-93)

Casting Her glance, reddened by anger at the breaking of Her love-happiness, at the sky reddening by the sunrise, King Vṛṣabhanu's daughter smiled because of Lalita's words and spoke the following sweet soft words: "The sun sets and, crossing, even without legs, the sky in half a moment, rises again. If the Creator had given him legs, there would have been no night at all, despite the sun's course!" (94-95)

Seeing the charming beauty of the morning-time and being intoxicated with joy over drinking Radhika's ambrosial words, Kṛṣṇa forgot to return to the village and told the Queen of His heart: "Dearest One!

Look; the eastern direction (the wife of the sun) seeing the sun rising in the morning, his body reddened by touching the other directions (directions are female, ed.) turned red out of envy, like a mistress who sees her lover approaching at dawn with the sign of love-enjoyment of another lady on his body!" (96-97) Look, O intoxicated girl! This lotusflower says to the waterlily: "O Lily! Look, even though he is the destroyer of the darkness of all sins and is most peaceful, your lover the moon has fallen from the sky after touching the morningred (Alternate reading: This *brahmana*, who is twice-born like the moon, fell from his caste after drinking Varuni-wine). Hearing these words from the lotusflower, who is exclusively dependent on the now rising sun, and very happy through its association (its warm rays), the waterlily becomes shy and covers her face with her petals in the morning. (98) Seeing darkness destroyed by the moon at nighttime, the cuckoos who are also black, called *ku huu*, disturbed by fear that they would similarly perish. They called out for a dark moon night when the sun is devoured by the eclipse along with the moon. (99)

The forest is full of joy because of uniting with her lover the spring. It is as if the she-pigeon shrieks slightly because of love-excitement. (100)

"O Moon faced girl! Look! Just when the female bee is trying to crawl out of the slowly opening lotuspetsals in which she was captured at night, she is followed by a bee who was colored yellow from his playing with the pollen of the waterlilies." (101)

"Afraid that her lover may come, a Cakravaki-bird quickly kisses a red Kokanada-lotus made twice as red by the rays of morning glory" (102)

"O Sweet-voiced girl! Seeing Us, this swan named Kalasvana leaves his beloved, who is eager for loveplay and joyfully comes upon the Yamuna-bank, spreading out his wings!" (103)

"O Lotusfaced girl! Look! The goose named Tundakeri leaves her husband the swan holding a lotusstem which was left over by her husband in her beak, making sweet sounds while staring at Your lotusface. Thus she follows her lover." (104) Note: According to Srīla Rupa Gosvāmī, Kalasvana is Kṛṣṇa's pet swan and Tundakeri is Srī Rādhikā's pet goose.

"Look! The wind, moving through the sandaltrees, carrying the fragrance of lotusflowers, teaches the vines, who are like his young maiden pupils, how to dance; blows around the water, taking away the fatigue and perspiration of the best of women and her lover!" (105)

Seeing that Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, because of Their very sweet conversation, forgot to return home, Vṛndadevī became upset, more so since all the *gopis* were also intoxicated with love and were just smiling affectionately (not doing anything). Then an old she-monkey named Kakkhati, who was sitting in a tree, began to recite verses on Vṛnda's indication, knowing her time had come. She said: "Daybreak comes, dressed in red cloth like a female ascetic with matted locks (*jatila*), praised by virtuous men, her rays of sunshine rising (in the sky)." (Alternate reading: *Jatila*, Rādhā's mother-in-law, who wears red cloth and who is praised by the quarrelsome, performs her austere morning-

ablutions nearby, spreading her cloth to dry in the sun). (107-108)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, who are the very forms of Vraja's welfare, became upset with fear at the hearing of *Jatila*'s name and They came out of the *kunja*, despite being full of unfulfilled desires. Seeing Them running down separate paths to Their individual homes in great fear, pulling up Their loosened clothes, hairs and garlands, trembling out of fear from hearing *Jatila*'s name, the *sakhis* also became scared and started running here and there. (109-110)

Kṛṣṇa turned His neck here and there, looking around, thinking that Candravali's friends were on His left (not wanting to be seen with Rādhikā by Her rivals), His superiors in Vraja before Him, *Jatila* and *Kutila* coming up behind Him and His beloved going home towards the south, being very eager to see Her still. (111) Then *Isvari* (Rādhikā), fearing that *Jatila* followed Her and being afflicted by the weight of Her breasts and buttocks, holding Her loosened garments and hair with both Her hands, ran back to Vraja, sometimes fast and sometimes more slowly. (112)

Srī Rupa Manjari, wanting to bring Rādhikā safely home, seated Her in the chariot of her own mind and then followed Her, covering the path with the curtain of her eyes, that were ashgrey and flickering because of her fear and her attachment (to Rādhikā). (113)

Warding off outsiders with the arrows of her restless glances shot in all directions, Rati Manjari also followed Rādhikā, her heart beating with fear, leading the way like a phalanx of soldiers. (114)

Fearfully Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa stepped across Their own courtyards, their restless eyes cast on the doors of Their elders. Then They fearlessly entered into Their individual rooms and lay down in Their own beds, Their minds afflicted with fatigue. (115)

The very expert *sakhis* who nourish the Lord's pastimes and whose movements cannot be traced, returned to their individual homes just like the Vedas who, at the time of the universal dissolution, enter back into the Lord when Acyuta, having finished His enjoyment, goes to sleep in His own abode. (116)

In the great poem Govinda Līlāmṛta this was the first chapter named: Pastimes in the *kunja* at the end of night. This was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvāmī, who is like a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's feet, the blessings of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, the association of Sri Jīva Gosvāmī and the inspiration of Srīla Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRITA * CHAPTER TWO

"Morning Pastimes"

Chapters two to four deal with the morning pastimes, that last from 6 a.m. to 8.24 a.m.

SUMMARY OF THE MORNING PASTIMES: I take shelter of Sri Rādhā, who is sent for by the Queen of Vraja to cook for Kṛṣṇa after bathing and ornamenting Himself with Her girlfriends. After cooking for Kṛṣṇa in His abode She eats the remnants of His food. I also take shelter of Sri Kṛṣṇa, who, after awakening, goes to the barn to milk His cows and is then bathed and fed along with His friends. (1)

Thus Pāurnamāsī, who is like a full moon of divine love, finished her morning duties and quickly came to the abode of the king of Vraja, her heart overwhelmed with love for Ācyaṭa. She was delighted to see the abode of the king of Vraja, which looked just like Svetaadvīpa, Lord Viṣṇu's white Island, which gave great joy to the spectator with its beautiful courtyard sprinkled by drops of milk that spatted out from the churning of curd and butter, with its many people walking around, filled with loving affection and its interiors made wonderful with various kinds of jewels and flowing waves of milk. Here Ācyaṭa slept on His playbed. (2-3)

Yasoda, the queen of Vraja, who was expert in knowing time and circumstances, saw Pāurnamāsī, who is like austerity personified, coming and joyfully got up to greet her. Mukunda's mother said: "O Holy mother! O object of Vraja's worship! Welcome! Please come in! I bow down to you!", and bowed down to Pāurnamāsī, who embraced her. (4-5)

Eager to see Govinda, Pāurnamāsī blessed Yasoda and inquired after the welfare of herself, her son, her husband and their cows. The Queen of Vraja informed her of her welfare and then eagerly entered her son's bedroom with her. (6-7)

Then Gobhata, Bhādrasena, Subala, Sri Stakakṛṣṇa, Arjuna, Sridāma, Ujjvala, Dama, Kinkini, Sudāma and other friends of Kṛṣṇa quickly came out of their homes and joyfully joined Balarāma in the courtyard, calling: "Kṛṣṇa! Get up! Let's go to Your beloved cowpens!" (8)

Madhumangalā, Kṛṣṇa's *brahmana*-friend, got up from bed and said: "Hee hee! It's morning time! Why is our friend still sleeping, O friends? I will wake Him up!" (9)

Overcome by sleep and fatigue, Madhumangalā stumbled into Hari's bedroom and mumbled: "O Friend, get up!" (10)

Although the Lord had actually awoken from hearing Madhumangalā's call and although He wanted to get up, He could'nt. His eyes were still rolling of sleep. (11) Then Mother Yasoda tried to awaken Hari who slept on His jeweled bed just as the Vedas personified awaken Lord Hari (Viṣṇu) when He sleeps on the jeweled bed of Ananta Śeṣa in a palace in the Milk-ocean during the cosmic dissolution. She placed her left hand on the bed and, bending over, placing her weight on it, touched Kṛṣṇa's body with her lotuslike right hand. She sprinkled the bed with tears of joy and milk trickling from her breasts, saying: "Wake up, my boy! Show us Your lotuslike face! O Boy! Although the cows had their calves already they will not give their milk unless they see You! Even so, Your father has gone to the barn alone without calling You, being afraid to disturb Your sleep! Get up, I shall wash Your mouth! Why are You wearing Balarāma's blue cloth?" Saying this, mother Yasoda removed Rādhikā's blue cloth from Kṛṣṇa's body with her hand. Then she told Pāurnamāsī: "O Holy mother, look at my son's body, which is as soft as a lotusflower! It has been wounded by the sharp fingernails of His restless playmates in their wrestling games and colored by very wonderful mineral pigments. O! I am so afflicted! What shall I do?" (12-16)

When Kṛṣṇa heard His mother's astonished words filled with affection, His eyes became filled with bashful anxiety. Then Madhumangalā, who was expert in causing laughter, seeing Kṛṣṇa's anxiety, said to Kṛṣṇa's mother, whose heart was moistened with affection: "It's true, mother! Although I always forbid them, these greedy friends (or: lusty girlfriends) always play rough games (amorous play) with Him in the groves!" (17-19)

Then Kṛṣṇa showed the glory of His childhood, repeatedly opening His eyes with care, and, seeing His own mother in front of Him, closing them again with a smile on His lotuslike face. (20)

Pāurnamāsī, hearing these words of the Queen of Vraja and seeing Kṛṣṇa's childhood-sports, which concealed a

mood different from His mother's, smilingly told Kṛṣṇa: "Since You are tired of constantly playing many great games with Your many (girl) friends, it is fitting, O pure-hearted boy, that You are sleeping now. But the calves will not drink their milk without seeing You, even though they are thirsty, O Lord of the tribe of Vraja, get up! Get up, O prince of the meadows! Look, Your older brother and Your friends have come to the courtyard close by. Although it is past time to go to the meadows, they are still waiting for You!" (21-23)

Stretching out His body, extending His hands tightened into fists, Kṛṣṇa got up from bed, making a net of lightbeams with His teeth while yawning, His tāmala-tree like blue body being tired of loveplays. Kṛṣṇa sat up on one side of the bed, placing His lotusfeet on the ground. With faltering voice He yawned: "O Holy Lady, I offer My obeisances unto you!" (24-25)

Then His mother, who was overwhelmed with mature affection for her son, tied His soft loosened hair which was as beautiful as an abundance of black collyrium, from which the flowers had fallen, into a top knot. Then she took a golden jug which was standing in front of her, and washed her son's rolling eyes with the water. Then she happily wiped Him off with her apron. (26-27)

Kṛṣṇa came out of the bedroom into the courtyard, holding Madhumangala's hand with His left hand and His flute in His right hand, being followed by His mother and Purnamasi. (28)

With eyes blooming of love all the cowherd boyfriends of Kṛṣṇa surrounded Him on the courtyard. One held His hand, another one the end of His cloth and some others tried to touch His body simultaneously. (29)

Mother Yasoda told Kṛṣṇa: "O Child, go to the meadows, feed milk to the calves, milk Your own *surabhi*-cows and quickly return home for breakfast!" (30)

Thus Kṛṣṇa quickly went to the barn with His friends on His mother's order. Then while they were on their way Madhumangala, who was expert in joking, looked up to the sky and said: "Friend, look! The sun is like a fisherman extending His net in the lake of the sky! Seeing this, the fish-like stars fearfully disappear! The moon (named *mṛganka*, one who carries the mark of a deer on its globe), seeing the newly risen sun shaped like a mirage (*mṛga trsna*) as a tiger (*mṛga bhakṣa*, eater of deer) enters into the mountain cave of moonset to save its own deer (*sva mṛga*). Friend, look! The sky is like a pregnant woman who presses the phoetus of the moon out of her womb at the end of her term. The cooings of the pigeons sound like the painful cries of that woman, who gave up all of her ornaments (viz. the sky gives up her stars in the morning). (31-34)

"O Lotusfaced friend! This lotusflower is now smiling, after seeing the ocean-born moon, which, despite being its nourisher, is unfriendly, leaving the sky, being defeated by its own friend, the sun." (35)

After hearing these joking words from Madhumangala, all the cowherdboys, who were protected by the cowherders, laughed and entered their own barns. (36)

Just as the moon enters the night-sky with Venus and Jupiter, Gopala entered His barn along with Balarama and Madhumangala. The demigods took Balarama to be the Airavata-elephant, surrounded by His cows, that looked like the huge boulders of mount Kailasa. (38)

The people took Acyuta to be like a blackbee amongst white lotusflowers as He stood amidst His cows that had their faces turned upwards. (39)

The moon of Vraja (Kṛṣṇa) thus called all His cows by name again and again: "Hee hee, Gangel Godavaril Sabali! Kalindi! Dhavaal! Hee hee! Dhumrel! Tungi! Bhramari! Yamunel! Hamsi! Kamal! Hee hee! Rambhel! Campel! Karini! Harini!" (40)

Placing His bodily weight on His toes and the milkvessel between His knees, the son of king Nanda milked a few cows Himself and let the other boys milk the rest of the cows. He gave great pleasure to His cows in the morning by affectionately scratching them. (41)

Meanwhile, in the village named Yavat, the old lady Mukhara (Kṛtīdā's mother) woke up and rose from bed. Becoming eager to shower her granddaughter Radhika with the nectar of her affection, she went to Her bedroom. (42)

Although she was crooked by nature, Jatila, being eager to increase her son's wealth, arrived and told Mukhara: "O Learned lady! Please dress and ornament my daughter-in-law and engage Her in the worship of the Sungod, so that my son's progeny, lifespan and wealth of millions of cows may increase! Purnamasi, who knows how to increase our wealth, daily tells me that I should never violate Queen Yasoda's order and I should neglect the advise of ignorant fools! Therefore, O revered lady, ornament your granddaughter with auspiciousness, so that my son may gain all desired wealth!" (43-46)

Then Jatila told her daughter-in-law Radhika: "O Child! Quickly get up from bed! Worship Your parental

home; take a purifying bath and collect all Your paraphernalia for worshipping the Sungod!" (47)

Repeatedly telling herself: "O how amazing! Morning has broken and still my granddaughter is sleeping!", Mukhara, whose body melted of affection, entered Radha's bedroom and told Her: "O my girl! Get up from bed now! O bewildered girl, have You forgotten that it is Sunday today? Take Your bath and quickly prepare Your paraphernalia for worshipping the sungod with morning-oblations!"

(48-49)

Visakha awoke from hearing Mukhara's words and quickly got up, despite the fact that she was still tired, saying: "My dear friend! Quickly get up! Get up!" (50)

Because of Mukhara's and Visakha's words, bewildered Radha woke up and fell asleep time after time. Her body, exhausted from loveplay, looked like lordly swan swung by the moving waves of a pond. (51)

Then Sri Rati manjari, seeing her opportunity, began to serve the lotusfeet of Her friend Radha, the princess of Vrndavana. (52)

Being repeatedly addressed by Visakha and Mukhara, Sri Radhika got up from bed. Then Mukhara, seeing Kṛṣṇa's yellow cloth on Her, said with an anxious heart: "Visakhe, look! What is this? Yesterday-evening I saw this bright golden cloth on Murari's chest, but now your friend is wearing it! Alas, alas! How could this happen to a pure housewife?" (53-54)

Visakha, hearing these words, cast a quick glance on the yellow cloth and anxiously thought: "O, what is this?" Then she quickly told Mukhara: "O naturally blind lady! The golden sunrays coming in through the window make my friend's blue cloth look golden also! O bewildered old lady! Why are you giving anxiety to purehearted girls?" (55-56)

Meanwhile, the *sakhis* headed by Lalita left their own homes and quickly came to see Sri Radhika with stumbling gait. (57)

Even before Sri Radhika got up, the maidservants were awaiting their mistress close to the bathing-dais. (58)

Then beautiful Radhika got up and sat down on a nice chair studded with various jewels, placed there by Her maidservants. Beautiful Lalita took all the ornaments from Her body as if she picked leaves and flowers from a golden vine. (60) Meanwhile two washerman's daughters, named Manjīṣṭha and Rangavati came to their mistress with Her new clothes for the day. (61)

With scented powder from a mango-leafcup Radhika cleaned Her teeth that defy the splendor of chrystal inset with rubies. (62)

With both hands Radhika held a golden tongue scraper and cleansed Her tongue. Then She sprinkled Her face with spoonfuls of water from a golden jug, brought in by a maidservant. (63)

After washing Her lotuslike mouth and hands, Radhika went to the bathing dais which was surrounded by golden waterpots, taking the bathingclothes brought by the washermaids with Her. (64) After sitting on this soft golden dais which was covered by a thin sheet, Radhika was surrounded by Her expert attendants, who carried pots of oil and so to serve Her. (65)

Two manicure-girls named Sugandha and Nalini, that were expert in massaging with oil, applying footlac and arranging the hair, arrived and lovingly rubbed Radhika's naturally cool and shining body with pleasant fragrant and cool Narayana-oil and smeared it with various cooling pastes. They arranged Radhika's hair with fragrant ground Myrobalan-seeds and rubbed Her shining body with a fine towel. Then they showered Her completely. (66-68)

Then the *sakhis* joyfully bathed Sri Radhika with lukewarm, fragrant water from full golden jugs. They rubbed all the waterdrops from Her body with fine soft towels, squeezed the bathingwater out of Her hair and dressed Her with two new garments. (69-70)

Then, coming on the ornamentation-dais, Radhika was ornamented by Her girlfriends as is suitable for the morningtime, just as the goddess of youthful beauty is ornamented by the moods and gestures of erotic act. (71)

Lakṣa combed Radhika's glistening soft curly locks that were first dried off with fragrant smoke, with an ivory comb inset with many gems named Svastida. Then she hung a jeweled string with the spotless crestjewel of Sankhaeṇḍa, that was taken from him by Kṛṣṇa and given to Her, at the tip of Her braid which was filled with Bakula-flowers and strings of pearls. She bound this end with a rope with golden ornaments inset with Antabhaga-gems and bound Her front-hair up in a knot with red silken ribbons. (72-73)

Citra-sakhī lovingly tied a petticoat around Rādhikā's waist, that was as thin as a fist, with golden-reddish strings beautified with two silken tassels. On top of this coral-red petticoat she joyfully placed a dress as blue as blackbees, named Meghambara (cloud-dress). Then she joyfully hung a sash with bells strung on a golden string on Rādhikā's waist. On the end of this belt were many kinds of jewels as well as silken tassels of white, blue, red, yellow and green colours. (74-75)

Viśakha devī smeared Srimatī's arms, breasts, chest and back in with sandalwoodpaste mixed with aguru, vermillion and camphor. Then she drew the Kama-yantra tilaka on Srimatī's forehead with bright vermillion. On the sides of this tilak she drew leaves of musk extending to Her cheeks and spots of sandalwoodpaste, amongst which again downward moonbeams of sandalpaste mixed with musk were drawn. Then she made a stripe of bright *sindura* (red powder) on Rādhā's part. (76-77)

With musk Citra painted clusters of flowers, moonbeams, lotusflowers, capricorns and mango-leaves on Rādhikā's breasts with musk. Thus it looked as if Cupid, being disarmed by the bow of Srimatī's eyebrows, has placed his own signs of the Capricorn, arrows, weapons, flowers, fresh sprouts, moonbeams and bow in the storehouse of Her breasts and ran away. (78-79)

Just as the rainbow and the stars can beautify two mountains in the evening, Rādhikā's breasts were beautified by the red blouse with all kinds of jewels and pearls, which was placed there by Citra. (80)

Then Rāgadevī hung ornaments made of golden palmleaves and lotusbuds on Rādhikā's ears. In front of that she put small sapphire flowers that looked like blackbees buzzing in front of two golden lotusbuds. (81) Above these ears Citra placed very charming hoop-earrings (disc-

shaped hairpins) that shone like the sun. There were two big sapphires in them studded with rubies, gold and diamonds, and on the inside they were studded with many pearls. On the edges were two golden jars that were more brilliant than the sun. (82)

Viśakha made a nice fresh musk-spot on Rādhikā's chin with a jeweled pencil. This spot beautified Her moonlike face as a blackbee sitting on the edge of a lotuspetal. (83)

The pearl on the tip of wide-eyed Rādhikā's nose, bound with a golden string, defeated the beauty of the ripe, tenderleaved Lavani-fruit bitten by the beak of a parrot. (84)

Seeing Her friend Rādhikā's Cakora-bird-like eyes were eager to drink the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's spotless blue moonlike face, Viśakha drew charming collyrium on them that shone just like Kṛṣṇa's bodily luster. (85)

Viśakha covered the signs of Hari's hands on lotus-eyed Rādhā's neck with a spotless golden leaf-like ornament inset with various jewels, as if she was afraid of Hari. Then she hung a golden Citra hamsa-gem inset with diamonds and sapphires, which is very solid in the middle, on Rādhikā's throat, bound to Her face with a string. After this she hung a necklace of very small pearls, named Gostana, with two golden beads swallowed by sapphire gems, a jeweled necklace strung with sapphires, moonstones, rubies and golden beads with pearls and coral in the middle, a necklace of different beautifully shining pearls with couples of lapis lazuli-beads, shining like golden Dhatrika-seeds, a *gunja*-necklace which Hari gave to Rādhikā from His own neck, being pleased with Her dancing and singing in the nocturnal Rāsa-

festival, around Her neck as Kṛṣṇa's very own regal opulence (*raja lakṣmī*). She decorated Rādhikā's sky-like chest with the shining Ekavali-necklace, which was adorned with a thick pearl in the middle, looking like the rays of the moon in a galaxy of stars. She hung the gold-studded Catuṣki-medal, that was surrounded by diamonds, surrounding a centre piece with sapphires, that was again surrounded by many rubies swinging on very fine chains, on Rādhikā's chest. Thus all the pure silk tassels that tied up Rādhikā's necklaces hung on Her back one over the other. It looked so beautiful, as if the Creator had kindly built steps from Rādhikā's mountain-like buttocks leading up to Her snake-like braid. (86-94)

Viśakha hung golden armlets with wreaths of nine bright jewels from which black silken strings with tassels hung, named Hari Rāgada (giving sport to Hari) on Rādhā's arms. (95)

Lalitā then decorated Sri Rādhikā with many artfully fashioned glistening sapphire bangles, that stole the beauty of a swarm of blackbees that gather to drink the honey trickling from two red lotusflowers (Sri Rādhikā's handpalms) over two golden lotustems. These sapphire bangles were placed along with a pair of golden bracelets studded with pearls, looking like Rāhu with two sunglobes that were meeting with the moon's reflection. These bracelets were again beautified by bright golden amulets with many strings of jewels, from which silk tassels were hanging on Rādhikā's wrists. (96-98)

Srimatī's fingerring, named Vipakṣa māda mardini (she who defeats the pride of her enemies) had Her own name inscribed in it and was studded with various blazing stones. (99)

Then Viśakha applied Rādhikā's beautiful small golden footbangles, whose Cataka-bird like sound removes the

swan of Kṛṣṇa's patience when He hears it, and that are studded with various shining jewels, on Her lotuslike feet. She placed Rādhikā's anklebells, that are teaching the swans in the Yamuna how to coo, and that are called Ratna Gopura, on Her feet. (100-

101) Sudevi placed Rādhikā's jeweled toerings, whose handicraft astonished even the Creator, on Her toes. (102)

With her smiling lotusface Visakha placed a handlotus given to her by Narmada, the garlandmaker's daughter, in lotus-eyed Rādhikā's lotushand in the morning. (103)

The barber's daughter Sugandha, knowing her time (to serve) had come, showed Rādhikā Her own reflection in a jeweled mirror she held before Her. Seeing the reflection of Her body and Her dress, that were now fit to give joy to Kṛṣṇa's eyes, in the mirror, Rādhikā became eager to meet Him. The dressing work of these best of girls will become successful if Her lover can see it! (104-

105)

In the Govinda Lilamṛta poem, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is like a honeybee at the lotusfeet of Sri Caitanya, the blessings of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, the inspiration of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami and the association of Sri Jiva Gosvami, this was the second chapter, describing the early morning pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRTA * CHAPTER THREE

"Sri Radhika cooks for Sri Krsna in the morning"

When Gokulananda (Krsna) went to the meadows, Queen Yasoda became eager to prepare His meal, so she engaged everyone in the house. Although all the people in her house were busily engaged in their duties and were all excited with love for Krsna, still Yasoda, bathed by the nectar of affection for her son, directed them all. She told her maidservants: "O Girls! My boy will now return from the barn with Balarama skinny and hungry, so quickly start cooking! Bring spinach, radish, golden flowers, *mung dal*, fruits, leaves, ginger, ground nuts, sour spices, turmeric, pepper, camphor, sugar, cumin seeds, cream, tamarind, *hing*, honey, Jati-

fruits, cassia leaves, licorice, cane sugar, ingredients for puddings, seasalt, coconut pulp, whole wheat, *ghi*, yoghurt, Tulasi-rice and whole rice, and bring milk from a cow that was sent here this morning by Nanda Maharaja. Bring all these items to the kitchen for preparation!" (1-5)

The maidservants quickly executed this order and mother Yasoda, still overwhelmed with affection for Krsna, called mother Rohini and told her: "Friend Rohini! The tender bodies of our boys (Krsna and Balarama) have been very much injured by the cowherdboys during Their whimsical wrestling games! How many cowherd-servants are there not in my house? Still, despite my prohibition, Krsna and Balarama still go to the meadows. Themselves to herd the cows! What can I do?" (6-8)

"Sakhi, our sons are exerting Themselves by dancing and strolling around in the forest! Then, in the evening, when They return, They have no appetite and They hardly eat anything. Thus they become very weak and skinny. Alas! In the morning Their bellies are flat! O Fairfaced Rohini! Quickly go to the kitchen! Our sons have become very hungry! Prepare enough food to satisfy Their great appetite! Carefully prepare the same curry which They liked so much yesterday, and whatever else They like!" (9-10)

Being thus ordered, Balarama's mother went to the kitchen with her maidservants, lovingly taking all the ingredients for cooking with her. (11)

Eager to increase her son's small appetite by preparing different sweetmeats, the Queen of Gokula desired to bring Sri Radha for cooking. Accidently Kundalata, the wife of Upananda's son Subhadra, came along and offered her obeisances to Queen Yasoda. Yasoda told her: "O Kundalate! One day Durvasa Muni blessed Sri Radhika, saying: "Radhe! May the grains You cook taste sweeter than nectar and may anyone who eats them be blessed with a long lifespan!" Because of this blessing of Durvasa Muni I call Radha here every day to cook! Although my son is a small eater He gets great appetite when He eats Radha's delicious preparations. So please appeal to Her mother-in-law with these words of mine and quickly bring Radha here with all of Her friends!" (12-15)

Although Queen Yasoda daily engages Kundalata like this, it is always again like the first time. There is no fault in this, for the residents of Vraja are not aware of it. Intoxicated by passionate love for Krsna, they experience this routine as ever-

fresh. (16)

Kundalata was enthused by Yasoda's words and she became eager to unite the she-bee Radhika with the honeybee Madhusudana. (17)

Although Jatila was very awkward towards her daughter-in-law, the clever Kundalata came to her and announced the message of the Queen of Vraja. Hearing this order, Jatila became worried about Krsna's attachment to her daughter-in-law. But then she remembered Purnamasi's instruction (chapter 2, verse 45) and told Kundalata: "O Child! My daughter-in-law is a chaste girl, sweetened by the nectar of the best attributes, but Nanda's son is very whimsical. People in general are faultfinders. But Purnamasi ordered me never to ignore the orders of the Queen of Vraja. My heart is stirred with doubts! What should I do?" (17-

20)

Kundalata replied: "O Mother! You speak the truth, but you should not think that Krsna is as naughty as wicked men are telling you! Just as the sun nourishes the lotusflowers, but blinds the owls, removes the darkness of the world and gives pleasure to the Koka-

birds, he cannot please everyone! Similarly, Krsna gives joy to the whole of Vraja, except for some people (like you!)." (21)

"The young girls of the world are maddened by Kṛṣṇa's sweetness, so it is proper of you to worry about your daughter-in-law's safety. But do not worry. Kṛṣṇa will not be able even to see Her shadow, and I will quickly bring Her back to you myself!" (22)

Jatila said: "O Daughter Kundalata! You are known in Vraja for your chastity, so I entrust my innocent daughter-in-law to your hands. The eyes of Nanda's boy are very restless, so please make sure that He does not see Her!" (23)

Then she called her daughter-in-law and told Her: "My girl! Go to the Queen of Nanda, do what she tell You to and then quickly return home! Today You must worship the Sungod!" (24)

When Radha was thus addressed by Jatila, She became very happy within, but, pretending to be unwilling to go, she told Kundalata: "I have work to do at home, a housewife should not wander around from house to house!" (25)

Again Jatila urged Radhika to go to Nandisvara. Then Kundalata, holding Radha's hand, told Her: "O Chaste girl! Why are You so afraid to go there? I am here to protect You!" Thus Radhika went with her, shivering of joy. Her friends, headed by Lalita, followed Her, taking home made *laddus* along for Kṛṣṇa's breakfast. (26-27)

On the road Kundalata looked at the scarf that moved on Sri Radhika's chest and joked with her friends about it in loving joy. She said: "Radhe! Even though Your husband was out for three or four days to have the newly purchased fertile cows inseminated by the bulls, he came home last night and slept alone in his own room. Still we can see that Your chest is covered with nailmarks (of some man) and Your lips are bitten all over. We are very happy that You are showing clear signs of Your chaste faith to Your husband now!" (28-29)

Lalita, seeing Radha's hidden smile and Her wide, slightly squinting eyes, told Kundalata: "Why are you needlessly causing anxiety to Radha's heart? Yesterday some proud parrot in the forest sat on Her breasts, thinking them to be pomegranates (scratching them), and then he bit Her lips, thinking them to be Bimba-fruits. This is why She is bruised like this!" (30-31)

Kundalata saw that Radhika's body was stirred with wave-like shivering, remembering Her pastimes with Kṛṣṇa after hearing Lalita's words. Slightly smiling, Kundalata looked at a nearby pond and said, as if addressing a female lotus: "O Foolish Padmini! Why are you shivering of joy? Kundalata's (a vine of Kunda-flowers, or Kṛṣṇa's niece) *devara* (brother-in-law, or giver of joy) Madhusudana (Kṛṣṇa, or a honeybee) showing His own restlessness, has already enjoyed you (leaving you now after drinking your honey). Now will He drink Your honey again? (rest assured that He will not enjoy You again!)" (32-33)

Then the clever Visakha, who was expert in making golden earrings of joking words that give pleasure to the ears, told Kundavalli: "O Friend Kundalata! Just as this tender and pretty lotus is afraid of the blackbee, despite blooming up out of attachment to the sun, this lotus-like Radha is afraid of your brother-in-law Kṛṣṇa!" (34-35)

Being very restless out of Her desire to see Kṛṣṇa, which came forth from Her strongly arising mood of attachment to Him, Radhika became overwhelmed with very strong loving happiness. As She heard all these sly joking insinuations She slowly approached the abode of the king of Vraja with Her beloved girlfriends. Arriving there, She offered Her obeisances to Yasoda, Mukunda's mother, who lifted Her up and embraced Her, holding Her to her chest. Being more affectionate than billions of mothers, Yasoda happily smelled Radhika's head and kissed Her, while tears flowed from her eyes. She also embraced each of Radhika's girlfriends and freely inquired from Radhika about Her welfare. Overwhelmed by affection for her son and eager to quickly arrange for His meal, she said: "O Girls! You are famous in Vraja for your expertise in making many sweet preparation. Cook nice food that will give appetite even to a small eater like my boy! O Girls! One of you must prepare *sali* dishes, someone must make a yoghurt-dressed dish, someone should cook in *ghi* and someone should cook in sugar!" (36-40)

"Radhe! Mother! You are expert in cooking tasty dishes, so please go to my kitchen with Rohini and carefully prepare the best sweets and vegetables with her! O my daughter! Carefully prepare soft *Amṛta keli* and *Karpur*

keli-pies that are millions of times sweeter and tastier than nectar! Who else in the three worlds but You knows how to prepare such things that makes Kṛṣṇa eager to eat?" (41-42)

"O Girl! Prepare that Piyuṣa granthi-pie that Kṛṣṇa likes so much and carefully put this in five kinds of nectar with a drink of cardamom and camphor!" (43)

"O Mother Lalitel Make condensed milk with sugar and camphor! O Visakhe! Quickly make lemonade! Sasilekhe! Make Sikharini (a yoghurt drink)! Daughter Campakalate! Make buttermilk! O Tūṅgavidye! Daughter! Make Amlīkṣa (milk drink) mixed with all suitable ingredients for different varieties! O Mother Citrel Make Matsyandira (a sugarcandy drink)! O Vasanī! Make white sugarcake! O Mangale! Make Jilepis (sweets)! O Kadambarī! Make camphor-pie! O Sudevi! Make sweet rice! O Rāṅgadevi! Make canesugar-pie! O Lasikel Make laddus of sugar, ground rice and grapes! O Kaumudī! Make many kinds of puris! O Mother Madalasel Make moonwhite cakes! O Sasimukhi! Carefully make sweet rice with curd! O Sumukhi! You make tasty sweet pie! O Manimatī! Make different cakes of ground rice! O Daughter Kāncana vallī! Make laddus of whole wheat in *ghī*! O Manoramel Make Manohara-laddus! O Ratnamale! Make Moticūra laddus! O Madhavi! Make sesame-sweets by frying huskless sesame-seeds! Then you can cut a square sesame-pie! O Vindhyl Make a basket-shaped sweet pie by frying whole wheat and barley first in *ghī* and then in sugarwater! Then you can make a split-pea-pie! O Rāmbhe! You make Kārambhā (cornmeal mixed with yoghurt) with banana's cooked in sugar, on a golden plate! O Manojnel Squeeze out ripe mangoes and keep them in condensed milk with sugar! O Kilimbel Make *ghī* from the milk which was taken from the cow named Sugandhā this morning and from which I churned yoghurt! O Ambikel Slowly stir the milk that king Nanda personally milked from the cow named Dhavala and which he sent here for Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma's consumption!" O Girls! Swiftly go to my milk-storehouse, which is filled with big sifting spoons, clay pots and wooden bowls!" (44-55)

"O Dhanisthe! Take all these items from the storerooms and put them in suitable vessels for preparation! O Rāṅgana Malikel Go to the storehouse with Tulasi and quickly get all the required ingredients and place them before your maidservants where they are going to be prepared!" (56-57)

"O Indumukhi! Take the hogplums, mangoes, pomegranates, Karira, Amalaki, Limpaka-lemons, Badari and Rucaka-fruits, and roots like ginger, that have been kept in salt and oil for many days and make them into very tasty pickles, as well as the Tamarind, mangoes, Amalaki, Badari and berries that have been kept in candy water for many days, out of the storeroom and put them on golden plates!" (58-59)

O Sande, Subhe, Bharani, Pibari and Mīstahaste! O Girls! Quickly take the best milk, which was taken from the meadows by the porters, on the stoves and start stirring it!" (60)

Sri Gandharvika (Radhika) took off Her veil, rings and ornaments and handed them to Tulasi. She washed Her hands and feet with water handed by Dhanistha. Then she bowed down to Rohini, who lovingly fondled Her as if She was her own daughter-in-law, and entered the kitchen. (61-62)

When all the *gopis* thus bloomed up of joy and went to work, Mother Yasoda anxiously told her servants: "O Payoda! Place the water, which was brought from the Yamuna yesterday-evening and which has been kept in new pots covered with sheets and that is scented with *kunkuma*, *aguru*, camphor and sandal, kept cool with soft breezes and moonbeams, and kept in special potholders, around the moonstone bathingdais which is sprinkled with water! O Varida! Scent Kṛṣṇa and Balarama's drinkingwater pots with *aguru*-smoke, jasmine, camphor, cloves and roses!" (63-66)

"O Barber boy Sugandha! Bring the Narayana-oil which cures innumerable diseases and nourishes the body, and which has been used by the physician Kalyanada, from my room, for massaging Kṛṣṇa with." (67)

"O barbers Subandha and Karpuraka! Quickly get the cool and fragrant *Udvarṭana* unguent and the Kalka-unguent made of ground Amalaki for the hair!" (68)

"O Saranga! Quickly press the thin, white overclothes for bathing and the fresh, silken golden clothes scented with fragrant powder for wearing after bathing!" (69)

"O Bakula! Bring the red turban, the golden shirt, the red underwear and the multicolored sash, the four kinds of traditional dress in Vraja, here, and press the *Raucika*-dresses, that are fit for dancing and were expertly sewn in different colours with broken and unbroken threads!" (70-71)

"O Sugandha Vilasa Gandhin! Carefully fill up the pearl gem-

studded boxes with unguents such as *catuh sama*, that consists of vermilion, aloe, sandal and camphor!" (72)

"O Talika! Grind Gorocana (a yellow pigment) for applying Kṛṣṇa's tilak! O Sucitra! Grind minerals from Govardhana Hill for drawing pictures on Kṛṣṇa's face! O Puspahasa, Sumanah and Makaranda! Quickly make a garland of Naga-Kesara, Vasanṭi, golden Yuthi- and other flowers and scent it with black aloe and camphor!" (73-74)

"O Sairindhra, Malin, Makaranda and Bhrngin! Take all the golden jewelstudded ornaments that the goldsmiths Rangana and Tankana have lovingly made after many days of hard work, following my great zeal, and have handed me last evening, out of the storeroom! Today sunday is in the Pusya-constellation, so they will bring *amṛta* (nectar or immortality), so ornament my boys with them!" (75-76)

"O Boy Salika! Make a crest of fresh peacockfeathers! O Malika! Make different nice strings of red and white *gunja*-berries! O Jambula! Quickly cut the bad piece from this golden betelleaf with scissors and clean the good piece with a fine cloth! O Śvilasin! Quickly scent fresh betelnuts with camphor after crushing them with a nutcracker and moistening them with milk, flaking them like Dhatri-leaves! O Rasala and Visalakhya! Make *pan* with ground cardamom, catechu and cloves that are cleansed with a cloth!" (77-80)

Hearing mother Yasoda's order, the servants went to their work and mother, casting her eyes down the road to see if her sons were coming back, asked a carrier coming back from the meadows: "Is Kṛṣṇa coming? Why is He so late?" (81)

One carrier told her: "Kṛṣṇa is making His young calves eat soft fresh grass!" Another one said: "He is making the bulls fight for the cows, being surrounded by His cowherd boyfriends!" (82)

Then mother Yasoda, eager to bring her son back home, told Kṛṣṇa's servant Raktaka, who was staunchly fixed in his service: "O Boy Raktaka! Quickly go to the meadows and bring Madhumangala, Balarama and my naughty son here!" (83)

Then mother went to the kitchen and asked Balarama's mother Rohini: "Please show me which curries and other dishes Radha and you have prepared!" (84)

Hearing Yasoda's words, Rohini praised Radha's skill in cooking in different ways. While showing Yasoda the curries, placed in rows in clay pot on the clean table, she said: "O Fairfaced friend Yasode! The expert Radha has made fine sweet rice, kept here in these big clay pots, sweeter and cooler even than the moon! O Chastelady! I made these sweet tasty and soft porridge, which gives strength and nourishment, and kept it in this clay pot! And look, there are also *samosa*'s with banana, coconut and cream, and different kinds of nicely prepared puddings! Look how Radha has prepared these Piyusa granthi-, Karpura Keli- and Amṛta Keli pies! Even I do know how to make them so nicely! There are two kinds of pea-pies made only with sugar or salt, churned moistened, and there are also two kinds of Masa-pies made with sugar or salt! There are four kinds of pies with

tamarind, hogplum, sorrel and mango, subdivided in Mudga, slightly sweetened and more sweetened, which makes twelve kinds." (85-91)

"Look, these bananafruits so fresh with their fresh blossoms, with Mana-stems and the vital parts of the waterstems with potatoes, carrots and pumpkins, are fried in *ghi* and dressed by Canaka-paste in a circular fashion." (92-93)

"Look at all these chickpeas fried in *ghi* only and others that are filled with other ingredients, moistened with whey or *amla*. Different kinds of cake have been prepared with Canaka-powder, boiled in water. Some are soft and others are hard. (94-95)

"Many kinds of dishes have been made in separate combinations, with either nutmeg, fruits, roots, licorice or black pepper. O Auspicious friend! This Rayata was made with yoghurt, Rajika-

seeds, pumpkin, gourd and *gyotsnika*. Kṛṣṇa's beloved Baka-flowers and goldflower-buds are fried with *ghi* and dressed with yoghurt. Two kinds of flowerpies were fried in *ghi* and dressed with yoghurt. There is also Patola fruit, fried in *ghi*" (96-99)

"There are big pumpkin-pies with stems, arum, potatoes and *sagar-*

roots. Some of these are mixed with Nalita-curna and *cabika*. Radha made milk with gourd laced with sugar, ca. damom and black pepper. We made turnips in *ghi* with Dhatri and Bael fruits with yoghurt and sugar. We made soft banana- and pumpkinpies cooked with sugar and yoghurt. It became nicely cool, sour-sweet! These nicely prepared *saka's* with Nalita, Melhi, Satapuspi, Misa, Patola, Vastuka, Vitunna and Marisa defeat the pride of nectar! There are *saka's* with Kalambi, that gives appetite, *Tintidi*-juice and black-leaved Nalita with hogplum." (100-105)

Today I made *dal* of three kinds, with *mukustaka*, *mudga* and *masa*, that are like a well of nectar! I moon moonlike round *roti's* with wheat thoroughly ground by the maidservants, and I kept rice bound in a thin cloth, which I will boil when Kṛṣṇa returns from the meadows!" (106-108) "O Yasode! Know that we have finished all the rice and vegetables that we had to make. We have cooked, are cooking, or are about to cook all the required preparations!" (109)

When mother Yasoda saw all the fragrant, nicely colored, tasty dishes she became very happy and asked Rohini: "How did you prepare this so nicely?" Rohini said in amazement: "All these ingredients are actually ordinary, but simply because they were cooked by Gandharva's (Radhika's) elegant hands, they have become so wonderful!" (110-111)

Seeing that Radha, who had become shy and had lowered Her head (after hearing Herself being praised), was perspiring, Yasoda melted of affection and ordered the maidservants to fan Her. (112)

Vrajesvari Yasoda went to the milk-storehouse, where she became very happy to see all the prepared dishes. Then she promptly went to the towngate, anxious for Kṛṣṇa to return from the meadows (113).

In the poem Govinda Lilāmṛta, which is the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the third chapter, filled with descriptions of the early morning pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRTA * CHAT * R FOUR

"Sri Krsna's bath and breakfast"

Nanda Maharaja very eagerly sent Krsna back home from the meadows. There Krsna saw that His mother was very eagerly looking out for Him by the towngate, her eyes filled with tears and her breasts moistened with milk flowing from her breasts out of parental love. Seeing Krsna approaching, mother Yasoda said: "Come my child, come quickly! Why didn't You come home despite being hungry? Why are You giving me sorrow? We have prepared different dishes for You with great care, but they are getting cold!" (1-2) Saying this, mother Yasoda caressed her son with her sprout-like hand. Eager to bring Krsna's friends in her home, she spoke to them with a voice melting out of love: "O Boys! My son does not eat much without you, being eager to join you again in play, after eating! Therefore I wish that you come to my home to eat with my restless boy! O sons! You have all become hungry, so quickly go home, dress, bathe and ornament yourselves and come to my house to eat!" (3-5)

Hearing this, the boys joyfully went home while queen Yasoda took Krsna, Balarama and Madhumangala home.

When Mukunda came home He showered the thirsty, dried up Catakabird-like *gopis* with the waterfall of His personal sweetness, while He drank the sweet effulgent nectar of their moonlike faces with His own two Cakorabird-like eyes. (7)

Seeing Krsna coming to the bathingdais, a servant named Saranga took off all His ornaments and dressed Him in a clean thin contracted bathingdress. Krsna happily sat down on a good seat and a servant named Patri washed His lotusfeet with a stream of fragrant water poured out of a shining golden pot by a servant named Patraka. Then Patri dried off those lotusfeet with a towel. A barbers son named Subandha smeared Krsna's limbs with soft Narayana-oil, and then lovingly massaged His body. Another servant, named Sugandha, massaged Krsna's limbs with a yellow, ever-cool unguent which is even softer than a pile of butter. While he gently massaged Krsna, Sugandha was overwhelmed with affection. (8-11)

Two servants, named Snigdha and Karpura, affectionately arranged Krsna's hair with soft, cool and fragrant Amalaki-paste. Raktaka bathed Krsna's naturally cool and shining limbs with cold water, handed to him by Payoda, and then dried Him off with a fine towel. Different servants then showered their Lord Krsna with lukewarm scented water brought in golden pots. They were very happy when the water poured out of the pots. Patri dried off Krsna's beautiful limbs with soft thin towels and rubbed the water out of His hair. Then he dressed Krsna in His shining golden *dhoti*. Krsna sat upon the cleansed dais and a servant named Kumuda scented His hair with *aguru*-smoke, combed His hair and made a braid in it with a string. A dressing servant named Makaranda made a tilak of gorocana, named Tamala-patra (leaf of a Tamal tree) and filled up the space inbetween with musk. Then he smeared Krsna's limbs in with *catuh sama* (vermilion, musk, sandal and *aguru*). (12-17)

A servant named Premakanda hung golden bangles named Cankana on Krsna's beautiful wrists, Capricorn earrings on His ears, anklebells, whose jingling defeated the cooing of swans, on His feet, and a jeweled necklace shining like the stars around His neck. (18)

Mother Yasoda walked hither and thither, overwhelmed with love for Krsna, encouraging her servants, and working herself also. (19)

Then Srimad Balarama and Sri Madhumangala, freshly bathed, anointed and ornamented, joined Krsna who shone in their midst. Mother took them to the dining table, which was rinsed and covered by a sheet, surrounded by golden pots and clean chairs, where nice incense was burning. When Krsna sat at the table Sridama and Subala sat at His left, Madhumangala faced Him and Sri Balarama and others sat on His right. When they thus sat down, mother Yasoda served Krsna and all others a drink which was brought in by Citra-devi in golden pots. Being called by Yasoda, all the *gopis* joyfully handed her the breakfast-sweets the each of them had cooked. Rangadevi handed Yasoda the *laddus* that Radha had brought from Her home. Radhika Herself gave her a wink to give Yasoda these Gangajala-*laddus*. Melting with affection, Yasoda accepted these *laddus* and placed them on separate golden trays, distributing them to Balarama and the other boys. (20-26)

While enjoying the rice cooked in *phi*, Krsna joked with His friends and looked at Radha's face from the corner of His eye. The *sakhis* were very happy to see Him liker this. (27)

Yasoda lifted her index finger at Kṛṣṇa, warning Him to eat by saying: "This is very nice, eat this! This is very sweet, this is pleasant and this tastes good!" Hari laughed and repeatedly gave each of His friends their own favorite dish from His own plate, knowing what they liked. (28-29)

Seeing Acyuta's weak appetite and His mother's efforts to make Him eat, Madhumangala, the expert joker, told Vrajēsvari: "If Kṛṣṇa does not eat much, then give everything to me, O mother! I will nourish Him simply by embracing Him! Thus He will also become strong! Because there is something wrong with His digestive fire, Kṛṣṇa cannot eat dishes cooked in *ghī*, so, mother, just give Him some light rice and vegetables!" (30-32)

Then Kṛṣṇa laughed, took five to six handfuls of foodgrains from His own plate and put it on Madhumangala's plate, saying: "Eat this!" (33)

Madhumangala, sitting on Kṛṣṇa's left, slapped his left armpit. Commencing his full meal, he said: "O Friend! I'm eating!" and took two handfuls of food. Then he told Yasoda: "Mother, give me some yoghurt!" He said to the boys: "Look! This naughty monkey is dancing, hoping to get some yoghurt or cooked rice!" The boys all looked where Madhumangala was pointing at, and meanwhile Madhumangala put all his own food on their plates. Then he proudly announced: "I have eaten everything!" (34-36)

Seeing mother Yasoda coming with a plate of yoghurt, he told her: "Look mother! I have eaten yoghurt, now just quickly give me a lot of sweet rice!" (37)

Rohini quickly served them sweet rice which was prepared by Radha and kept cool by Her by fanning it softly with a fresh banana-

leaf, from golden plates. Then Rohini gradually served the best rice, which was handed to Her by Radha Herself and which was kept on golden trays by maidservants like Vimala. She served one dish after the other, up to the *amla*. Each dish was handed to her by Gandharva (Sri Radhika). Rohini served soft white *rotis* cooked with thoroughly ground wheat and sprinkled with *ghī*, on different plates. (38-41)

On separate plates Dhanistha brought savouries and other dishes prepared by Lalita, and Yasoda served them with great loving joy. (42)

Seeing the moonlike face and the very sweet soft luster of their heart's lover, Sri Radha and Her friends, who were auspiciousness personified for Kṛṣṇa's abode, became very happy, filled with deep emotions. (43)

After eating these four kinds of sweet nectarean dishes (licked, chewed, drunk and sucked) with gusto, Madhumangala and his friends made Kṛṣṇa laugh with their jokes. Insatiably, some boys chewed their chewable food, licked their lickable food, drank their drinks and sucked their suckable food. (44-45)

As He secretly fixed His honeybee eyes on Radhika's lotuslike face, lotuseyed Kṛṣṇa gave great joy to His mother, who saw Him slowly eating all the dishes that were as sweet as nectar by the touch of Radha's hands. (46)

Sri Radha was satisfied by looking at Her beloved's nectarean beauty. Hiding Her own mood (feelings) She attracted His mind with the glances from the corners of Her restless eyes. (47)

Sri Kṛṣṇa, the king of lovers, looked at Radha's restless dancing wagtailbird-like eyes and lost His appetite, even when Balarama's mother served Him soft sweet rice with her own hands. (48)

Mother Yasoda became upset when she saw that Kṛṣṇa ate so little, and left a third part of His meal uneaten, so she said: "O Son! All these dishes have been prepared with great care, why are You refusing them? I swear on my head! Eat a little more, You are hungry! I diligently brought King Vṛṣabhānu's daughter here to cook for You, and everything was cooked by Her! Though all these dishes are billions of times sweeter than nectar, You will not eat! Alas! Alas! What shall I do? This is killing me!" Then she told Rohini: "Look, Rohini! Although this whimsical, weak boy is hungry, He will not eat!" (49-52)

Then Balarama's mother Rohini, whose body was filled with motherly love, fondled Kṛṣṇa and said: "Boy, Radha, who is more tender than a jasmine-flower, and myself have prepared these sweets with great care! Why are You making Her, Your mother, and myself sad by not eating? Look! Your mother is distressed by thinking that You will be tired of roaming in the forest! I beg You, Heed my words and eat something!" (53-55)

Kṛṣṇa replied: "I have eaten so much!", but then He began to eat profusely to hide His ecstatic transformations (from seeing Sri Radhika, and hearing Her name). In this way He gave great joy to His mothers. (56)

Mother Yasoda, swearing Kṛṣṇa to eat all the sweets, showed them with her fingers, repeatedly saying: "Boy! This is very sweet, that is very sweet!". Her eyes filled with tears and being determined to fill up Kṛṣṇa's belly, she told Him: "Eat!" (57) Repeatedly and untiringly Yasoda encouraged her son to eat the *samosas*,

cooked Mangoes, Sikharini, lemonade, milk, Amikṣa, curries, yoghurt, fruits and many varieties of cakes and pies, while her dress was moistened by her breastmilk flowing out of parental love, and her loving tears. (58)

After eating all these sweet drinkable, chewable and lickable soft sweets, all the boys were satisfied and they became eager to go out to the forest. They washed their mouths, washed their lotuslike hands with scented clay and brushed their teeth with soft toothpicks. Then they flushed their mouths with water brought in golden pots by the servants. (59-60)

A servant named Jambula massaged Kṛṣṇa's belly with his left hand to stimulate His digestion and he served cool and splendid *khadir*-powder with cardamom, cloves and camphor to please His mouth. (61) Kṛṣṇa took a fresh *pan* from His eager servant Rasala and took another hundred steps to lie down on His huge bed, where His servants started fanning Him with a peacockfeatherfan. The servant Vilasaka served his dear Lord more soft betelleaves. (62-

63)

Sri Rādhā left the kitchen, washed Her hands and feet and entered another room where She was fanned by Her maidservants while She gazed at Her Beloved through the window with Her girlfriends. When She began to perspire of ecstasy mother Yasoda thought it was from Her fatigue of cooking, so she ordered Rohini to bring Rādhā some food from the house while she personally sat next to Her. Dhanistha secretly mixed some remnants of Hari's meal cooked in *ghī* with the rice-in-*ghī* brought from the house by Rohini, and gave it to Rādhā and Her friends. Seeing that Rādhikā shyly covered Her face with Her veil, not eating anything, Kṛṣṇa's mother, who was melting of affection, told Her: "Mother! Think of me as Your mother! Why are You so shy? I love You as much as I love my son! I worship You! When I see You eating You cool off my eyes! Eat while I watch You personally!" (64-68)

Then she told Rādhikā's girlfriends: "O Girls! You are also all my daughters! Why are you shy? Eat something!" Speaking such affectionate words to Lalitā and her friends, Yasoda took hundreds of oaths to make them eat her sweetmeats. (69) Her heart eager with desires to marry her son, filled with affection, Yasoda carefully placed many suitable ornaments (for this) in nice baskets at her home, as if Rādhā was her own daughter-in-

law. Dhanistha brought these baskets to Sri Rādhā along with betelleaves, sandalpaste, vermilion and new clothes. Queen Yasoda was very happy to see Rādhikā surrounded by Her girlfriends, as if She was her own daughter-in-law. (70-71)

Visakhā brought Kṛṣṇa's yellow *dhoti* of last night from Rādhā and gave it to Subalā through Dhanistha. Subalā in return gave Rādhā's blue cloth to Dhanistha. (72)

The servants, who were expert in their service, decorated their Lord with oils, scents, garlands, clothes and ornaments, their limbs blooming with affection. They put tilak on Kṛṣṇa's forehead with their fingers smeared His limbs with musk and sandalpaste, drew pictures on His body with mineral pigments, dressed Him in fresh clothes, put a peacockfeather-crown on His head, hung His rings and earrings, His *gunjā* necklace, jewel necklace, medal, Kaustubha-jewel, Vaijāyanti-flowergarland, armlets, bracelets and anklebells on, and they hung a necklace of big pearls on His chest, which only reflects Gandharva' (Rādhikā's) image in them.

On the left side of Kṛṣṇa's sash they tucked His horn and on the right side His Murali-flute, which was studded with wonderful jewels. They placed His Lagudi-reed in His left hand and His playlotus, which lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa playfully twirled around, in His right hand. (73-76)

Kṛṣṇa then met His cowherdfriends, who also all had flutes, horns and sticks, and who smiled, dressed and enjoyed just like Him. Surrounded by them, lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa left His home for the forest, churning the minds of the fawn-eyed *gopis*. (77)

In the poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee the lotusfeet of Sri Caitanya, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvami, the association of Jīva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvami, this was the fourth chapter, filled with descriptions of Kṛṣṇa's breakfast-pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER FIVE

PURVĀTINA LILA - Pastimes at forenoon, 8.24 - 10.48 a.m.

SUMMARY OF THE FORENOON PASTIMES: I remember Sri Kṛṣṇa in the forenoon, who goes into the forest with His cows and His friends, being followed by the people of Vraja. Later in the morning He goes out to the bank of Radhakunda, eager to meet Sri Rādhā.

I also remember Sri Rādhā, who is being engaged by Her elder Jātila to go out for worshipping the Sūrgod. Being eager to hear something about Kṛṣṇa, She sends out Her friends to look for Him. She remains casting Her eyes down the road, hoping that Her friends will return with news from Him. (1)

When Sri Kṛṣṇa went out to the meadows in the morning He blew His horn named Mandaghosa, which destroys all inauspiciousness in the world and gives joy to the people of Vraja. Enchanting the minds of all the *gopīs*, and increasing Their love for Him, He went out. (2)

Kṛṣṇa's bliss knew no bounds when He went out to the meadows and saw the beauty of the surrounding area. At some places there were high, mountain-like heaps of cowdung. At some places the bulls, that were agitated by the smell of the cows in rut, were fighting each other. At some places hundreds of cowherd-maidservants eagerly collected cowdung, looking very beautiful as they sang Kṛṣṇa's glories and laughed at one another. Somewhere hundreds of cowherders anxiously kept the calves back when the cows were going out. Elsewhere the elderly cowherdwomen made cowdung-cakes. Innumerable barns were around everywhere, calves stood under their blossoming tree-abodes, wealthy Vrajavāsīs walked around and the whole area was softened by scattered cowdung-powder. Hari was very happy to see the barns that looked as beautiful as a lake from which rows of white cows streamed like rivers. Their flowing milk was like the water of that river and the cowherdmen that were trying to stop their calves from going to the cows were like fishes in that river. The milkpots were like turtles and the faces of the *gopīs* that collected cowdung were like lotusflowers in that stream, the white and red calves were the swans and the Cakravāka's and the cows' raised tails were like moss in that river. When Kṛṣṇa, the moon of Vraja, thus saw the beauty of the cowpens He became very happy and went into the forest with His friends and His cows that kept their heads up and that were selected by the king of Vraja. (3-10)

When those white cows thus started for the meadows with the black buffaloes they looked like the Trivenī, the confluence of the Ganga (the white cows), and Yamuna (the black buffaloes). Even Brahma, Siva and Indra consider themselves blessed when they get the touch of this dust, thrown up by the cows' hooves, that purifies their intelligence and their senses like the water of the celestial Ganga. (11)

Wherever lotus-eyed Hari placed His lotusfeet when He went to the forest there the enthusiastic soil of Vraja manifested one of her own heart's lotuses. Out of joy from the touch of Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet the soil of Vraja shivered fully over her whole body, wearing fresh grass-sprouts again after the hooves of the cows had split up the old ones. (12-13)

A river of children, old people and women floated from the mountain like Vraja. Their lotuslike eyes emitted a flood of loving tear-showers in all directions, that quickly met with the Kṛṣṇa-ocean. (14) Yasoda, whose dress was moistened with tears and breastmilk of love, eagerly came out to see her son along with her sisters-in-law and the leading women of Vraja, like Amba, Kilimba and Rohini. (15)

Just as the Ganga flows towards the ocean, the Ganga-like waves of Rādhā's glances were stunned from meeting Kṛṣṇa, the ocean of *rasa*. (16)

From all sides, the *gopī*-group leaders like Mangalā, Syamalā, Bhadrā, Pālī, Candravālī and others came out to follow Kṛṣṇa. The *gopīs* stayed behind motionless and speechless, like wives whose husbands are leaving for a journey. When the Lord of their hearts, Kṛṣṇa, took His friends and cows with Him, all directions were covered with dust thrown up by the cows' hooves. (17-18)

When Kṛṣṇa came to the outskirts of the forest, He looked behind Him with bent neck to see that the people of Vraja and their cows, that were following Him along with His parents, were watching Him motionlessly. (19)

Kṛṣṇa was sorry to see His parents in boundless anxiety about His going to the forest, unable to withhold their

tears, that kept them from looking at Him despite their eagerness to do so. (20) The bee-like eyes of the *gopis* became greedy and thirsty after Kṛṣṇa's fragrance, wandered around on the wind of bashfulness and then fell on Hari's lotusface. Seeing the intoxicated, dancing Khanjanbird-like eyes in Rādhā's lotuslike face, Kṛṣṇa thought His journey would be auspicious and successful. (21-22)

The women of Vraja left their children and affectionately surrounded Acyuta, looking at Him while tears and breastmilk of love moistened their clothes. (23)

Although Yasoda was sad, she thought of her son's welfare and fondled Him with her own hands, saying: "O Child! Although we have hundreds of cowherdmen, that are expert in keeping cows, You are saying: 'I will herd the cows Myself!' Why do You have such ill desires? You are just a tender child, but still You wander around on rough roads in the day, without shoes and umbrella. How can Your parents survive that thought?" (24-26)

Seeing His parents' eagerness to make Him wear shoes and an umbrella, and seeing their love for Him, Kṛṣṇa said: "Our caste-

duty (as *vaiśyas*) is to keep the cows, and this must be done without shoes. The cowherders must go just like the cows. Then only is our profession purely executed! Religious principles increase one's lifespan and reputation and they protect those who follow them. O Mother, how can you give this up? Only religious principles protect one from fear!" (27-29)

Although Kṛṣṇa's parents were very happy and satisfied to see these good qualities in their son, still mother Yasoda was stirred by anxiety and she told the cowherdboys: "O Subhadrā, Maṇḍalībhadrā and Balābhadrā! O Boys, I hand my tender child over to you! He should always be controlled, instructed and protected

and when He is naughty, I must be informed of it! O Boys, headed by Vijaya, stay close to Kṛṣṇa with your swords, bows and arrows and always protect Him!" (30-33)

With her hand, mother lovingly touched all of her son's limbs, pronouncing the *mantras* with the Lord's names and the Nṛsimha-

bija for protection, binding a protecting stone on His wrist. Kṛṣṇa fell at His parents' feet and said: "Mother, father! Allow Me to go now!" They held Him to their hearts in their arms and moistened Him with tears and breastmilk, kissing Him, wiping His lotusface with their hands and smelling His head, saying with choked voices: "May Lord Nṛsimha protect You, may the earth, the sky, the path, the forest and all directions be auspicious!" Sri Kṛṣṇa became very happy when they thus granted Him leave for the forest, embraced Him and said: "Quickly come back home!" (34-36)

Nanda, Yasoda, Rohini, Ambā, Kiliṃbā and all the cowherdmen- and women fondled Balarāma just as they fondled Hari. (37)

Kṛṣṇa then sprinkled the eyes of the *gopis*, that were like thirsty Catāka-birds, with the stream of His nectarean glance, announcing His own departure to the forest, and they allowed Him to go with their glances. (38)

When Kṛṣṇa went to the forest to herd His cows, it seemed as if He made the needy doos of the *gopis*' minds relish the sprout-like luster of His limbs. Then He locked them in the chain of His glance and took their minds along into the forest. (39)

With His glance Kṛṣṇa requested Rādhikā: "O Fairfaced girl! Close Your eyes and wait just two or three hours! Don't be sad, after a short time We will meet in the forest. Please find some excuse to go into the forest and quickly come to Your pond (Rādhakunda)!" With afflicted heart and full of humility Kṛṣṇa begged permission from Sri Rādhikā and She granted permission with Her afflicted glance. When the arrows of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's glances fell out of the sky, entering Their hearts, They both became very pleased (instead of hurt). This is the wonderful, inconceivable course of Their love. (40-42)

Kṛṣṇa dragged Rādhā's fishlike mind along in the net of His bodily luster and Rādhā locked Kṛṣṇa's anxious swanlike mind in the cage of Her glance. (43)

Then Kṛṣṇa, keeping the cows in front of Him, headed for the forest, attracting the minds of all the people of Vraja. Hari turned His neck again and saw that the people still followed Him out of loving attachment to Him. Then He told His parents: "Mother, now don't go along with Me into the forest anymore! Quickly prepare some condensed milk for Me at home! Father! The front of My ballbat was broken, please make a

or six very solid new ones for Me! Mother, look! The cows have become hungry and thirsty and they are looking backwards with their faces raised, waiting for Me!" (44-47)

Yasoda replied: "Boy! I will send some nice food for Your lunch! Then quickly come back home to Your mother in the afternoon!" (48)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Mother! If I hear that You are happy at home after having finished your meal, then I will eat the lunch you send Me, but otherwise I will not come back home!" (49)

Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa's parents swore Him protection with their bodies, minds and words. They sprinkled His limbs with tears and breastmilk, kissed Him and anxiously embraced Him, repeatedly staring at His face. (50)

Kṛṣṇa's dear girlfriends were scorched by the blazing hot rising sun of intense separation from Him, but Kṛṣṇa sprinkled them with drops from His wave-like glances. They drank the nectar of His beauty through the tubes of their eyes. (51) Nandanandana's mind was filled with eagerness for leaving Vraja and going to the forest. In this mood He entered the forest. (52) When the Vrajavasis looked at Kṛṣṇa, all their senses turned into eyes, and as soon as Kṛṣṇa disappeared into the forest, their senses stopped functioning. They thought: "We are mobile creatures, yet the immobile creatures are more blessed than us, for Kṛṣṇa leaves us to see them in the forest. Thinking like this, they became stunned of distress. (53-54)

The *gopis'* luster dried up like rivers in the summertime when Kṛṣṇa, who was their life's wealth, went out to the meadows. His Cillibird-like eyebrows devoured their fishlike sense of discrimination (in the summer Cillibirds eat the fish in the dried-up ponds). Their restless beelike glances flew up from their lotuslike faces and their swanlike hearts fell into the mud of separation from Him. (55)

Although the Vrajavasis were stunned, they took their bodies along without their minds, which had followed Kṛṣṇa into the forest. In this enchanted state they took Nanda and Yasoda to the village, merely as a habit. (56)

Carefully the *gopis* took their group leaders (*yuthesvaris*) that had fainted, back home with them in a mechanical way, like one doll taking another along. (57)

Although Kundalata was suffering separation from Kṛṣṇa herself, she took the unconcious Radha back home with Her girlfriends. (58)

Although the Vrajavasis had fixed their minds on Kṛṣṇa and were unconcious, they performed their duties out of habit only, until they could see Kṛṣṇa again, without external sense, like liberated souls. (59)

Meanwhile, Jatila became eager to make cowdung-cakes and she looked down the road, seeing if her daughter-in-law was returning from Nandisvara. Just then Kundalata awoke Radha from Her swoon and took Her along to Jatila, eager to quickly and expertly arrange for Her next meeting with Kṛṣṇa. She told Jatila: "O Revered One! Obeisances unto you! I bring you your auspicious daughter-in-law back! Kṛṣṇa has not even cast His glance on Her shadow! Look! Queen Yasoda was very happy with Her expert cooking, and has decorated each of Her limbs with garments and ornaments more valuable than the jewels from all the earth's oceans together! These divine ornaments, that are studded with countless jewels, are very rarely obtained even by Śacidevi, the Queen of heaven!" (60-62)

Jatila was very happy that Kundalata served her purposes so well, bringing her daughter-in-law safely back home and making her gain wealth and piety, so she praised her, saying: "O Girl! Come, come! Are you well? I praise your good qualities! Because you are so fond of my daughter-in-law I bless you with seven sons! You are most chaste yourself and dashing in your efforts to protect other girls' chastity! I consider you to be like myself, now I have one request to you: That man whose wife is fixed in loyalty to him gains good cows, sons, wealth and a long lifespan. This I have heard from Purnamasi, who knows the *smṛti*-scriptures, therefore I entrust Radha to you. You can protect Her religious principles! The saints say that wealth and sense-

enjoyment come from doing pious work. This can never be false, so if my son makes his wife perform this work he will obtain immense wealth! Therefore, engage Radha in the worship of the sungod, so that my only son will be blessed with a spotless, unblemished family through Her religious observance!" (63-68)

Then she told Radha: "Radhe! Get a copper pot, milk from red Kapila-cows, yoghurt, *ghī*, foods fried in *ghī*, canesugar, Java-

flowers, Kesara, red sandalpaste and a garland of lotusflowers from the house and go to worship the sungod with Gargi or any expert *brahmana*-boy and take Kundalata with You!" (69)

Then she told Lalita: "Lalite! You are bold and chaste! Don't leave this girl alone, and offer your obeisances to any direction where the smell of Nanda's son hangs (stay away from there). O Girl, it's getting late now, there

are many cowdung-cakes to be made! I entrusted this duty so that I can do my work without having to worry!" (70-71)

With joyfilled hearts Kundalata and Lalita said: "O Revered mother! Don't worry and finish your work! We will protect your daughter-in-law as the eyelids protect the eyes!" (72)

Although the sweetlimbed *gopīs* were intoxicated from drinking Jātīlā's honeylike words, their minds were blooming of joy, they still went home patiently with Sri Rādhikā. (73)

Coming home, Sri Rādhikā sat down on Her dais where Her maidservants joyfully washed, wiped and massaged Her lotusfeet and fanned Her. (74)

One garlandmaking girl from the forest, named Narmadā, was sent to her Queen Rādhā by Vṛndadevī with garlands of Mallī-, Rāngāna-

, Kārnikārā-, Bakulā-, Amoghā-, Saptalā-, Jātī-, Campakā-, Nāgakesarā-, Lavāṅgā-, lotus- and other flowers that were slightly blooming and were touched by honeybees. (75)

Sri Rādhikā showed Her skill in making garlands by making a Vaijyāntī garland scented with black *aguru* and camphor, like a victory flag for Kṛṣṇa's limbs, that are the abode of Cupid. She made betelleaves with cardamom, camphor, nutmeg, catechu etc., that will color Kṛṣṇa's moonlike face, give joy to His eyes and mind, and which was scented with Her heart's passion for Him and the smell of Her hands. (76-77)

Lalita sent Tulasi and Kasturi to Kṛṣṇa with the garland and the betelleaves, saying: "Tulasi! Give this to Hari, ask the location of the trysting-*kunja* from Vṛndā and Subalā and then quickly come back here!" (78)

Sri Rādhikā and Her friends expertly made Karpurā Keli, Amṛtā Keli and other kinds of amazing *laddus* for satisfying all of Kṛṣṇacandra's senses. (79)

Although Her own friend Tulasi had already gone out to look for Kṛṣṇa and She Herself was absorbed in Kṛṣṇa's service, Rādhā was still eager to see Hari's moonlike face like a Cakorī-bird, thinking one second to be like hundreds of thousands of millennia. (80)

In the poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at the lotusfeet of Sri Caitanya, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Sri Jīva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the fifth chapter, dealing with Sri Kṛṣṇa's forenoon-pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRITA * CHAPTER SIX

"Sri Krsna plays in the forest"

When Hari looked back over His shoulder as He entered the forest, He saw that the Vrajavasis had stopped following Him. This made Him bloom of joy. Being loosened from the chain of the Vrajavasis glances, Krsna jumped forwards into the forest, free and restless as a mad elephant. Krsna was like a picture that was released from the bondage of the Vrajavasis' eyes by the forest, who is like a painter through whom many kinds of His wonderful plays are going to appear in picture, to create a festival of joy to the eyes. Like newly released baby-elephants, the cowherdboys were dancing, singing, laughing, leaping, feeling ecstatic, stumbling over each other, joking and playing with each other. They imitated all of Krsna's activities, like how He peacefully stands in front of His mother, but restlessly looks at the girls, and how His voice can falter. Some of the boys went between the trees and vines, imitating the restless glances and slight smiles of the *gopis* through their open veils. Others walked on hands and feet, imitating the cows, rolling on the ground with bent neck and raised ears. Some refuted the meaning of Krsna's words like learned debaters, others were fighting each other with sticks or with their arms, some were throwing different weapons at each other, others showed their skills in balancing on a stick, some were dancing, laughing or pleasing Acyuta with some service. (1-8)

Seeing Krsna arriving in Vrndavana, Vrnda addressed all the mobile and immobile forest creatures, that were suffering separation from Him: "O Friend the forest! Give up your dizziness of separation! Madhava (Krsna, or the spring season) has come! Rejoice quickly! Remind Krsna of your Queen Radha by showing your attributes and make your beauty usefull by facilitating Radha and Krsna's play! O Vines, wake up! O trees, blossom! O deer, play around! O Cuckoos! Sing with the bees! O Peacocks! Dance happily! O Parrots! Recite sweet verses! O mobile and immobile creatures! Rejoice, because your dearest Krsna has come to make you happy!" (9-11)

The Krsna-cloud, seeing His dear forest had fainted out of separation from Him, began to shower it with the nectar of His flute-song to bring it back to life and to announce His arrival. When the forest thus became sprinkled with the nectar of Krsna's flutesound, fanned by the wind of His bodily movements and awakened loudly by Sri Vrnda, the forest bloomed up at once. All the mobile creatures became stunned and the immobile creatures moved from the appearance of the nectarean flutesound and the forest became moved with *sattvika* (existential) transformations of ecstasy. The immobile creatures started shivering, the mobile creatures became stunned, the stones melted, the flowers lost their colours and cried tears of honey, the voices of the birds were choked and the vines' sprouts formed goosepimples. In this way the Vrndavana-forest showed all the eight *sattvika* ecstatic transformations. (12-15)

It was as if the goddess of fortune and beauty had come to see Krsna when the forest became adorned by Krsna's entry and the arrival of springtime. The forest became filled with joyful birds singing in the fifth note and sweetly buzzing bees, ripe juicy fruits, blooming lotusflowers and vines that were like dancing girls taught how to dance by their teacher the wind. Thus the forest pleased all of Hari's senses. The trees honoured Hari at His arrival, smiling with their flowers, singing with their bees, dancing with their sprouts, quenching His thirst with their honey and stilling His hunger with their fruits. The vines extended their service with their singing bees, that were kissing their flowers, and with their dancing sprouts, that covered their smiling flowers as a dress. (16-19)

When Hari saw the restless eyes of the does that were grazing with their bucks, coming close to Him, being attracted by the sound of His flute, the remembrance of Radha's glance appeared in His mind. This gave pain to His heart. (20)

When the peahens saw Krsna they approached Him and began to dance, intoxicated with love for Him. Seeing their tails, Murari remembered Radha's glistening braid, as it is loosened after Their loveplay. (21)

The sounds of intoxicated Cataka-birds in a lake nearby reminded Krsna of Radha's bangles, the warbling of the swans of Her waistbells and the songs of the cranes in that lake of Her anklebells. Thus He was deluded into thinking that His beloved had come. Staring at the restless honeybees on the slightly blooming, nicely fragrant lotusflowers, Krsna thought that it was His beloved's smiling fragrant lotusface with Her sidelong glances. This made Him think that She had come. (22-23)

Looking all around Him, Krsna became thirsty from seeing the ripe Rucaka's, pomegranates, Baelfruits and oranges. He joyfully imagined them to be the beautiful breasts on Sri Radhika's body. (24)

Wherever Hari cast His glance, He saw reminders of Radhika's body. This is not so amazing, for Vrndavan had taken Her form just for His pleasure. (25)

Seeing all these reminders, Hari could not control His mind, that was spinning like a Kasa-flower, anymore. He became overwhelmed with love by seeing that all the mobile and immobile creatures of Vrndavana became overwhelmed with love from seeing Him. (26-27) Hari asked the forest-creatures: "O Friends the vines! Are you well? O trees! You are all My friends! Is everything fine? O does and bucks! Is everything O.K.? O birds! Is all auspicious? O bees! Is everything all right? O All you mobile and immobile beings! Are you happy?" (28)

Now Sri Kṛṣṇa came to a valley of Govardhana Hill to graze His hungry cows, playing with His intimate friends to keep His mind from running towards His beloved. But despite playing His world-

famous, self-invented pastimes and despite the beauty of the forest, Hari was unable to stop His mind, which was burning with intense feelings of separation, from running towards Radha. (29-

30)

When Kṛṣṇa saw that His friends were very tired and hungry of playing and wrestling, He mercifully wanted them to eat. Then Dhanistha came with her maidservants with dishes that were fried in *ghi* by Lalita and others in the morning and that were handed to her by mother Yasoda along with savouries. Seeing her, Hari became very happy and said: "O Dhanistha! Are My parents happy? Tell Me, have they eaten to their satisfaction after their bath and *puja*?" (31-33)

Dhanistha said: "Your parents have eaten and done their *puja* for Your welfare, they fed the *brahmanas* and their families and have given them proper donations. Then they sent me to You with these dishes." (34)

The vine of Hari's mind was eager to climb into the tree of Radha's association and had now found Dhanistha as her best support. (35)

Kṛṣṇa gathered His cows, that were wandering here and there, with the sound of His flute and brought them to Manasi Ganga with the cowherdboys to make them drink. Then he made all the cows and cowherdboys drink nice cool and clear water. He Himself also drank and spent a lot of time bathing and playing in the water. Coming back on the shore, Kṛṣṇa was surrounded by His friends, and laughingly He fed them all savouries with mangoes, condensed milk and churned yoghurt, personally sitting with them and eating along with them. (38)

He said: "O Friends! Go ahead herding the cows with Balarama for a while, I will wander around in the forest a little with Subala and Madhumangala to enjoy the beauty of the springtime-forest." (39)

Dhanistha told her maidservants: "O Girls! I am going ahead to pick flowers for Narayana-*puja*! Quickly go ahead with these eating-plates!" (40) Then Vrnda appeared with two fragrant Campaka-flowers, fit for ornamentation, and placed them in Kṛṣṇa's hand. Seeing these two golden flowers, Hari remembered the luster of His beloved. Madhumangala took these flowers and stuck them on Kṛṣṇa's ears. (42)

Kṛṣṇa considered the six martial arts of conquering the great kingdom of Radha's bodily association (making friends, scattering the enemies, surrounding the city, performing battle, making peace and riding out against the enemies), consulting experts like Vrnda, Dhanistha, Subala and Madhumangala. He held Madhumangala's hand with His left hand and went to Kusumā Sarovara with Vrnda, Dhanistha and Subala. When He saw the *kunjās* there with their blooming vines and trees, the noisy land- and waterbirds and the beauty of Kusum Sarovara, Kṛṣṇa became eager to meet Radha, for which He consulted His friends. (43-45)

He said: "If I send Vrnda, Subala or Madhumangala to Her house, Jatila will become suspicious and quarrel with them, or lock Radha inside the house! If I attract Her by playing My Murali-

flute, all the other *gopis* will also come, and they will quarrell with each other in envy and pride and My romantic pastimes cannot take place! Therefore, O Dhanistha! Go to Kundalata, who is very much trusted by Jatila. Ask her to bring Radha here, for she is able to cheat Jatila!" (46-48)

Vrnda said: "Well spoken, but if one of Radha's friends comes here for picking flowers, we can have news about Radha from her first!" (49)

Then Tulasi and her friend came. They became very happy to see Vrnda, Dhanistha, Subala and Madhumangala discussing Radha's meeting with Kṛṣṇa. (50)

Knowing that Tulasi does not leave Radha even in her dreams, everyone became happy, thinking that Radha had come along with her, so along with Madhava they all cast their eyes down the path that she came on. Tulasi opened her basket, handed Madhumangala the garland and Subala the betelleaves from Radha. Looking at the garland, that had become more fragrant from the touch of Radha's hand, that showed the wonderful skill of Her craftsmanship and that attracted the honeybees, Hari became as if intoxicated. He began to shiver of joy when the Vaijayanti-garland, that Sri Madhumangala laughingly hung around His neck, touched Him because it made Him enjoy the bliss of the touch of Radha's hand. (51-54)

Mukunda came to the *kunja*, thinking of His beloved, who was hiding there for fun. Eager to see Her, He asked Tulasi: "Sakhil Is your mistress (Radhika) well?" Tulasi said: "She is fine!" Kṛṣṇa: "Where is She?" Tulasi: "She's at home!" Kṛṣṇa: "Won't She come out to the forest?" Tulasi: "Her elders told Her not to!" Kṛṣṇa: "What is She doing?" Tulasi: "She was churning water in the yoghurt-pot!" Kṛṣṇa: "Then what happened?" Tulasi: "She was rebuked and locked inside the house!" Kṛṣṇa: "Then let Vrnda go there and deceive Jatila!" Tulasi: "Jatila cannot be deceived!" Kṛṣṇa: "Alas! Curses on Fate!" Kṛṣṇa, taking Tulasi's words seriously, became sad and wounded by Cupid, knowing that Radha is always hard to obtain. (55-57)

Seeing Kṛṣṇa so upset, Tulasi herself also became upset. Being rebuked by Vrnda's and Dhanistha's glances, she carefully told Him: "O Joy of Vraja! Don't be sad! Everything is well! Your beloved has come! I was just joking!" (58-59)

Hearing that Radha had come, the prince of Vraja became restless and eager to see Her. Taking the two Campaka-flowers from His ears and placing them in Tulasi's hands, He told her: "Where is She, where is She? Why is She hiding? Why is She angry? I have not done anything wrong (going to other girls or so)! If you say that She's just joking, then I say that that is improper! O! O! Quickly show Me My Beloved!" (60-61)

Tulasi, who knew the proper time and place, quickly wanted to bring Radha to Hari, who was anxious to see Her and told Him: "O Lotus-eyed One! Your lover, who is eager to see Your face, was sent out by Jatila to worship the sun with Kundavalli! She is coming now, sending me ahead to get news from You. I will bring Her to any playground You tell me!" (62-63)

Hearing these words, Hari became enthusiastic and with love He took the *gunja*-string from His neck and gave it to Tulasi as a reward. (64)

With her eyes, Vrnda gave a wink to Kṛṣṇa, indicating the trysting-*kunja* and told Tulasi: "Quickly bring Radhika to the grove named Kandarpa Keli Sukhada (giver of joy in erotic plays) on the bank of Radhakunda! O *Sakhi*! I will go with you to Radhakunda to collect the paraphernalia for the upcoming pastimes! Hurry up! I'm very eager to go!" (65-66)

Then Candravali's girlfriend Saibya came, thinking to lure Kṛṣṇa into Candravali's *kunja*. When she hung Candravali's *gunja*-string around Kṛṣṇa's neck, she became painfully disturbed to see Vrnda and Tulasi with Him. Seeing Kṛṣṇa speaking with Radha's dear friends, Saibya became sad, thinking that Radha had come, so artificially she told Tulasi: "Today Candravali will hold a festival for Durga's worship and she has sent me here to invite Radha! I looked for Her everywhere, in the forest and in Her home, but I did not find Her anywhere! Fortunately I met you now, Tulasi! Tell me, where is your friend?" (67-70)

Tulasi could understand Saibya's deceitfulness and thought: "One should deceive a deceiver", so she slyly told Saibya: "Radha was invited by Syama-*sakhi* today to attend a festival for the worship of Ambika-devi! Having come there, She was entrusted with all the responsibilities for the festival's execution, along with all of Her girlfriends. Lalita sent me here to get Vrnda to bring fruits, flowers and garlands. I will take her there just now!" (71-73)

Thus deceiving Saibya with her clever words, Tulasi, showing apparent indifference towards Madhava, left with Vrnda and Dhanistha. Kṛṣṇa also feigned indifference towards Tulasi and hinted with curved glances to Saibya to wait because she wanted to tell her something. He said: "O Saibye! Don't say anything right now! Let Tulasi go first, and then tell Me how Your friend Candravali is! Where is My dearest Candravali, and what is she doing?" (74-76)

Saibya happily replied: "O Kṛṣṇa! Although Candravali is locked in her house by her mother-in-law, I'm carefully bringing her here now on the pretext of going out to worship Durga! I have come here to look for You after leaving Candravali, who is hankering for Your company, with Padma near Sakhisthali (a village near Govardhana-town now named Sakhikharā)." (77-78)

Hari was thoughtful within, but showed joy externally, being completely present at mind. Just to keep Saibya happy for the time, He falsely told her: "*Sakhi*! I have become eager to see Candravali! I will be so fortunate if you can bring her to Gauri tirtha, where there is no disturbance! Keep her at Gauri tirtha as long as I am

keeping My cows in the Pramāda Radha-forest (Paramadali, where I feel great joy because of Radha) with My cowherdboyfriends!" (79-81)

Madhumangala hinted at Kṛṣṇa: "Friend! Now follow the order of the king of Vraja, that was relayed by Dhanistha!" Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa replied: "Yes, revered Madhumangala! My father has secretly heard from Vasudeva's messenger that Kamsa will send his hoods to Vṛndavana to steal our cows! Dhanistha brought the order of My father that all the cowherdboys should be very careful! So, My dear Saibya, I may be a little late because I have to solve these problems, but don't worry! I will surely come soon!" (82-85)

After thus deceiving Saibya, Murari returned to His cows and cowherdboys and Saibya happily went to see Candravali. (86)

In the poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is like a honeybee at the lotusfeet of Sri Caitanya, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the sixth chapter, dealing with the forenoon pastimes.

"Description of Radhakunda"

After going some distance, Hari took a turn off the main road and came to Radhakunda, eager to see His dearly beloved. (1)

Radhakunda is beautifully surrounded by jeweled steps and jewelled bathingplaces. On these bathingplaces are jeweled platforms with their yards, with a jeweled dais on each side of each bathing platform. On each side of these platforms are two trees on whose flowerladen branches wonderful swings covered with various sheets are hanging. On the southern side of each platform a jeweled swing hangs on the branches of two Campaka-

trees, on the eastern side from two Kadamba-trees on the north from two mango-trees and on the west from two Bakula-trees. Between the eastern and the south eastern side was a wonderful bridge on pillars, and Radhakunda's and Syamakunda's waters are meeting under this. (2-6)

Many trees are surrounding Sri Radhakunda on all sides. Those trees and vines are bowing down from the weight of their thick leaves and their many fruits and flowers. On the roots of these trees are big platforms and jeweled alters as beautiful as water-

basins. These platforms have staircases who keep one cool in the summer and warm in the winter. Some of these platforms reach up to the neck, some to the chest, some to the belly, navel, knees and some up to the heels only. Some of them are hexagonal, some heptagonal, some octagonal, and some are round. At first sight they resemble waves. The birds, mistaking their jeweled ripples to be waves of water, fall on them when they want to quench their thirst on them. Here Radha and Krsna are always enjoying Their joking conversations along with Their friends. (7-9)

In the four corners of Radhakunda there are gardens of Madhavi-flowers surrounded by groves of Vanira-, Kesara- and Asoka-trees.

The outskirts of these yards are adorned with banana-trees with ripe and unripe fruits and flowers whose leaves provide a cool shade. Outside of that are the outer subforests surrounded by flowergardens. In the middle of the *kunda* is a jeweled temple connected with the shore by a bridge. (10-13)

Radhakunda has many forest-fairies and hundreds of maidservants that fetch various kinds of fruits, flowers and other items suitable for Radha and Krsna's service. Within the flowergardens and subforests are cottages that are filled with such items by Vrnda-devi. Then there are the seasonal forests, like the springsforest, that are endowed with all good qualities. Here the paths, yards and cottages are sprinkled with fragrant water by Vrndadevi. There are flower-canopies and gates as well as *kunja*-alleys, courtyards, swings and platforms, all decorated with flowers. Within the play-cottages of Radhakunda there are beds made of fresh lotuspetsals, leaves from the trees and stemless flowers, along with pillows, goblets full of honeywine, water, betelleaves and other sweet things. (14-17)

Honey oozes out of the Kahlara-, red lotus-, white Pundarika-, Pankeruha-, blue Indivara- and Kairava-flowers. The water that is scented with their pollen streams out of the drains from all sides of these cottages. The parrots start reciting sweet poetry about Krsna's romantic plays when they hear the nice songs of the swans, gallulines, cranes, *Madgas*, *Cakravakas*, geese and *Laksmāna*-birds. When the peacocks see Krsna coming they become mad with love, mistaking Him for a cloud, and start dancing. Seeing Krsna, the Haritas, pigeons, Catakas and other birds in the beautiful forest start singing songs that are nectar to the ears, their bodies blooming up from joy. Drinking the nectar of Radhesa's (Krsna's) face, that defeats the splendor of innumerable full moons, the Cakora-birds give up their natural attraction for the moon in the sky. (18-23)

The trees, that were bowing down with their loads of ripe and unripe fruits, sprouts, flowers, buds and vines, are covering everyone with their shady foliage, many lotusflowers shine brightly white. This Radhakunda, whose shores and waters facilitate Hari's play, defeats the beauty of the Milk Ocean with Her wonderful qualities. Her waters and shores have sprung from Krsna's lotusfeet and are meeting with Arista-kunda.

(Syamakunda) on the south-eastern side. In the eight directions are the eight *kunjas* of Radha's eight girlfriends, named after each of them. With love these girls diligently decorate their *kunjas* with their own hands to perfect the pastimes of the two Lovers. (24-27)

All the gardens extending outwards from these *kunjas* are nicely set up, and the row of trees within that area shade the pathways on both sides. The middle part of this wonderfully pure chrystal pathway is made of emeralds. Looking at it, one thinks it is like wonderful small ripples, imaginary tiny streams in a river. To outsiders the jeweled gates in those two subforests appear like walls and the walls look like gates. (28-30)

Near the northern *ghat* (bathingplace) of Radhakunda there are eight *kunjas* shaped like eight-petaled lotusflowers. There is a temple there called Ananga rangambuja (the lotus of erotic play) whose filaments are made of nice golden bananatrees. The whorl of this thousand-petaled lotus is a brightly shining, beautiful golden platform which sometimes expands and sometimes shrinks, whenever it suits Kṛṣṇa's plays. (31-32)

The joy of all the seasons can be experienced in this place which is always carefully maintained by Lalita's disciple Kalavali and which is the very form of playful pleasure. The goddess of beauty, Indira, is manifest in this royal temple of Radha and Kṛṣṇa and Their friends, named Lalitananda-da *kunja*. This *kunja* looks like a lotusflower with jeweled filaments and golden trowels divided in many equal jeweled leaves, each in their own colour. Outside of these trowels are the filaments and outside of that, at the tips of the petals, the weight and number gradually increase. Outside of this trowel that gives joy to all the five senses through its attributes like coolness, are platforms, variably made of gold, lapis lazuli, sapphire, chrystal, rubies etc., that complete its beauty. (33-38)

In the middle of this platform are wonderful jeweled images depicting mating deer, birds, demigods and humans, arousing erotic feelings. (39) Five colors of leaves, flowers, trees and canopies beautify the center of this thousand-petaled lotus and the jeweled platforms that reach up to the knees are its trowel. The eight sub-*kunjas*, that look like lotuspetsals, are beautified by Asoka-vines that are covered from top to foot by white, red, green, yellow and blue flowers. There is another *kunja* shaped like an eight petaled lotusflower, full of humming bees and inging cuckoos in the north-east of Lalita's *kunja*, in a place called Vasanta sukhada (giver of joy to the spring). (40-43)

In the south-western corner of Lalita's *kunja* is a lotustemple that is beautified by gates and windows on all four sides. On the four walls of this temple Lalita keeps many wonderful jewel-

studded pictures of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes, like His falling in love (*purva raga*), His Rasa-dance, His *kunja*-pastimes and the killings of Putana and Aristasura. The whorl of this lotustemple is made of shining jewels and the interior is its trowel. On the outside it is surrounded by sixteen inner quarters shaped like the petals of this lotus. Within these sixteen quarters there are sixteen sub-quarters, above which are nice balconies. One after another, there are coral balconies on top of chrystal pillars with no walls inbetween. On top of that are jeweled spires with jugs on their peaks that provide shelter from the rain. From this very high turret Radha and Kṛṣṇa happily behold the beauty of the forest. The sides of this open balcony on the third floor are decorated with pearls. Below that are many sub-platforms shining with so many jewel-studded pictures. Inbetween those platforms are staircases leading to higher platforms that reach up to the neck if one stands on the platform below. On the four sides of these staircases are again other platforms that reach up to the neck from there. Around these platforms are rows of trees with fruits and flowers. This place is an ocean of playful sports for Radha and Kṛṣṇa and Their friends. (44-54)

In the south-eastern corner of Lalita's *kunja* is a jeweled lotusshaped swing-platform. The branches of two prominent Bakula-

trees, one on the west and one on the east, meet there, bending over upwards, covering these swings like canopy. At the foot of this tree hangs a swing from its branches, bound in four corners with silken strings hanging at navel's length. There are eight ruby seats on this swing with eight lotuses made of coral, each a size of only a hand, surrounding the whorllike seat of the swing. The trowel of this lotuseat is a sixteen peta lotus beautified with jewels, and there are two supports on each of the eight sides of the seat for keeping feet, shaped like a lotuspetal. There are eight gates (one on each side) on the swing. There are small rungs on the seat to support Radha and Kṛṣṇa's backs and silken pillows behind Them and on Their sides. A canopy covered with clusters of leaves and strings of pearls like rows of moons as well as various wonderful clothes sown with golden threads hung over Their heads. (55-62)

A little below the eight-petaled lotus of Radhika, Acyuta and Their eight girlfriends, Vrndadevi is swinging with some other singing *gopis*. (63)

When Radha and Acyuta climb on the swing named Madanandolana (Cupid's movements) it look as if They face everyone. (64)

In the north-eastern corner of Lalitananda-da *kunja* is the *kunja* of Madhavi-flowers named Madhavananda-da *kunja*, which looks as sweet as a cranebird and has many presents (of Lalita) for Radha and Krsna's play. On the north of Lalita's *kunja* is the Sitambuja *kunja* (white lotusgrove) which is full of blooming Nagakesara flowers and trees with their branches bowing down like arms with many blooming jasmine-flowers. The whorl of this lotus is made of gold studded with moonstones, and its filaments are made of jewels. This *kunja* is surrounded by similiar lotusshaped *kunjās*. (65-67)

There is another *kunja* shaped like a blue lotus, beautifying the eastern wing of Lalita's *kunja*. This *kunja* is filled with bowed down armlike twigs embracing the Tamala-trees. This *kunja*, which is decorated with blue gems, is known as Asitambuja *kunja* (blue lotusgrove) and is surrounded by eight subgroves with golden whorls. (68-69)

In the south is Arunambuja *kunja* (red lotusgrove) which is studded inside out with rubies and which is covered over by blossoming clove-vines. (70)

In the west is Hemambuja *kunja* (golden lotusgrove) which is covered over by golden Campaka-vines and is studded with gold inside out. (71)

In this way, Lalita's *kunja* on the northern bank of Radhakunda is astonishin Radha and Hari's eyes with its different beautiful colors and shapes. In all four directions there are Campaka-trees in the famous Madanananda-da *kunja*, or Visakhananda-da *kunja*, Visakha's grove. These trees have very fragrant red, green, yellow and blue flowers, that obstruct other smells from entering. There are also sweetly singing blue, yellow and green parrots, spittles and bees. The whole scene is shaded by Madhavi-vines with Campaka-branches bowing down, making the *kunja* look like a palace. On all sides there are beautiful, wonderful landlotuses, waterflowers, leaves, ornaments, clothes, beds canopies and red, yellow and blue lotusflowers with similiarly colored stems and other kinds of flowers. On all four sides of this *kunja* are small gates made of stakes with different flowers and leaves strung on them. Intoxicated honeybees are buzzing around these flowers, as if they are gatekeepers of the *kunja*. In the centre of the *kunja* is a sixteen petaled lotus studded with jewels. (72-76)

In Madana Sukhada-*kunja*, or Visakhanandada *kunja*, which is the abode of bliss for the eyes, Sri Visakha devi resides. It is the king of *kunjās*, where Visakha's disciple Manjumukhi, who is expert in drawing pictures, and who is in charge of the *kunja*, which is surrounded by four very nice platforms shade all around by wide branches, is always engaged in devotional service. Even though this *kunja* lies on the shore of Radhakunda, that is the very form of Love, it is inundated by the flood of Radha and Krsna's enjoyments. (77-78)

On the eastern shore of Radhakunda is Citra's wonderful *kunja*, named Citranandada, where there are various forms and colours of trees and vines. (Citra means: variegated, or wonderful, and all creatures in her *kunja* have these qualities), as well as wonderful jeweled birds, bees, platforms, courtyards and pavillions of different colors. (79-80)

In the southeastern corner of Radhakunda lies Indulekha's *kunja*, named Purnendu (full moon), or Indulekha sukhaprada (giving joy to Indulekha) where there are white playbeds, where the platforms and pavilions are made of chrystal and moonstone, where there are white Pundarika-lotuses, Kairava's, jasmynes, vines and trees with white leaves and flowers. The white bees, Pika-birds and parrots are only distinguishable by their sounds. If someone comes here accidentally while Radha and Krsna are playing here with Their girlfriends on the full moon night, nobody will notice Them in the white light, as They wear white clothes then. (81-84)

In the south of Radhakunda is the golden *kunja* of Campakalata, named Campakalatanandada *kunja*, where everything becomes golden because of the blazing golden ground here. The *kunja* is completely covered over by golden vines and trees. The lotusflowers, the vines, flowers, trees, pavillions, swings, bees and birds on the golden yards and platforms are all golden, as are the dressed worn there during Radha and Krsna's pastimes. Whenever Sri Radhika comes there, anointed and ornamented in yellow, and wearing a yellow dress, even Krsna cannot recognise Her (because of Her natural golden lustre). And when Krsna wears yellow clothes He can hear the sweet words Radha and Her girlfriends speak about Him without being noticed by them. And

whenever Radhika's rival Padma sends Jatila there to look for Her, then Jatila will only see Krsna, although Radha may be sitting next to Him on the throne. In this golden grove is Sri Campakalata's famous kitchen with Radha and Krsna's diningtable. Sometimes Campakalata joyfully feeds Sri-Sri Radha and Krsna there along with the teacher of cooking, Vrnda devi. (85-92)

In the south-western corner of Radhakunda is Rangadevi's black grove named Rangadevi sukhaprada. This grove, which increases Radhika's attraction because of its blackish colour, that reminds Her of Krsna, is full of Tamala-trees that are entwined by blackish vines and branches. Its interior, the ground, platforms and pavilions are studded with sapphires. Even when Mukhara and other elders may come, they cannot see Radha and Hari together. They only see Radha, for Hari has merged with the blackish interior. (93-95)

In the western corner of Radhakunda is Tungavidya's crimson grove named Tungavidyanandada. By Krsna's desire the vines, flowers, leaves, trees, swings and yards are all red and the platforms, yards and pavilions are paved with red stones (rubies). (96-97)

In the north-western corner of Radhakunda is the green grove of Sudevi, named Sudevi sukhada. Everything in this playground of Radha and Krsna, that is, the vines, trees and birds, are green, and the platforms and pavilions are studded with green emeralds. Here Radha and Krsna play dice. (98-99)

In the north of Radhakunda is the *kunja* of Sri Radha's sister Ananga Manjari, known as Salila kamala. It appears to outsiders as if it is floating on the water. It is shaped like a sixteen-petaled lotus and is connected to the shore (being actually situated within the water) by a bridge. This *kunja* is studded with emeralds, rubies and moonstones as well as jeweled lilies, lotuses and swans. It gives matchless bliss to Krsna with its fine, natural beauty. (100-101)

*sri radheva hares tadiya sarasi presthaddbhutair svair gunair
yasyam sri yuta madhavendur anisam premna taya kridati
premasmin bata radhikeva bhate yasmin sakrt snana krt
tat tasya mahima tatha madhurima kenastu varnyah ksitau*

Through its great qualities, Radha's lake is as dear to Sri Hari as Sri Radha Herself. Here the beautiful moonlike Madhava always lovingly plays with Her. Simply by bathing here once, one attains a love for Krsna like Radhika's. Who on earth can describe the glories and sweetness of Sri Radhakunda? (102)

Seeing His beloved's lake, Krsna, the teacher of all lovers, became happy at heart, since it reminded Him of Her with all its different qualities. He became overwhelmed by erotic feelings of separation from His beloved Priyaji and eagerness to find Her. He became deluded into seeing Her in the different characteristics of His lake. (103)

*khelac cakrayugorajam phena muktasrag ujjjvalam
rasormy uccalitam mene priya vaksah samam sarah*

The playing Cakravaka-birds on the water reminded Him of Priyaji's breasts, the foam on the water of His pearl necklace, and the water's waves of Her mood. All these items reminded Him of Her chest. (104)

*madhura rasa taranga vibhrti pankajasyam
bhramaraka parivitam prollasat khanjanaksam
pramudita harinocair hamsaka rava ramya
priyatama sarasi sa preyasiva vyaloki*

This dearmost lake reminded Hari of His dearmost beloved. The sweet waves of water are like the wave

Her sweet love, the lotusflowers in the water of Her lotusface, the bees surrounding those lotuses of Her curly locks surrounding Her lotusface, the restless wagtail birds of Her restless eyes and the loud and sweet warbling of the swans reminded Him of Her jingling anklebells. (105)

*sva prestharista kundormi cancat bahupaguhitam
sva kokanada panibhyam ksipta tac calatat kara*

*samira cancad ambhoja calasyena balad iva
cumbitali kataksesat tiryag ambuja sanmukhi*

*bhṛngi jhankara sitkara vikala svara gadgada
prodyat kuttamita tena radhikeva vyaloki sa*

The red lotusflowers that stop the intruding waves of Syamakunda's water reminded Kṛṣṇa of Rādhikā's red lotuslike hands that try to stop Him from embracing Her with Her arms, and the lotusflowers, moved by the wind from Syamakunda, that are falling over the lotuses in Rādhakunda, that are adorned with honeybees, remind Him of Her crooked looks during His efforts to forcibly kiss Her lotuslike face. The buzzing of the bees reminded Kṛṣṇa of Rādhikā's faltering screams when She pretends to be angry with Him. (106-108)

*samubhramyaḥ līlambujam anilā jatormī balitam
saro yugmam vikṣyanata sīrasī govardhana girch
nija premodghurna skhalita vapusaḥ tasya sa harir
bhramat tarām vaspocchalitam iva mene'ksi yugalam*

Seeing these two lakes with their trembling playlotuses and their waves moved by the wind, Hari thought they were the two tearfilled eyes in the bent-down head of Govardhana Hill, whose body is like that of a peacock shivering out of love for Him. (109)

When He saw His beloved's lake like this, each one of its limbs reminding Him of Her by its qualities, Kṛṣṇa felt great bliss and He became restless, anticipating Her arrival. (110)

Seeing His own lake Syamakunda, where His dearest cowherdboyfriends had all nicely prepared their own *kunjas*, Kṛṣṇa considered it to be just as dear to Him as Rādhakunda. This lake, Rādhakunda, was also divided into eight *kunjas* by Kṛṣṇa's friends Subala, Madhumangala, Ujjvala, Arjuna, Gandharva, Vidagdha, Bhṛnga, Kokila, Dakṣa and Sannanda, who had submitted their *kunjas* to one particular *gopi*, like Rādhā, Lalitā, etc. (111-113)

On the northwestern bank is Subala's *kunja* named Subalanandada. This *kunja* was accepted by Rādhā and is known as Manasa Pavana Ghata. Sri Rādhā always very eagerly bathes there with Her girlfriends, because this water consists of honey flowing from Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet. Therefore this water is as dear to Her as Kṛṣṇa is Himself. (114-115)

In the northern corner is Madhumangala's *kunja*, known as Madhumangala Sanda (giving joy to Madhumangala). This very amazing *kunja* is accepted by Lalitā and is very dear to Sri Rādhikā. In the northwestern corner is Ujjvala's *kunja* known as Ujjvalanandada, which is accepted by Viśakhā-sakhī. In this way the *kunjas* of all of Kṛṣṇa's best friends are situated around Syamakunda. (116-117)

There are two paths, one east of Syamakunda and one west of Rādhakunda, where humans and animals can drink and bathe. (118)

*lilanukulesu janesu cittesutpanna bhavesu ca sadhakanam
evam vidham sarvam idam cakasti svarupatah prakṛta vaḥ paresu*

All this can be seen in its real form (*svarupa*) by those who are favorable to these pastimes and by practising devotees, but others see it as just a material place. (119)

When Vrnda saw the son of Nanda (Kṛṣṇa) coming, she became very happy and gave Him two flowerbuds to decorate His ears. She took Radha's lover to Madana Sukhada *kunja* in the north west of Radhakunda, showing Him the beauty of all the *kunjas* on the shore, and reminded Him of her mistress Sri Radha, showing Him her expertise in decorating. Seeing this, Kṛṣṇa became very happy and, remembering all the pastimes He had there with Radha, He desired to have them again. Kṛṣṇa became very enthusiastic when He saw the *kunjas* so nicely decorated by Visakha, Manjumukhi and Vrnda, and with love He said: "O Vrnde! If I can be so fortunate that I can promptly meet your friend Radha and if I can sport with Her without disturbance, then the wonderful decoration of the lake's forest and the *kunja*-cottages, sweetened by the presence of spring in it, will be useful!" (120-124)

"Radha may not come after hearing from Tulasi that I met Saibya this morning, but someone should see Her and tell Her that I actually cheated Saibya and that I'm waiting for Her here." (125)

"O Dhanisthe! Tell Lalita to bring Radha here quickly! Make Her eager and anxious to come here, telling Her of Madhava's (Kṛṣṇa's, or the spring-season's) condition! Say: "Kṛṣṇa is pierced by Cupid's arrows and is very eager to meet You". (126)

"O Vrnde! Keep one *gopi* on the look-out down the road to the meadows! Who knows if some cowherdboy may come! If so, she must deceive that boy and keep him from entering here. Put another expert *gopi*-girl on the road to Gauri tirtha, in case Saibya comes back. She must also be deceived." (127-128)

Seeing Madhumangala's greed after the ripe bananas, Hari told Vrnda: "Fill up his belly with these fruits!" (129)

Madhumangala said: "O Friend! Why are You ordering me? I will look around myself and satisfy my greed with whatever I find!" (130)

While Vrnda placed two expert girls on the two roads, Kṛṣṇa eagerly looked down the road over which He expected Radha to come. As long as smiling, lotus-faced Radhika did not come, Kṛṣṇa, who is normally as grave as hundreds of oceans, was impatient and considered one moment to last longer than a hundred thousand ages. That is not so astonishing, for this is the natural attachment of the lover for the beloved. (131-132)

In the poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at the lotusfeet of Sri Caitanya, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jīva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the seventh chapter, that nice describes Kṛṣṇa's forenoon-pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER EIGHT

"Midday pastimes" 10.48 - 15.36

SUMMARY DESCRIPTION OF THE MIDDAY PASTIMES:

I remember Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa at midday, full of desire, being served by Their attendants, enchanted by various ornament-like physical transformations of ecstasy arising out of meeting Each other, being anxious out of shyness and eagerness. Being pleased with the joking words of Lalitā and other girlfriends, They perform a sacrifice for Cupid, swing, walk in the forest, play in the waters of Rādhakūṇḍa, quarrell over Kṛṣṇa's stolen flute, make love, drink honeywine, worship the sun-god and play other such sports. (1)

*saundaryānṛta sindhu bhāṅga lālāna citta-dṛi samplavakāḥ
karnānandī sa narmā rāmya vacanāḥ kōtindu sitāṅgāḥ
saurābhiyāmṛta samplavavṛta jagat piyusā rāmyadharaḥ
śrī gopendra sutaḥ sa karsati balat pañcendriyaṇy aḥ me*

Meanwhile, at home, Śrī Rādhikā, who is so dear to the prince of Vraja, became attracted to Her lover with all Her five senses simultaneously. Being very eager to meet Him, She told Viśakhā, who tried to pacify Her: "O Sakhi! The prince of cowherders inundates the mountain-like minds of the girls of Vraja with the ocean of His nectarean beauty, gives joy to the ears with His pleasant, joking words and He pleases the body (the sense of touch) with His body, that is cooler than millions of moons. He inundates the world with His ambrosial fragrance and with the nectar of His pleasing lips. In this way He forcibly attracts all My five senses!" (2-3)

*navāmbudā lasad dyutir nava tarinī mānojnāmbaraḥ
sūcitā mūrālī sphurac cārada māda candrananāḥ
māyura dala bhusitā subhaga tara hara prabhāḥ
sa me madana mōhānā sakhi tanotī netra sphṛṇam*

"O Sakhi! With His beautiful dress, that shines like fresh lightning, His bodily luster that is like that of a fresh raincloud, His wonderful Mūrālī-flute, His face that is like the full autumn moon adorned with a peacockfeather and His beautiful star-like necklace, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the enchanter of Cupid, increases the desires of My eyes!" (4)

*navaj jaladā nihsvanāḥ śravaṇakarsī sat sinjitaḥ
sa narmā rasa sūcakaksara padārtha bhāṅgy uktikāḥ
rāmādikā varāṅga hṛdaya hari vamsī kalāḥ
sa me madana mōhānā sakhi tanotī karnā sphṛṇam*

"O Sakhi! With His voice, that is as deep as the rumbling clouds, with the attractive sound of His ornaments, with His joking words, that are full of tasty double meanings and with His fluteplaying, that attracts the best of women, like the goddess of fortune, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the enchanter of Cupid, increases the desires of My ears!" (5)

*kurāṅga māda jīd vapuḥ parimalorṇvī kṛstāṅganāḥ
svakāṅga nalinastakā sasi yutabja gāṇḍhāprathāḥ
māḍendu varā candanaguru sugāṇḍhā caracarcitāḥ*

sa me madana mohanaḥ sakhi tanoti nasa sprham

"O Sakhi ! With the wave of His bodily fragrance, that defeats the pride of musk and that attracts the women, with the fragrance of lotus mixed with camphor on the eight lotuses of His body (the two feet, two hands, two eyes, navel and face) and with His bodily fragrance of musk, camphor, *aguru* and sandalpaste, Sri Kṛṣṇa, the enchanter of Cupid, increases the desires of My nostrils!" (6)

*harinmani kabatika pratata hari vamsi kalah
smaranta taruni manah kalusa hantr doragalah
sudhamsu hari candanotpala sitabhra sitangakah
sa me madana mohana sakhi tanoti vaksah sprham*

"O Sakhi ! With His chest, that is as beautiful as a sapphire gate, with His arms, that relieve the lusty affliction in the minds of the young girls like bolts, and with His body, that is made cool with camphor, yellow sandalpaste, moonbeams and lotuses, Sri Kṛṣṇa, the enchanter of Cupid, increases the desires of My breasts!" (7)

*vrajaṭula kulanganetara rasali trsna harah pradivyaḍ adharanirtah sukṛta labhya phela lavah
sudhajid ahi vallika sudala vitika carvitah
sa me madana mohanaḥ sakhi tanoti jihva sprham*

"O Sakhi ! With the sweet nectar of His lips, that makes the incomparable housewives of Vraja lose their taste for all other flavours, of which not even a drop can be attained without having great pious merit (read: great mercy from Kṛṣṇa), and with His chewed betelleaves, that defeat the pride of nectar, Sri Kṛṣṇa, the enchanter of Cupid, increases the desires of My tongue!" (8)

Just as Sri Radhika showed so much eagerness to meet Kṛṣṇa, Tulasi came to the assembly of *sakhis*, placed the two Campaka-

flowers and the *gunja* garland from Kṛṣṇa in Lalita's lotushands and told her the latest news about Him. Lalita hung the Campaka-

flowers on Radhika's ears and the auspicious *gunja*-garland, whose fragrance had increased through Hari's touch, on Her chest. When blooming lotuseyed Radhika touched these things She shivered and was covered with goosepimples as if She had directly touched Kṛṣṇa's body. Then She became stunned, although She was so eager to go out (to meet Kṛṣṇa). She was awakened by Her friends Calmness, Unwillingness and Fine intelligence and spoke joking words to Her girlfriends, that wanted to take Her out quickly. (9-12)

"O doe-eyed girls!", She said, "If you want to see Kṛṣṇa, then go ahead! There is no need to wait for Me. Look ahead! Saibya is binding down the Kṛṣṇa-deer with the noose of her words! The Kṛṣṇa-elephant (*padmi*) fell into Candravali's trap. You girls are all lotusflowers (*padminyah*), so you must certainly save this *padmi* (Kṛṣṇa-elephant)! O *Sakhis* ! Wise men never act rashly, knowing that unthoughtful action always fail! They think well before they act, so that their actions will be successful!" (13-15)

Lalita said: "This is true, because Hari did not show up at the trysting place, but went to see Saibya and his friends, so we should go there to destroy their pride!" (16)

Isa's (Radhika's) heart was moved with eager hopes for meeting Kṛṣṇa, and realising the obstacles to the meeting, She thought to Herself:

*nananda vidvesti patir ati katuh sapi kutila
dhayamba me padma prabhrti ripu paksas ca bahavan
vaṇam vyaptam sarvaṁ vraja dhana janair ahni sakhibhir
vrtah kṛṣṇa labhyah katham ita bhaved vighna bahule*

"How will I find Krsna while there are so many obstacles? My sister-in-law envies Me, My husband is very bitter and My mother-

in-law is very crooked. The enemies' party, like Padma, is very strong, and Krsna is out there somewhere in the fields, always surrounded by His cows and cowherdboyfriends in the day!" (18)

Just as She anxiously thought: "How unfortunate I am that I can not meet Hari unhindered today!", Sri Radhika saw an auspicious sign. Elsewhere an astrologer said: "A bull (Krsna) will suddenly be attainable on a mountain (Govardhana). When Radhika heard this, Her left breast, hip, arm and eye suddenly began to twitch (understanding that She would meet Her lover). (19-20)

Although the astrologer's words gave Her great joy, Radha's mind was filled with intense love and doubts whether She could meet Krsna or not. Then Dhanistha arrived and seeing her, Radha asked her for news of Her heart's lover, as if She was a river of desire. (21)

When She saw Dhanistha's smiling face, Radhika happily thought that Krsna had sent her. Although She was overwhelmed by different anxieties She was also very curious about Her heart's lover, so She slyly asked Dhanistha: "O Sakhi! Where have you come from?" Dhanistha said: "From Vrndavana!" Radha: "Tell Me, did you experience the beauty of Madhava (the springtime, or Krsna) and Gotra varya (the best of mountains, Govardhana, or the best of cowherders, Sri Krsna. Go = cows, tra = protector), the protector of the cows and the people of Vraja (Krsna or Govardhana Hill) there?" Dhanistha said: "Yes, I saw Him!" Radhika: "Tell Me, how is He?" (22-23)

*vikasita vanamalakrsta pustali vrnda
vikaca tilaka laksmih kokilalapa ramya
hrdi yuvati jananam kamam uddipayanti
sphurati sakhi visala madhuri madhavasya*

Dhanistha said: "O Sakhi, how great is the sweetness of this Madhava (Krsna, or springtime), inciting lust in the hearts of the young girls with his garland of blooming forestflowers that is attracting honeybees, with his blooming Tilak-flowers (or *tilak* that beautifies Krsna's forehead), and the nice singing of the cuckoo (sounding like Krsna's voice)." (24)

"O Sakhi! Who can describe the condition of Madhava (springtime or Krsna)? He is beautified by different flowerbuds (or: Krsna is decorated with eagerness) and His mere sight increases one's lusty feelings!" (25)

*dharoddharta dhatuccaya racita citra vayavavan
dhvanad venur dhenuvraja jalada bhiti vraja harah
vayah kridonmilah sakala surabhi vardhana krti
viravocaih srngo lasati sakhi govardhana dharah*

"Govardhana (the Hill, or Krsna the keeper (*vardhana*) of the cows (*go*) shines with wonderfully colored mineral pigments. The *venu* (bamboo-reeds on Govardhana Hill, or Krsna's flute) always resounds there, removing the cows' fear of Indra's clouds (as Krsna saved the cows by lifting Govardhana Hill). Loudly warbling birds are sitting on the high peaks (*srnga*) of this hill that keeps the cows (or: Krsna loudly plays His horn *srnga*)." (26)

Sri Radhika became drunk from drinking Dhanistha's wine-like puns and started the following discussion with her, wanting to hear more about Her lover. She asked: "Where are you going now?" Dhanistha: "I came here to see You!" Radhika: "Why?" Dhanistha: "To tell You the news." Radhika: "About whom?" Dhanistha: "About the moon of Vraja". Radhika: "How is He?" Dhanistha: "He became overpowered by His enemy, the eclipse of Cupid!" (27-28)

*chayadvitiyo'yam asau sahayi nirayudho'yam sa ca sastra purnah
svarupa sampajjaya jatarosas tam radhate'sau sva madhau samrddhah*

"Kṛṣṇa was defeated because He has His shadow as His sole companion (He is alone) and Cupid has many companions. Kṛṣṇa is unarmed and Cupid has many arms (like his flowerbow- and arrows). Moreover, Cupid became angry with Kṛṣṇa for defeating him in beauty, so He is striking Him with the (lustfully agitating) beauty of spring!" (29) Cupid covered Kṛṣṇa from above with his flower-arrows and all around by his agents like the honeybees, Pika-birds and the spring-breezes, keeping Him locked in the forest by Your lake. There Kṛṣṇa hankers after Your company, like an army standing outside! Somehow Your dearest beloved has gotten into this trouble. He has saved You many times from these problems (by satisfying You). Only You can save Him. Do it quickly, otherwise You will be ungrateful!" (30-31)

*Ivat saṅgatya yada bhūti tada madana mohanah
anyatra viśvamoḥ'pi svayam madana mohitah*

"When Kṛṣṇa is with You, He shines like the enchanter of Cupid, but otherwise He is Himself enchanted by Cupid, although He enchants the whole world!" (32)

"Hari wears many ornaments and He has made a flowerbed for You in the *kunja*. Although He has many doubts in His heart, He is firmly determined and He speaks about You. Although He is a hero, He is attacked by cruel Cupid, impatiently staying in that *kunja* with humming bees and singing cuckoos! O Chaste girl! Hari's splendour resembles a fresh raincloud, His silk *dhoti* shines like gold. He wears shining Makara-earrings and His body is smeared with fine vermilion. His eyes resemble blooming lotusflowers, His neck is adorned with a garland of golden Yuthi-flowers and His head is beautified with a crown of peacockfeathers. In the great ocean of His youth His beauty is the water, His charms the high waves and His erotic moods the whirlpools. Despite the fact that the hurricane of His flutesong threw all the *gopis'* eyes in that whirlpool like blades of grass, inundating them all, this Hari still appeared on the path of Your eyes!" (33-35)

"O Moonfaced Girl! Complete Kṛṣṇa's fine cleverness by offering it the stream of Your own fine cleverness! Fulfill His fresh full youth with Your own fresh youthful beauty, His desire with Your lusty desire and Your nice ornamentation with His! O Ladylove! Kṛṣṇa is madly in love with You, His heart is full of love, pierced by Cupid's arrows and surrendered to You! Now He has become agitated up to the point of fainting! So quickly go to see Your beloved!" (36-37)

When Sri Radhika drank these ambrosial words of Her friend, Her body showed all the signs of ecstasy. She looked very beautiful in Her extreme eagerness to go out with rapid, yet controlled gait. (38)

Then Kundavalli quickly arrived there and Sri Radhika went out with her, holding her hand in Her left hand and twirling Her playlotus around in Her right hand. (39)

With Tulasi and Dhanistha ahead of Her, Lalita and Visakha on Her sides and all Her other girlfriends surrounding Her, Sri Radhika went out to meet Kṛṣṇa. Sri Rupa Manjari, Her loving girlfriend, followed Her with all the paraphernalia for serving Radha and Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet, all Her dearest girlfriends and two of her maidservants, that carried the paraphernalia for worshipping the Sungod. (40-41)

As they left Vraja (their home) Radha saw a married woman carrying a plate with yoghurt in front of Her and a blue-necked Casa-bird, an ichneumon, some deer, a cow with her calves and a bull on Her right. Seeing two wagtailbirds surrounded by bumblebees on a blooming lotusflower in a lake, Radhika mistook them for the lotuslike face of Her lover with His two nice dancing wagtail-eyes, surrounded by His curl bee-like locks. Seeing all these auspicious omens, Sri Radhika reached the forest, walking like an intoxicated elephant, surrounded by Her loving girlfriends that were blissfully making crooked jokes. (42-44)

Lotus-eyed Radhika entered the beautiful springforest, making the trees and vines bloom up with Her voice sounding like the sweet singing of the cuckoos, and Her ornaments that jingled even nicer than the humming of the honeybees and the Cataka-birds. (45)

Seeing the forest before Her with its bluish splendour (like Kṛṣṇa's splendour), Tilaka-flowers (looking like Kṛṣṇa's *tilaka*), its beautiful big Arjuna-trees (reminding Her of Kṛṣṇa, who has a friend named Arjuna) and blooming Kadamba-trees, the peacockfeathers (like the one that Kṛṣṇa has on His head) strewn all around, the Punnaga- and Myrobalan-trees, the Campaka-flowers (that are used for Kṛṣṇa's garland), the gold and coral trees (minerals used for ornamenting Kṛṣṇa), Tāmala-trees (that are blackish like Kṛṣṇa), *gunja*-beads (that Kṛṣṇa also wears), the shady shelter of the Kadamba-trees (where Kṛṣṇa likes to sit), the beautiful sound coming through the bamboos (like Kṛṣṇa's bamboo-flute), the fine vermilion (that also anoints Kṛṣṇa's limbs), the blooming Madana-trees (Madana is Cupid or Kṛṣṇa), the best birds that have their playground there (just as Kṛṣṇa is the abode of youthful, playful beauty), Sri Rādhikā mistook it for Kṛṣṇa's body, that fulfills all Her desires. (46-47)

In whatever features of the forest on which Her eyes fell, Sri Rādhikā recognised features of Kṛṣṇa's body. Thus Cupid's arrows entered Her heart, giving Her pain. But still She felt happy, how amazing! (48)

Her girlfriends also saw the forest as if it was Rādhā's body, bestowing all bliss. The forest was beautified by Jhīnti-trees, just as Rādhā is surrounded by Her beautiful girlfriends. The forest is full of fresh jasmine-flowers surrounded by drunken honeybees, and Sri Rādhikā wears a garland of such jasmine-

flowers. The trees in the forest have many shady branches (*sakhāḥ*) just as Sri Rādhikā has a friend named Visakhā. The forest is filled with blooming Madana (Dhūtura) flowers, just as Rādhikā is agitated by Madana (Cupid). The forest is full of Manohara-vines, and Sri Rādhikā is also manohara (mindblowing). The forest is full of wood (*rupa*) just as Rādhikā is very beautiful (*rupavatī*). The forest is full of cool and blossoming Lakṣmī-trees and Rādhikā has cool, fully grown breasts (*kuṇḍa*). The forest satisfies Kṛṣṇa's cows (*go*) by offering itself to Him as Sri Rādhikā satisfies Kṛṣṇa's senses (*go*) by offering Herself to Him. The forest is full of beautiful birds (*suvayāḥ*) just as Rādhikā is of beautiful young age (*suvayāḥ*). The forest is full of Varaka-trees, just as Sri Rādhikā is always disturbed by Her elders (*varakāḥ*). (49-51)

"Why have the expert group-leaders (*yuthesvarīs*) and their friends not met Kṛṣṇa, despite looking for Him in the deep forest? And why did this lusty Kṛṣṇa leave them all?", Rādhikā thought to Herself. Then She saw a Kṛṣṇasara-buck grazing with some does on Her right and a peacock enjoying some peahens on Her left. This upset Her, as She took the buck and the peacock to be Kṛṣṇa, enjoying with some other *gopīs*. (52-53)

When Sri Rādhikā saw a Tāmala-tree with golden Yūthi-flowers at its foot and a peacock dancing on the tip of its branch, She first thought it was Kṛṣṇa, but then She became doubtful. (54)

Rādhikā was bitten by the snake of loving envy that took away Her discrimination. She became terrified and, wheeling the road of Her eyebrows like Siva's bow, She told Dhanistha: "O Dhanistha! What is this?" Dhanistha said: "What? Where?" Rādhikā: "Look, before you!" Dhanistha: "That is just the forest!" Rādhikā: "What is there in the forest?" Dhanistha: "Just forest creatures, nothing else!" Rādhikā: "O Cunning girl, are your eyes closed? Can't you see the moon of all cheaters (Kṛṣṇa) is dancing before us?" Then She told Her girlfriends: Dear *sakhīs*! Look at these most deceitful, wonderful dancers (Kṛṣṇa and Dhanistha) that give us joy with their dancing! With His impudent dancing and with His sweet words Hari deluded and subdued Dhanistha, making her a crooked dancer like Himself! This Dhanistha shows great skill and eagerness in dancing the *chaladutya* (sly canvassing dance) being sent here by that woman-thief Kṛṣṇa. With this deceitful dancing she lured you all here!" (55-59)

Look there! The buck named Suranga cheats his doe Rangini and enjoys with other does, even if I see it he does not stop. He is as deceitful as Hari, who would do the same to Me. This buck has learned this all in Hari's association, therefore he is really a Kuranga (deer, or unfair player *ku-ranga*)." (60)

"Just see! This peacock named Tandavikā shamelessly leaves his peahen (named Sundarī), who belongs to My entourage, to enjoy with other peahens, right in front of us! He became so wicked in Kṛṣṇa's association!" (61)

Dhanistha smiled and said: "O Chaste girl! You showed all of us Your wonderful dancing! We all became very happy seeing this unique performance! O Rādhī! The desired object may be easy or difficult to obtain, but it always keeps the attached person in anxiety about the obstacles to its attainment! O Friends! Come,

we will quickly go and tell Kṛṣṇa about Rādhikā's wonderful dancing! He will enjoy with Her because He likes Her, for qualified people like other qualified people!" (65-64)

Seeing the smiling faces of Her girlfriends, Rādhikā was astonished and when She looked again, She saw the trees embraced by the vines. This made Her shy (as She thought of Herself as a vine in the embrace of the Kṛṣṇa-tree). (65)

Seeing Rādhikā's thirst for drinking the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's wonderful sweetness, caused by seeing Vṛndāvana's playful beauty in the springtime, and seeing Her mind disturbed by various illusory vision, loving intoxication and eagerness for meeting Kṛṣṇa, the *sakhis* quickly proceeded, joking with Her. (66)

*pranāmya iam bhakti bharena tanvi baddhanjalir valgu varam yayace
nirvighna govinda padaravinda
sango'stu me deva bhavat prasada*

Suddenly Rādhikā approached a deity of the Sun-god in a *kunja* in Her beloved flowergarden named Madana Rana Batika (the garden of Cupid's battle. Offering Her obeisances to the deity with great devotion, slender Rādhikā prayed with folded hands for a beautiful benediction: "O Lord, may I, by your grace, attain Govinda's lotusfeet unhindered today!" (67-68)

Seeing the deity's blooming face and eyes, Sri Rādhikā understood that he was pleased with Her. Again She offered Her obeisances and then left that garden with Her girlfriends. (69)

Lalita ordered two maidservants to stay in that garden with the paraphernalia for worshipping the sun, along with some of Vṛndā's fairies. (70)

When She caught the strong fragrance of Murārī's beautiful body, which smells like blue lotusflowers smeared with musk spreading in all directions on the road, Rādhā became intoxicated and suddenly wanted to fly up to Him like a honeybee. (71)

Smelling His beloved's pure bodily fragrance, which eclipsed the smell of lotusflowers smeared with vermillion, suddenly inundating the nearby forest like the ambrosial waves of the Ganga, Kṛṣṇa began to shiver of ecstasy and He wanted to jump up to Her like a bee. Pleased by Rādhā's bodily fragrance, which pervaded the forest, Hari became eager to see Her, thinking that She was far away, so He engaged Vṛndā in bringing Her. (72-73)

While Sri Kṛṣṇa, the king of the *kunja*, arrived in the abode named Nara *kunja*, or Kunjara (near Rādhakūṇḍa), Rādhikā saw Vṛndā coming before Her, and, considering her to be the fulfillment of Her desires personified, thought: "Hari sent her to Me, being eager to hear from her about My arrival!" (74)

Vṛndā placed Kṛṣṇa's blue earlotuses, that were surrounded by honeybees blinded by His bodily fragrance, on Srimatī's ears. (75)

Sri Rādhikā became intoxicated by the fragrance of these flowers and felt just like touching Kṛṣṇa indirectly by touching them. With great effort She controlled the symptoms of Her ecstasy before Vṛndā and asked her:

*kasmat vṛnde priya sakhi hareḥ padamulā kuto'sau
kundarānye kim ila kurūte nṛtya siksam guru kaḥ
tam tvan murtiḥ prati taru latam dik vidiksu sphuranti*

sailusiva bhramati parito nartayanti sva pascāt

"Vrnda, where have you come from?" Vrnda replied: "From Hari's footsoles". Radha: "Where is He?" Vrnda: "In the forest by Your lake!" Radha: "What is He doing there?" Vrnda: "He is learning how to dance" Radha: "Who is His teacher?" Vrnda: "Your very form, which is like a dancing girl whom He sees in each direction. He is simply wandering around, dancing behind You!" (76-77)

Radhika replied: "Vrnda! You are mistaking! His mind does not follow My form, but that of Padma, whose fragrance is carried on by the wind called Saibya! This stream of fragrance has made the blackbee Kṛṣṇa deluded with greed!" (78)

Vrnda said: "Listen O Gauri (golden girl)! Hari is expert in destroying the wind (like the winddemon Tṛnavarta)! He is eager to be with You, His sly words will blow that Saibya-breeze away! She went back to Gauri tīrtha with Candravatī!" (79)

Radhika said: "Vrnda! What is the use of all this talking? Venerable Jātīla ordered us to worship the sungod. I will go and bathe in Syamakunda's water, that sprung from the Pātala-region, and after that *pūja* I will return home!" (80)

Again Radhika asked Vrnda: "Vrnda, where are you going?" Vrnda said: "To Your lotusfeet!" Radhika: "What for?" Vrnda: "To tell you the good news from Your kingdom (Vṛndavana)!" Radhika: "How is it?" Vrnda: "Vṛndavana is adorned with incitements of Madhava (the spring, or Kṛṣṇa), who is eager for Your merciful glance!" (81)

Then Kunda-lata boldly said: "Vrnda! Stop your sly canvassing! Jātīla has entrusted Radha to me for Surya *pūja* out of great fear of Kṛṣṇa! After we bathed in the Pātala Ganga-water of Syamakunda I will secretly take Radha to the altar for worshipping the sungod, but if Kṛṣṇa is there, we will not go there, but to Manasi Ganga! Jātīla ordered us not to take Her where even Kṛṣṇa's fragrance hangs!" (82-84)

Vrnda said: "Kunda-lata! Why are you so scared of Hari? There's no need to take Radhika to Manasi Ganga! If you don't want Him to see Her, then listen to my solution: O Chaste girl! Now Kṛṣṇa is sitting on the bank of Syamakunda, afflicted by lust! You can freely take the eastern road towards that bathingplace in the Madhavi-forest which is filled with water flowing from Aristahanta's (Kṛṣṇa's) famous lotusfeet! This is a very lonely place, no one will see you there!" (85-86)

Hearing this, Lalita said: "Kunda-lata! Why do you fear your own cousin-in-law Kṛṣṇa? Though you are bold, now you are bewildered like a weakling!" (87)

Sri Radhika said: "Sakhi! Let's go to My lake Radhakunda to admire the beauty of the spring-forest after bathing. What can Kṛṣṇa do to us? Vrnda! Go quickly! We can bathe wherever we want and chase Him away! Men should not stay where women bathe and they should not look at them either! Why should cowherdboys like Him stay there?" (88-89)

Vrnda said: "Radhe! I am very tender and Hari is very strong! How can I stop Him? Sakhi, You are bold and strong, it is Your duty to throw this boy with the peacockfeather-crown out!" (90)

Kunda-vallī said: "Vrnda, you are wrong! How can Cāṇḍī (bold Radha, or Kālī) throw out Paśupati (Kṛṣṇa the cowherder, or Śiva)? She pervades Him as His better half (wife)!" (91)

Vrnda said: "Subhadrā's wife Kunda-vallī is enjoyable by Madhusudana and she likes Punnaga-trees (like a Kunda-vine she will wind herself around Kṛṣṇa's tree-like body)." (92)

Seeing her friends laughing and seeing Sri Radhika getting upset, idle and grave, Vrnda, in order to indicate Kṛṣṇa's desire for Radhika, said: "Lalite! Quickly answer me: What should the wind (*sakhīs*) do to blow the cloud (Sri Radha) to the thirsty king of Cātaka-birds (a bird who lives only on rainwater, or Kṛṣṇa)? Quickly go and do your duties (by bringing Kṛṣṇa here)!" (93-94)

The *sakhis* said: "Vrnda! If this Cataka-bird is fixed on the raincloud only, then the wind will quickly bring some rainclouds and joyfully give this bird nectar to drink!" Vrnda said: "Dear friends! Can the rainclouds, when repeatedly moved by the wind, give joy to the Cataka-bird, even if they carry no rainwater? So feel free to go to Syamakunda, bathe in Manasa Pavana Ghata there and worship Mitra (the Sungod or Govinda). I have something to do here!" (97-98)

When the *sakhis* thus left, Vrnda cleverly sent two *sarikas* (female parrots) to spy. She sent Suksmadhi out to spy on Jatila in Vraja and Subha to spy on Candravali at Gauri tirtha. Then she went to the place where all the paraphernalia for Radha and Kṛṣṇa's service are kept and seeing the nice arrangements, she praised her maidservants there. Through her maidservants Vrnda had all the paraphernalia for Radha and Kṛṣṇa's springpastime (Holi). Their swinging, honey drinking, forest play, loveplay, waterplay, mutual dressing, picknick, sleeping, recital of the parrots and the dicegame put in the right places. Then she gladdened and encouraged all the mobile and immobile playmates in Vraja by announcing Radha and Kṛṣṇa's arrival to them. Eager to bathe in the nectar-ocean of loving sentiments that was agitated by the full moon of Radha and Kṛṣṇa's meeting and seeing Eachother, Vrnda hid herself in Hari's nearby *kunja* to witness this. Nandimukhi also became very eager to see this, so she followed the others and joined Vrnda. (99-105)

Although Kṛṣṇa could see His beloved coming down the road between the Bakula-trees, surrounded by Her girlfriends, He could not believe His eyes, being overwhelmed by erotic joy. He had already been disappointed in his hopes many times before. (106)

Sri Radhika, seeing that Kṛṣṇa was overwhelmed by intense ecstasies of astonishment, was also not sure whether She really saw Kṛṣṇa or not. Previously She had mistaken a Tamala-tree to be Kṛṣṇa and Her girlfriends had laughed about Her utterances, making Her feel very embarrassed. (107)

Radha and Kṛṣṇa were moved by Eachother's innumerable, naturally perfect attributes. Being intoxicated by the joy of seeing Eachother, They thought to themselves:

*kim kanekḥ kula devāta kim uta va tarunya laksmir iyaṁ
sāmpad va kim u madhuri tanumatī bhavānyā vanyā nu kim
kim vananda tarangini kim athava piyusā dhara srutīḥ
kanta sav uta va māmendriyā ganānahladayāntyaḡata*

(Kṛṣṇa thought): "Is this the family-goddess of luster, the goddess of youthful beauty, the opulence of sweetness personified, or a flood of elegance? Is She a river of bliss, a stream of nectar, or is it My beloved, coming to give joy to all of My senses?" (109)

*ya mān netra cakora candravatāna nāśalīnī padmīnī
jihva kokilika rasahāḍ adhiara karmāna hṛc chīnjīta
dhanānga dāvarta varāna sudhā srotasvatī murtika
saiveyam dayitodita phalitavan mad bhāgya kalpadrumah*

"My dearly beloved One, whose face is a moon for My Cakorabird-

like eyes (living only on the moonlight), who is the lotus for the honeybee of My nose, the mangopit for My cuckoo-like tongue and lips, the sound of whose ornaments attracts My two deer-like ears, and who is a river of nectar for My body that is burning in the fire of lust, has come to Me. The desiretree of My fortune has now born fruit!" (110)

*tapinchāḥ kim kim u jaladharaḥ kandaḥ vāindrānīḥ
sānuḥ kimvanjanāḥ sikhariṇāḥ ksīḇa bhṛṅga vrajō nu
kṛṣṇanapurāḥ kim uta nīcayāḥ kim svid indīvaranām*

puṇjibhūto vraja mṛgadṛśam kim svapāṅgavalokaḥ

(Sri Rādhikā thought to Herself when She saw Kṛṣṇa:) "Is this a Tāmāla tree, a cloud or a sapphire spout? Is it a mountainpeak of collyrium, a swarm of blackbees or the stream of the Yamunā? (All these items have Kṛṣṇa's blackish-bluish complexion) Or is it the glances of all the doe-eyed gopīs, that create blue lotusflowers?" (111)

*āyam kim kandaṛpāḥ sa khalu vitanuḥ kim nu rasarāt
sa no dharmī kim vanīṛta rasanidhīḥ so'ti vītālāḥ
kim utphulla premanārā taruvarāḥ so'pi na carāt
sa vasau mat preyaṇ jayati mama bhāgyam kva nu tathā*

"Is this Cupid? No, because Cupid has no body (He is named *ananga*, the incorporal one)! Then is it the king of spiritual flavours? No, because that king is not righteous! Is He an ocean of ambrosial flavours? No, because that ocean is unlimited! Then is it a blooming desiretree of divine love? No, because such a tree does not move. Then is it My beloved? Could I be that fortunate?" (112)

"O Viśakhe! Tell Me the truth! Is it My lover, coming before My bee-like eyes like a lotusflower or am I mistaking, O *sakhī*?" Viśakhā shivered all over her body when Rādhikā asked her this. Her voice faltered and Her eyes became restless because her girlfriends joked with her, and she said:

*kasturyāḥ sat tilakam alikā yas tavoroḥa yugme
citram binduḥ sumukhi cibukā netrayugme'njana sriḥ
srutyor indivara viracitāḥ kuntalā cavatamsaḥ
so'yam kantaḥ sphurati sakhi te bhāgya rasir vrajamum*

"O Fair faced One! Your lover, who is the nice musk-tilaka on Your forehead, the muskpictures on Your breasts, the muskdrop on Your chin, the beautiful black collyrium on Your eyelids, the blue lotusflowers on Your ears and in Your hair, has now come to You. You are very fortunate! Now go and see Him!" (114)

In this way Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were moved by naturally arising moods of pure love and bliss from seeing Each other, leaving Them both completely motionless.

In the poem Govinda Lilāmṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the eighth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

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SRI GOVINDA LILAMRITA • CHAPTER NINE

"Picking flowers and worshipping the nine planets"

Divine Love (*prema*) made Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's minds dance as the dancing-teacher before the assembly of *sakhis* like Yrnda. This teacher blissfully ornamented Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's dancing minds with moods like restlessness, eagerness, joy and others. *Prema* ornamented Rādhikā's dancing body with ornaments of blazing existential ecstasies (*suddipta sattvika*) such as *udbhāsvara* (moods that illuminate the body, such as loosening of the braids, blouse and underwear) and *jṛmbhā* (heavy breathing through blooming nostrils), with the seven ornaments that come without effort (*āyatnaja*) such as *sobhā* (enjoyable beauty), *kānti* (blazing beauty that gives thirst to Cupid), *dīpti* (beauty derived from age and qualities) *madhurya* (unconditional beauty), *pragalbhata* (fearless expertise in enjoyment), *ānāḍarya* (unconditional humility) and *dhairya* (patience); the ten natural moods (*svabhāvaja*), such as *līlā* (imitating the lover's charming dress and pastimes), *vilāsa* (improvements of the face, eyes, gait, sitting, staying and acts arising out of union with the lover), *vicchitti* (beautifying the body with even a few ornaments), *vibhrama* (being overwhelmed with lust, wearing ornaments upside down), *kīlā kincit* (a mixture of seven moods, namely pride, desire, crying, laughing, malice, fear and anger becoming manifest simultaneously), *mottayita* (remembering the lover and desiring him within the heart after hearing about him), *kuttamīlā* (showing anger and pain when the lover clasps the breasts and bites the lips, but feeling happy within), *virvoka* (showing neglect towards the gifts given by the lover out of anger and pride), *lālita* (showing tenderness, nice bodily gestures and frowning eyebrows) and *vikṛti* (not expressing one's pride, shame and envy verbally, but through gestures), the three bodily ornaments of sentiment (*angaja*), such as *bhāva* (the first manifestations of erotic flavour in an otherwise motionless heart) *hāva* (showing one's moods through crookedness and movements of the eyes and eyebrows) and *hela* (clear indication of sexual desires), totalling twenty and *maugdhya* (inquiring about known things to the lover as if not knowing them) and *cakita* (showing fear without a cause in front of the lover) totalling twenty-two emotional ornaments (*bhāvalāṅkāra*). *Prema* gradually ornamented Rādhikā's and Kṛṣṇa's dancing bodies with these ornaments and the assembled *sakhis* were happy to see the beautiful dancing-stage of Their bodies thus ornamented. (1-8)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa gradually showed each of Their own expert artistic dancing-gestures on Their limbs. Seeing Their highly expert, incomparable dancing postures, by which They made Each other proud and satisfied, the assembled *sakhis* became very happy and rewarded the two dancers with the jewels of their bodies and hearts. (9)

Sri Rādhā's sweet body shone on the dancing-stage, making Kṛṣṇa's nice eyes dance along with Hers. Seeing Kṛṣṇa's eyes dancing, Rādhikā became very happy within and She ornamented Kṛṣṇa with the lotuslike glances from the corners of Her eyes, giving Him great bliss. The *sakhis* happily followed Them. (10)

Seeing Kṛṣṇa before Her, Rādhā became stunned and Her gait became crooked. She slightly covered Her beautiful face with Her blue veil and Her eyes, that had restless pupils, became slightly curved. Thus She gladdened Her lover with the emotional ornament named *vilāsa*. (11)

Rādhikā's friend (a personified emotion) eagerness dragged Her forwards, shyness pulled Her backwards, unwillingness pulled Her leftwards towards Her home with Her loving crookedness and Her friend attentiveness forcibly pulled Her to the right. In this way Rādhā pleased Sri Hari with the moods appearing in Her heart. Being thus forcibly pulled around by Her four mental friends before Her lover, Rādhā could move nor stay. (12-13)

Shyly and very sweetly Rādhikā bent Her neck, feet and waist. She moved Her vine-like eyebrows in such way that Cupid's bow was defeated in his pride. Although She was beautified by loving happiness and Her limbs were fondled by Lalitā *sakhī*, She gave great joy to Her lover with this love-ornament named *lālita*. (14)

Hari's dancing mind became pleased with the qualities of Rādhā's dancing body, so His body followed Her

mind in approaching Her body for an embrace. Hari said: "Dearest One! I see Your ornaments were disarranged while You hurried over here to meet Me! This has agitated My body and mind! Come, I will arrange them properly!" Saying this, He came up to Her, eager to touch Her. Sri Radhika lowered Her head out of hesitation and Her eyes moved restlessly, pleasing Krsna by adorning Her fair body with the emotional ornament named *vibhrama*. (15-16)

Then, when Radha proceeded to pick flowers, moved by feelings of bashfulness, coyness and attentiveness, and Hari anxiously obstructed Her path, She outwardly showed anger, although She was happy inwardly. (17)

Sri Radha's restless eyes rejoiced, becoming red of tears at the borders. Her lips trembled of joy, indicating Her sexual desires. She smiled and frowned Her eyebrows. Showing Her face in this *kila kincita* mood, She gave millions of times more happiness to Krsna than by directly enjoying with Him. This is an indescribable mystery! (18)

Radha went to a nearby Punnaga-tree and lifted Her vine-like arm to pick some flowerbuds from its branches (indicating Her desire to embrace Krsna). How amazing! Both the buds as well as the tree on which they grow began to horripilate. All the buds began to blossom from Radhika's touch and the Punnaga-tree itself began to blossom from seeing Radhika's armpit (i.e. Krsna's limbs were studded with goosepimples of ecstasy when He saw Radhika). (19-20)

Radha and Krsna went to consult Tarunya Bhatta, the professor of *kama sastra* (scriptures on eros), eager to study under Him (i.e. They went off to make love). Although They were classmates, they still wanted to argue with Each other (make love). There is no fault in this, nor is this astonishing, for students of logic want to argue even with their own teacher (They defeat even Cupid)! (21)

Krsna asked Radhika: "Who is there, picking My flowers?" and Radhika replied: "No one!" Krsna said: "Who are You?" Radhika: "Don't You know Me?" Krsna: "No, I don't know You!" Radhika: "Then get out of here!" Krsna: "I am a *puspapa* (flowerguard, or honeybee), where should I go?" Radhika: "Go where the she-bees are!" Krsna: "Very well, You are such a bee amongst the flowers! Saying this, Madhusudana (a honeybee, or Krsna) approached Radhika and said: "O Bewildered housewife! O Chaste flowerthief! Are You not even ashamed before other men? How amazing! How can there be any shame in a girl that freely wanders from forest to forest? O Beautiful girl! If You say: "This is an ordinary forest where everyone has equal rights! We just came here to worship Mitra, the sungod (or: this is not My husband Abhimanyu's house! We came here, eager to see our mitra, or friend Krsna) then I say: although the Punnaga-tree (or Krsna, the best of men) is blooming, it will not meet with the Malati-

vine (or the *gopis*), for You have destroyed it by picking all of its flowers. I think this is what You want to express when You pronounce the labial syllables (like *pa*, the first syllable of the *pa-varga*, using words as *puja*, *punnaga*, and *puspa*). I think You are expressing a complaint about this! O Fairfaced girl, You are bewildered, You don't know anything! Listen to what I say! This Punnaga (or Me) is sometimes united with the Malati-vine (*gopi*) and sometimes not. It depends on the fortune of a favorable wind!" (22-25)

"King Cupid has placed this forest in My care and I will take both the jewels of youth from anyone who is so proud to plunder it right in front of Me! When You beg Me for permission to pick flowers, then I tell you that I am a *brahmachari*. I do not look at women, nor do I speak with them. If I see you all in a lonely place I cannot control Myself. And how can I be alone with women if I'm always surrounded by My friends? Nor are you all alone! You are always surrounded by thousands of flowerstealing *gopis* like Yourself, plundering the wealth of this area. If I don't stop you all, I will be punished by the king of this area (named Cupid). I must pacify Him (by satisfying My desires with You)!" (26-28)

"And if You say: "I am always picking flowers here with My friends for the worship of the sungod! I have never seen a forestguard like You here before, nor have I ever heard the name of king Cupid even in My dreams! Why are You uselessly speaking all these false words to Me?", then I say that You are right! The reason is: "Who dares to come into this forest out of fear of their notorious power of king Cupid? I am so proud of this that I never even bother to come here! I carefully herd My cows elsewhere! Because I did not see

You You were able to plunder this forest! Now I secretly came here for a surprise check-up. Fortunately I have caught You! In the king's interest and in My own, I will punish you first and then take you all to the king's court. Then you will directly see that king whose name you have never heard before!" (29-31)

"And if You say: 'This is an ordinary forest and we did not know this guardian (You) before, what offense did we commit? Please, merciful One, forgive us and leave us!', then I will say that I am unable to do this! All the citizens of the forest, both mobile and immobile, are upset with Your indecent behaviour and they complained, so the king angrily sent Me to fetch You and to punish You according to scriptural (*kama sastra*) injunctions!" (32-33)

"And when You say: 'I heard that this Vrndavana is thirty-two miles wide and that Cupid is the king of this domain! His only wealth is some grass that grows here. Who are his subjects?', then listen, I will tell You: all the beautiful girls of the world are his subjects!" (34)

Your body is the thief that has stolen everything beautiful from the Vrndavana forest! With Your handpalms and footsoles You stole the sprouts and waterlotuses, with Your nails the mirrors, and with Your gait the baby-elephants and the swans. With Your hips You stole the golden banana's and the proboscis of the elephants, with Your knees golden baskets, with Your buttocks Cupid's chariot and with the top of these buttocks the wonderful beauty of the forest's platforms, with Your waist the thinness of the lions' waists, with Your navel lakes of nectar, with Your belly the Banyan-leaves, with Your chest Cupid's seat and with Your belly-hairs the beauty of black snakes. With Your breasts You stole the lotusbuds, the temples of the elephants, the baelleaves and palmtrees, with Your handpalms the charms of the reddish Asoka-leaves and with Your arms the lotusstems and the ropes of Cupid. With Your fingers You stole the Campaka-buds that are Cupid's greatest power and with Your bodily luster the lightning and gold. With Your teeth You plundered the lustre of pearls and with Your curly locks that of the blackbees! With Your nose You stole the beauty of the parrot's beak and with Your voice the sweet singing of the cuckoos! With Your dancing You eclipsed the cleverness of the peacocks and with the pupils of Your eyes You stole the fishes, with the thirsty look in them the Cakora-birds, with the loving look in them the does and with their restless glances the wagtail birds. With the beautiful colour of Your eyes You stole the blue lotusflowers, with the colour of Your lips the bright red Bandhujiva-flowers, Java-

flowers and red lotusflowers, with Your chewing teeth the pomegranateseeds, with Your hair the tails of the Camara-does, with Your neck the conchshells and the three lines in them the thin current of the Yamuna. On top of it all, You stole king Cupid's own arrows with which he protected this forest until now, with Your glances, and You bound Me up with them. All the other items of the forest You have also invested in Your body. Thus everyone in the forest is upset and is looking all around, searching for You!" (35-38)

Hearing Kṛṣṇa's joking words and relishing them like nectar for the ears, Sri Radhika carefully concealed the signs of loving ecstasy coming on Her limbs and said: "Who will listen to the talking of a lusty boy? I'm leaving!" Saying that, Radhika looked sideways at Her lover with some signs of neglect and quickly walked away while showing the emotional ornament of *mugdha vivroka* (showing anger and pride towards someone who is actually dear). Hari caught the end of Her *sari*, and said: "O Wicked girl! Where are You going, ignoring Me like this?" (39-40)

Radha was stirred by ecstasy when She felt the mere touch of Her lover's hand and looked at Him with a bent neck, showing different moods. The dancing pupils of Her crooked eyes were like thirsty bees flying towards Her lover's blooming smiling lotuslike face. They were filled with some small tears of anxiety that reddened the borders of Her eyes. With these neglectful, crooked glances She immersed Kṛṣṇa in a boundless ocean of bliss. Pulling at the end of Her *sari*, which was held by Kṛṣṇa's hand, and looking at Him with crooked glances, Sri Radhika showered Him with Cupid's arrows, constantly piercing Him, blinding Him with desire. While looking at Kṛṣṇa's sweet, beautiful smiling neetarean lotusface, She said: "And what kind of a saint are You, calling others thieves? You Yourself (with Your body) have stolen whatever sweet and charming things there are in the spiritual or in the material world!" (41-44)

The naked maidens in the Yamuna can testify of Your saintliness and righteousness when they had to pray to You for their clothes with their hands on their heads (when Kṛṣṇa stole the *gopis'* clothes, as is related in

the Tenth Canto of Srimad Bhagavata, Chapter 22)" (45)

"Although You are a qualified prince who is worshipable in Vraja, there are innumerable suitable girls for You to marry and You are of fresh youthfulness also, You have never married. You truly kept Your vow of *brahmacarya* ! There must be some extraordinary quality in You, hearing of which no girl wants to marry You! Out of sorrow for that I think You have accepted the celibacy of a horse (who becomes restless on seeing a mare). Thus You are known in Vraja as a phony *brahmacari*!" (46-48)

"If You are a *brahmacari*, then why are You so eager to see the faces of other men's wives? And why do You attract them with Your flute, the thief who steals our minds? You are initiated in a vow to destroy the virginity of chaste wives and maidens through Your selfish trickery, although You are still known as a *brahmacari* . You never planted one of these flowers, vines, trees, and fresh sprouts here, yet You call Yourself the proprietor of this forest. Rather, you uprooted so many trees while tending Your cows here, so You are truly the forest guard!" (49-51)

Because this forest is maintained by My friend Vrnda it is known as Vrndavana. After crowning Me the Queen of Vrndavana with many jewels she handed this forest over to Me, this is well known . Are You and king Cupid therefore really the guards here?" (52)

"The forest around My lake is extraordinary and not accessible to everyone. My throne stands there in the wellknown *kunja* called Kama Sarmada (giving joy to Cupid). In this lonely place, known as Kanta Varta Sudhadhuk (the place where nectarean stories about the lover are told), I sit and hear all the nectarean news about My lover from My girlfriends. This place is inaccessible to men." (53-54)

"We come here to pick flowers for our worship of the sungod, who are You to stop us, calling other people's private places Your own? Has Your ladylove Hri (shame) also left You? O *brahmacari* ! You have no business here in the flowergarden where women freely ramble! Go to the meadows of Vraja and herd Your animals there with Your herdsboys!" (55-56)

*smṛta rūci sisīrat tad vaktra piyusa rasmeṣu
cala nayana kurāṅgotplava rāmyat śrāvāntīm
pibati hari cakore narīna piyusa dhara-
mṛtapad ila sakṛinam drk cakori cayo'pi*

Like a Cakora-bird Hari drank the cool nectarean jokes from Radhika's smiling, moonlike face that had beautiful restless doe-

like eyes (the full moon also has marks of a deer on it) and the *sakhis*' eyes were also like unsatiated Cakori-birds. (57)

*tat sparsa bhityeva vivṛtīya kandharaṁ
katakṣa nilotpala malaya priyam
sa bhūsayanty asphuṭa bhāṛṣanokṭika
savajnam agre'pasasara līlaya*

Radhika bent Her neck as if She was afraid of Kṛṣṇa's touch and adorned Him with a garland of blue lotuslike glances. She playfully walked on as if neglecting Him, while chastising Him with unclear words. (58)

When Kṛṣṇa saw Radhika's dancing wonderful body like this, He approached Her with great desire, catching the end of Her blouse with His hand. Seeing Radhika's restless glances and crooked eyebrows that were like Cupid's arrows,

coming from the reddish corners of Her eyes, shattering the shield of His patience, and repeatedly feeling the tender strikes of the playlotus in Her hand, Kṛṣṇa felt unlimited happiness. His body, although it contains the whole universe, was unable to keep all the ecstasy which came out as perspiration, tears and goosepimples. (59-61)

Lower-browed Rādhikā's body blossomed up from Kṛṣṇa's touch. The strings that held Her blouse and Her girdle loosened and She could only keep Her girdle sticking to Her buttocks with the moist of Her perspiration. Rādhikā became very upset, trying to obstruct Kṛṣṇa's hands and holding up Her girdle at the same time. Her girlfriends smiled with restless eyes as She managed to escape and ran away to stop Her girdle from slipping with Her expert hand. (62-63)

Kṛṣṇa then eagerly initiated Cupid's festival by coming up to Śrī Rādhikā to keep His hand on Her shining golden jug-like breasts that were moistened with perspiration. Quickly Rādhikā obstructed Kṛṣṇa's hand while She held up Her girdle, looking at Kṛṣṇa through the corner of Her ruddy left eye and at Her smiling girlfriends with the other eye. (64-65)

*smīta rudita vimīśram gadgadaspasta varṇam
rāmanam anrju netra bhartsayanty utsukapi
pranaya sukhaja vamyodbhramita sasya vancha
pratīhati rahitam tat pañirodham vyatanit*

Although Rādhikā was full of loving joy and eagerness She was as if unfavorable to Kṛṣṇa and She chastised Him with unclear words in a faltering voice that was mixed with laughter and crying. With crooked eyes She looked at Kṛṣṇa, trying to stop Him from fulfilling His desires. (66)

Just as two lotusflowers that are beautified by swarms of humming honeybees meet through the movements of the wind, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike hands, that had sweetly jingling bangles, met. (67)

Then Lalitā intervened and stopped Kṛṣṇa. Kundavallī said: "Kṛṣṇa, You must worship the five deities!" (68)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Kundalata! You should be the conductor of this sacrifice! Tell Me where and with what paraphernalia it must be performed!" (69)

Kundalata said: "I am not the conductor, but since You are my dear cousin-in-law I will secretly tell You what I heard about it from Nandimukhī (who knows about it because she is from the *brāhmaṇa*-caste)!" (70)

To remove all obstacles of this sacrifice one must first worship Ganeśa. So imagine Rādhikā's left breast to be Ganeśa's head and place Your reddish lotushand on it (as an offering of red lotusflowers), saying *ganesaya namah*." (71)

Then You offer Your lotushand to the other breast which is shaped like a *śiva līṅga*, and say *namah śivaya*. Then again You place Your hand on Her head, even if She frowns Her eyebrows, and say: *hrim candikayai namah*." (72)

"Then You hold Her chin with one hand and the end of Her braid with the other, even if She uses both hands to obstruct You, and offer Your lotusmouth to Her moonlike mouth, saying *om namo viśṇave'sma*." (73)

"Then again You must say *śavitre namah* and forcibly offer Your Kunda (white flower)-like teeth and Bandhujīva (red flower)-like lips to Her shining red lips, even if She tries to stop You!" (74)

Seeing Kṛṣṇa commencing His worship, Rādhikā rebuked Kundavallī and beat Kṛṣṇa with Her ear-lotus. When Kṛṣṇa saw Her like that He said: "Dear girlfriends! I started the worship of the five deities to remove all obstacles to Cupid's sacrifice. Now why is Your friend Rādhā sad?" (75-76)

With smiling faces and eyebrows frowned out of false pride, the *sakhīs* rebuked Hari. But Viśakhā stopped them and winked to Kundalata, as if saying: "You secretly tie Their clothes together!" Then She looked at Kṛṣṇa and said: "The scriptures say that one must sacrifice together with one's wife, therefore I am tying Your clothes together (as is customary at a Vedic marriage). Why shouldn't our friend Rādhikā, who is fixed in religious adherence, not be angry if You perform this sacrifice without tying Her up to You?" (77-78)

Radha looked at Visakha with frowned eyebrows and lips trembling of anger while Kundalata joyfully went up to Radha and Krsna from behind and tied Their clothes up. After doing this unnoticed, she came before Them and, wanting to please Madhava with Her service, said: "This wis the auspicious beginning of the sacrifice, what about the rest? All perfection is attained by worshipping the nine planets!" (79-80)

Krsna told her: "Then tell Me the procedure of this worship!" Then Kundalata, hinting at Radhika's limbs with her glance, told Krsna: "Offer blooming Bandhujiva-flowers (or kiss) to the nine planets that are Radha's lips, eyes, cheeks, breasts, forehead and face, to please Her!" (81-82)

Radhika replied: "Kundalata! You are the conductor, so why perform this sacrifice with your own pupil (Krsna)? First offer your own body for this worship!" Then She tried to run away out of fear of Krsna, but could not because of the knot that tied Their clothes together. With bent neck Radhika looked at the tied borders of Their clothes. Although She felt Her desires were fulfilled, and although Her face bloomed up of joy, She rebuked Krsna, Kundalata and Her girlfriends, and quickly began to loosen the knot, saying: "Krsna is the impudent dancer, Visakha is the impudent dancinggirl, Lalita is the leader of the assembly (engaging everyone) and Kundalata is the laughing spectator! Because He has no wife of His own, Krsna treats another man's wife as His own to ful fill His desires! Greed is the root cause of immorality, but as a result His girlfriend shame has left Him!" (83-86)

Krsna promptly stopped Her from loosening the knot and began to kiss Her on the mouth and so, but Radhika stopped Him and eagerly went on to loosen the knot. In this way They both obstructed Eachother in Their doings. Then Lalita proudly came there, rebuking Krsna with false anger and loosened the knot. (87-88)

Lalita said: "Krsna! If You want to tie Yourself to Your wife, there is no scarcity of marriagable girls here in Vraja, so tie Your cloth to Kundalata, Your cousin's wife!" (89)

When Krsna was freed from the knot She took some distance. Restlessly moving Her eyebrows and smiling sweetly, She told Kundalata, blinking at Krsna's face: "The conductor and executor of this sacrifice are both ignorant! The scriptures say that one must first worship the protector of the directions (*dik palah*), otherwise there is a flaw in the sacrifice!" (90-91)

Kundalata said: "I am not ignorant of the procedure of this sacrifice to Cupid! First one must worship the nine planets and then the ten protectors of the directions!" (92)

Acyuta said: "Kundalata! What are the names of the rulers of the directions and what are their positions?" Kundalata, blinking at her friends, said: "Look! They have all come on by themselves, standing in their own directions, eager to ful fill Your desires! Visakha is Durga, Lalita Indra, Sudevi Agni, Tungavidya Yama, Citra Nairitti, Rangadevi Varuni, Indulekha Vayu, Campakalata Kuvera Rupa Manjari here in front of You is Brahma, giving You the bliss of spiritual flavours (*rasollasa*) and Ananga Manjari is Sesa. These deities maintain the directions for Your benefit. They have now come before You to bring Your worship to perfection!" (93-98)

Hearing this, all these *sakhis* furiously rebuked Kundalata, saying: "You shameless sinner! Go and do this worship with your own cousin-in-law and use your own body (deity)!" Seeing this, Krsna enthusiastically came before them. Seeing Krsna coming, all the *sakhis* became scared and eager to protect themselves. Each of them saw Him going towards the other girls and towards themselves as well! (99-100)

In whatever direction Krsna looked, the restless-eyed *sakhis* fled away. He stopped them and, although they were worshiped (enjoyed) only half, they all managed to escape, one with the help of others, some by some trick and others by surprise. Some humbly begged Krsna to let go of them, others proudly chastised Him,

forcibly pulling their clothes out of His grip. (101-102)

How amazing! Although Kṛṣṇa could not remove the obstacles to His sacrifice (could not enjoy the *gopis* as they all escaped), He still had His desires fulfilled by seeing the borders of their reddish crooked restless and fully blossoming eyes, that were crying and laughing simultaneously. The *sakhis* fled in all directions, taking shelter of fort-like Rādhikā. Surrounding Her, they made their Cakori-bird like eyes feast on Kṛṣṇa's moonlike face, restlessly drinking its nectar. Seeing this, Madhusudana (the honeybee, or Kṛṣṇa) became thirsty and began to attack them. When Kṛṣṇa broke into the Rādhā-fortress with a sudden jump, Rādhikā angrily shouted and stopped Him. Kṛṣṇa became stunned and stood before Her as if He was afraid, staring at Kunda-lata's face. (103-106)

In the great poem Govinda Lilāmṛta, which is the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Sri Jīva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the ninth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRITA * CHAPTER TEN

"The theft of Krsna's flute"

Seeing Krsna sad because of the obstacles arising in His performance of the sacrifice of Cupid, that was to fulfill all of His desires, Kundalata told Him with a wink: "You are Pasupati (a cowherdboy, or Siva), who vanquished Cupid just for fun! If this sacrifice fails, the demigods will perish and so will Your pious merit! So give up all other duties and return to Your own occupation of being subdued by love!" (1-2)

Krsna said: "Thanks for reminding Me! Did't You call Me the all-auspicious ancient Siva? It was He who gave His better half to His dearly beloved (Parvati)! I should always follow in His footsteps! Moreover, He gave only the left half of His body to Gauri, but I will give My whole body. Thus with My cleverness, My generosity and My submission to My devotees' love, I will become even more famous than Mahadeva!" (3-4)

Hearing this, Sri Radhika became scared and careful. Then Krsna came up to Her in an unseen way and took Her on His lap, eagerly embracing Her, saying: "O Gauri (golden Radhika, or Parvati), come! Take My body! I am Candraka Sekhara (Siva, who wears the crescent moon, or Krsna who wears a crown of peacockfeathers)!" Then, when Radhika ran away He caught Her at once. With faltering voice Radhika rebuked Krsna, smiling and crying simultaneously. Pulling Her hand from His hand, She stood before Him. (5-7)

Smelling the fragrance of Radhika's lotuslike face humming bees greedily went after it. When they landed on Her ear, Radhika became scared. With restless eyes She gave up Her calmth and took shelter of the embrace of the Lord of Her Life (Krsna). Krsna also held Her tight and on His chest She looked as beautiful as a steady lightningstrike in a cloud. When Radhika saw Her girlfriends smiling about this She became shy and tried to wrestle Herself loose from Krsna's embrace. (8-9)

All the female elephants of emotion, such as *irsya* (envy) *lajja* (shame), *harsa* (joy), and *vamata* (aversion) suddenly pervaded Her body mind and words. Seeing Radhika's gestures, everyone became happy. (10)

Sri Radhika laughed and cried at the same time, swearing, praying, scolding and blaspheming Krsna with regret or humility. She loosened Herself from the bondage of His arms with Her hands, giving great joy to Krsna and to Her girlfriends. (11)

Seeing that the *sakhis* were happy to see Radhika and Krsna tightly embracing Each other, and seeing the opulence of ecstatic symptoms such as shivering on their bodies, and seeing their faces blooming up of joy, Vrnda devi told Nandimukhi: "How amazing it is that the *sakhis* are so happy when Radhika is tightly embraced for so long by Hari, while they are not so fortunate! When they do not see Krsna, they are anxious to see Him and when they see Him they want to touch Him. Then, when Krsna touches them, they show unwillingness and malice. Their activities are truly amazing!" (12-14)

Nandimukhi told Vrnda: "The fairbrowed girls of Vraja are not so astonishing! They are transcendental. Their minds and bodies are made for Krsna's pleasure only! These girlfriends, that are equal to Sri Radhika, are the pleasure potency (*hladini sakti*) of Sri Krsna, who is like the moon for the lily-like *gopis*. The essence of this potency is *prema*, love of God. This love is personified by Sri Radha and they are the sprouts, leaves and flowers of this vine. When this love-vine is sprinkled by the nectar of Krsna's pastimes, they become a hundred times happier than if they would be sprinkled themselves! This is not so astonishing!" (15-16)

"Just as the allpervading Lord cannot be satisfied without His blissfull *cit*-potency, so Radha and Krsna's great, self-manifest and blissfull love cannot be nourished without Their girlfriends. Which man of taste will not take shelter of these ladyfriends?" (17)

"Radha is a blooming golden vine and Krsna a blooming Tamala-tree. Which conscious being will not be happy to see Their beautiful meeting?" (18)

"The fairbrowed girls of Vraja have such affectionate and pure loving hearts that they are only interested in giving pleasure to Krsna. If they show unwillingness towards Him when they unite with Him, that is also for His pleasure!" (19)

Radhika became overwhelmed with joy when Krsna tightly embraced Her chest as She desired, but, feigning unwillingness, She admonished Lalita, saying: "O Shameless, deceitful Lalite! You intrigued with Hari's messenger Kundavalli to bring Me here and place Me in the hands of this family-guru of deceit with a wink of your eyes, and now you are callous when you see the shameless dancing of this cheater! Although your mood is sharp, you have now become mild. This is not so astonishing, since you exchanged your sharp nature for Krsna's mild nature!" (20-22)

Then Lalita, who was inwardly happy with Krsna's touch, pretended to be angry and proudly rebuked Krsna, saying: "O King of bold destroyers of the housewives' chastity! What are You doing?" (23)

Krsna said: "Lalite! Ask Your friend Radhika what She began to do! She forcibly embraced Me to make Me Hers!" (24)

Lalita said: "Krsna! It is normal for a golden Madhavi-vine (like Radhika) to embrace a Punnaga-tree (like Yourself), but I have never seen a Punnaga-tree entwining a Malati-vine (as You are doing)! A vine can embrace a tree, but not the other way around!" (25)

Krsna said: "I have given My body to Radha and She accepted it. What is the harm for you? I cannot take a gift like that back!" (26)

Lalita angrily said: "O Crook! Give up Your deceitful behaviour! I am Lalita, who is known for Her heroism and Her cruelty! Leave this pure and famous girl, if You want to keep Your reputation! O Best of honeybees! If You have any such desire, then go to Your niece Kundalata, who is very eager for this! In front of Lalita even the wind cannot touch Radha! If You don't leave Her, You must tolerate my attack!" (27-28)

When Krsna saw Lalita's angry face as she came before Him with her girlfriends, He became ecstatic and was overcome with ecstatic symptoms like goosepimples, shiverings and tears. Krsna was enchanted by the touch of His lover and out of ecstasy His flute fell from His shivering hand, but He did not notice it. Everyone thought He dropped it out of fear of Lalita. Meanwhile Radhika escaped from the bondage of His arms and caught the falling flute in Her hand. Radha carefully hid that flute in Her apron. Then Visakha told Krsna: "O Krsna! Your hands covered the Radha-star like the lunar eclipse! This was a mistake, because She is not moon like Candravali (Radhika's rival, or a series of moons)! Just look at Your mistake!" (29-32)

Indicating the different stars in the sky, after which most of the *gopis* are named, Visakha said: "I am Visakha (non-different from Radha), Lalita is Anuradha (a star that follows the Radha-star), this is Jyestha, and there are Dhanistha, Citra and Bharani. And there are so many other stars (or girls like Indulekha, but she is not fit for enjoyment, being a mere moonbeam (Indulekha means moonbeam), so to Candravali (many full moons)!" (33-34)

Krsna replied: "Visakhe! You are truly Sankari, the bestower of bliss, and Lalita's terrifying thunderbolt-words make here a real Indra! O Visakhe! I left Candravali after enjoying her many times! Now I want to taste the nectar of the goddess Bhanavi (Radha), who is very rarely attained! The eclipse gradually enjoyed all stars and eagerly desired to enjoy the unrivalled Indulekha-moonbeam!" (35-37)

Saying this, Hari went to Indulekha to embrace her. Seeing Him coming, Indulekha became afraid and backed away. She smiled and frowned her eyebrows, saying: "O Impudent Raho (eclipse)! Indulekha is not enjoyable You! Go and enjoy Candravali, who is a full moon, or enjoy all the stars gradually!" (38-39)

So Hari approached Lalita in an unseen way and caught her. Lalita said: "Anuradha (me) is not attainable for You! Go and enjoy Visakha!" (40)

When Krsna touched Visakha, she told Him: "Why are You touching me after having enjoyed Radha? Don't You know that She and I are One? In Your gradual course You should now enjoy Jyestha!" (41)

When Krsna touched Jyestha in an unseen way, she became both happy and angry, and told Him: "Without enjoying Citra You will only suffer in Your gradual enjoyment of the others!" (42)

Then when Krsna suddenly caught Citra, she told Him: "Go away, You debauched Don't deviate from Your course! Enjoy all the stars gradually!" (43)

Hearing this, Tungavidya said: "Citrel Sometimes Rahu's course is a little curved and he attacks planets by surprise!" (44)

Citra said: "Tungavidye! You are a Libra! Soon after attacking Citra, Rahu will come and attack you!" (45)

When Krsna touched her, Tungavidya said: "O Villain! Why do You want to hurt me without having attacked Rangadevi, who is a Libra, first? Leave me alone and catch her!" (46)

Rangadevi, upon being touched, said: "O Rahu! You are enjoying a Virgo, now attack the Pisces Campakavalli!" (47)

Campakalata, when being caught, quickly said: "O Hood! Swiftly go to Sudevi, who is an aquarius, to complete Your course!" (48)

When Sudevi was touched she said: "O Madhusudana (honeybee or Krsna)! The blooming golden vine Kancanavalli will full fill all of Your desires!" (49)

Kancanavalli, on being caught, said: "O Krsna! Why does a Cakora-

bird like You come here (to a golden vine)? Go and quench Your thirst on Candramukhi (moonfaced girl. - Cakora-bird lives only on moonlight)!" (50)

When Krsna thus came up to Candramukhi in an unseen way to kiss her, she turned her head away and said: "O Cheater! Why don't You leave other men's wives and kiss Your own wife the flute if You want to kiss someone?" (51)

Hearing this, Krsna remembered His flute, that had fallen from His hand long ago. For a moment He was astonished and then He looked at Kundalata, who hinted to Him that Radhika had taken it. Radhika saw her hint and secretly handed the flute to Tulasi. Tulasi carefully hid herself behind Lalita and Visakha, keeping the flute on her. Meanwhile Krsna went up to Radhika and, wanting to grab Her, told Her in false anger: "You thief! My mind is free from fleeting restlessness, but You pierced it with Cupid's arrows with Your glances! It is not astonishing that You took away My flute! I will bind You with the ropes of My arms, plunder Your clothes and ornaments and take You to the *kunja*-prison to deliver You to king Cupid there!" (52-56)

When Radhika heard this, an extraordinary mood arose in Her and She left, ignoring Hari. Krsna stopped Her and held Her on the pretext of looking for His flute. Hari told Her: "O Thief! Why are You vainly trying to escape? Until You give Me My flute back I will not let You go out of My arms!" (57-58)

Lalita, feigning anger, moved her bow-like eyebrows and quickly came up to Hari, saying with a proud smile: "O You who are polluted by associating with other men's wives! O destroyer of the housewives' chastity! Go! Go! Don't pollute Radha, who is freshly bathed for Her *surya puja*, by touching Her! O villain! You are intoxicated by drinking the nectar of Saibya's lips, so go to her at Kusuma Sarovara! O Crook! It was she who took Your flute! If You don't believe it, then go and ask Tulasi! The wicked men are cheating, but the righteous have to suffer for it! Though Saibya took Your flute, You are blaming Radhika for this!" (59-62)

Then Lalita hinted to Krsna with her eyes: "Tulasi has the flute that You want!" Then, when Krsna wanted to approach Tulasi to get it, Radha escaped from His embrace, like a lightning-strike leaving a cloud. (63)

With a light hint Tulasi winked at Rupa Manjari and put the Murali in her hand. Then Tulasi wanted to run away, but Krsna caught her by force, making her shiver and horripilate of ecstasy. Tulasi bent her fingers and placed them on her face, piteously crying: "O Merciful One! Alas! Alas! Leave this unworthy maidservant of Yours, I beg You! I don't have the flute You're after! I saw it in Saibya's hands today!" Saying this, Tulasi hinted to Him at Rupa manjari. (64-66)

Then Madhusudana (the *rasik* honeybee Kṛṣṇa) left Tulasi and went to (Rupa) manjari (like a bee going to a bud), looking for His flute, after smelling its honey. Rupa manjari cleverly hinted to Lalita to quickly take the flute over and Lalita took it, standing there just like a saint. (67)

Kṛṣṇa quickly went up to Rupa manjari in an unseen way and bound her in His ropelike arm. Looking for His flute in her blouse, he said: "O thief, where did you hide My flute?" (68)

Rupa manjari stopped Kṛṣṇa and told Him: "Am I a thief? Well, did You find Your flute on me? Anyway, You're lucky to have Your desires fulfilled by sticking Your hand in my blouse! Now go and call all the cowherdwives with Your flute! You are so eager to pollute all the chaste housewives by embracing them. You just hid the flute Yourself to find an excuse to look for it on their bodies!" (69-70)

Then Rupa manjari hinted to Kṛṣṇa with her glance that Lalita had the flute. When Kṛṣṇa then went to Lalita, Rupa manjari escaped from His embrace and Lalita, seeing Kṛṣṇa approaching, fearfully gave the flute to Kundavalli. Seeing Kṛṣṇa coming, Lalita angrily told Him: "Hey, stay away! Why have You come? If the flute is not on me, then You will soon reap the fruit of Your impudence!" (71-

72)

*cintamaninam cayam antike sthitam padapi ye nabhimrsanty avajanya
radha sakhibhis tava vamsa nalika kim arthamabhir bata sa hirta satha*

"O Cheater! Why should Radha's girlfriends, who do not care to tread carelessly on Cintamani-gems with their feet even, steal this bamboo-flute of Yours?" (73)

*sacchidraya nirasaya kathoraya yayanisam vyakulitam jagat trayam
sa svamino yan murali karad gata vrttam bahunam tad idam sumangalam*

"The sound of this dry wooden flute, which is full of holes (or faults) agitates all the three worlds! You became the husband of this Murali, so it is very auspicious that it fell from Your hands!" (74)

*sva sthana sandanita nivi kuntalah kurvantu karmani sukham grhe'balah
svairam harinyo'pi carantu sa priyah
sarantu satam saritah sarit patim*

"Now the housewives can keep their girdles and braids tied and happily do their household work. The does can freely graze and the rivers can peacefully stream towards the ocean!" (75)

*sitarta nagnambu nimagna kanyaka ganasya vamsasi hirtani yat tvaya
tenacirat te murali karad gata prapnoti duhkam para duhkado hi sah*

"Your Murali fell from Your hand and was lost for You as a result of the suffering You caused to the naked maidens who were suffering from the cold when You stole their clothes. Whoever causes suffering to others must suffer himself!" (76)

*hasta matrayata suska sa randhra vamsa kasthika
ha hanta gokulesasya sarvasvam kena va hrtam*

"This flute is just a dry bamboo reed, one hand long and full of holes! Alas! I now everything lost for the king of Gokula?" (77)

Kundalata, seeing Kṛṣṇa pretended to be sad after hearing Lalita's joking sarcastic words, secretly gave to flute to Śrī Rādhikā and went up to Kṛṣṇa, slyly saying to Rādhā: "Alas! Who has stolen Kṛṣṇa's flute?" Then she told Kṛṣṇa: "O Kṛṣṇa, what can I say? What is the loss to You when an old piece of bamboo, worth less than half a dime, and which is full of holes, falls from Your hand? Let it fall! It's good! Why are You sad? You are the son of the cowherd-king! Alas! All the cowherd-girls are joking about You! I would die of embarrassment!" (78-79)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Kundalata! You don't know the glories of My flute, that is why you speak like that! That is not so astonishing, because My flute never reveals its qualities (as an erotic enchanter) to you as it does to the other girls (because you are my relative)! Whatever I wish, which is otherwise impossible to get, My flute callously gives Me, just like the *cit*-potency fulfills all of Lord Nārāyaṇa's wishes! This flute of Mine is endowed with all potencies to fulfill any wish! Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends are aware of its extraordinary capacity!" (80-82)

Lalita said: "Your flute is very expert in getting things itself. Why would't Your lusty lover know this?" (83)

*sudhapari nari hrdaya kari varim anisam
jagad yosa dosamala suktramosati nipuna
rama gauri sauri mukha yuvati cauri trijagati
prasiddha siddha te'dbhuta guna samrddha muralika*

"Your flute binds the elephant-like hearts of the *gopis* with its nectarcan stream of sound, stealing the mass of their pure, flawless pious merit. What to speak of other ladies, even Rāma (Lakṣmī), Gaurī (Pārvatī), Saurī (Sāmjñā, the wife of the sun) and all other ladies in the three world are enchanted by it. O Kṛṣṇa! The qualities of Your famous, perfect Murali are wonderful!" (84)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Lalita is very harsh and she is a very thorny fortress of crooked words! She secretly stole My flute and still she blasphemes both Me and the flute!" Saying this, Kṛṣṇa wanted to grab the end of Lalita's apron, but Lalita took some distance and said with frowned eyebrows and a smiling face: "O Kṛṣṇa! I am that Lalita! You know me very well in many ways! I'm leaving now with my friends! Your tricks won't work with me!" (85-87)

Saying this, Lalita left, but Kṛṣṇa caught her cloth and said: "You won't be able to go home that easily without first giving Me My flute! O Lalite! If you did not steal My flute, then why do you run away so fearfully? After showing Me that you don't have it on your body you can either go or stay!" (88-89)

Lalita pulled her cloth out of Kṛṣṇa's grip and looked at Him in a crooked way, saying: "You are maddened by lust! Go and search the body of Your niece! We did not take Your flute, nor did we see it anywhere, but if You still will not leave us alone, then You can tell us Your price and we will pay You through Kundavallī! And if that is not enough for You, then we will cut another bamboo-flute for You! We have two friends from the Pulinda-caste (outcastes), named Mallī and Bhr̥ṅgi, who live close to Govardhana Hill. If we tell them, they will bring You a new bamboo-flute, without holes or faults!" (90-92)

*pulindanam kanya mayi parama dhanya rati yusas tṛnaptasmat padambuja ghusrṇa lepa ksata rujah
gīrṇa guṇja dhatun bhr̥ṣam upaharanti sva sahitan
madiyas ta dasyah katham u tava sakhyah samabhavan*

Kṛṣṇa replied: "Those Pulinda-girls are most fortunate, for they are very attracted to Me! They smeared their faces and breasts with the vermilion that My lotusfeet printed on the grass to soothe their lusty desires! They also brought Me *guṇja*-beads and mineral pigments from Govardhana Hill. They are My maidservants, how

did they become your friends?" (93)

"If You disrespect Me by taking My flute, I will bind you up and punish you, and whoever wants to protect you may try it!" (94)

Then Visakha came up before Lalita and smilingly told Krsna with a soft voice: "O Krsna, if someone's belongings are lost, he can find some help in finding it back, so be intelligent and find someone to help you search for it. You won't have success by using crude means" (95-96)

Campakavalli said: "Anyone who will help Him will ask a lot of money for it! Why would Krsna spend so much on a piece of bamboo?" (97)

Tungavidya said: "O Foolish Campakalate! You don't understand, listen! This flute is Krsna's only wealth! What will He not give to get it back? After He found the thief by the grace of His detective, Krsna will take His flute back from that thief and punish him. Then He will reward His detective with wealth that He took from the thief! This is His custom!" (98-99)

Visakha said: "O Proprietor (Krsna)! First tell me how You will punish the thief and how You will reward the detective! I ask You in Your own interest!" (100)

Krsna said: "I reward anyone who helps Me finding My flute with the flowergarland from My body (or: with an embrace), My jeweled necklace (or: My scratches and bites), a Karamardaka-fruit (or: by massing their breasts) and a Cumbaka-jewel (or: kisses)! And I punish the thief of My flute by binding her in the ropes of My arms and taking her into the prison of the *nikunja*, where I will take the jewels of youth from her two jugs (breasts), dress and jeweled ornaments as an erotic punishment!" (101-102)

Visakha said: "This is proper for the son of the cowherd-king to do! The flute will surely return to Your hand when You are not miserly! Only Kundavalli knows where the flute is and I know it from her, but I have not seen it myself, so it is difficult for me to speak about it. But You may ask her to find it and give her some reward!" (103-104)

Visakha then happily told Kundalata: "*Sakhi*! How fortunate that you have come! Take this valuable reward and help your cousin to find His flute back!" (105)

Visakha whispered something in Kundalata's ear while Radha secretly gave the flute to Tulasi. Hari eagerly looked at Kundalata's face, and Kundalata told Visakha: "*Sakhi* Visakhe! I swear you, I don't know who the thief is! I'm not an outsider (to Krsna's family) like you all! Whatever belongs to my cousin Krsna is also mine! If I knew where the flute was, I would tell Him, even without a reward! Visakhe! You surely know who stole the flute! Tell me who has the flute and accept the reward of the jewels! If you help, Lord Krsna will surely get the flute back in His hand! You can either take your reward first or find the flute first. I will be the referee when Krsna gets His flute back and you get your reward!" (106-110)

Krsna also understood Kundalata's hint and eagerly came to Radhika's side to get His flute back. He was stunned by Radhika's sharp, arrow-like glances and Kundalata told Him from behind: "Krsna! That *krsna rasa* (bluish nectar, or the flavour of love for Krsna) that You fill up Your flute with has now colored the whole world bluish (*krsna ruci* also means: the whole world now has taste for Krsna *bhakti*)! This bluish fluid has now beautified Radhika's chin as a musk-drop. Radha has taken His flute, that can be seen by the blue drop on Her chin! Not knowing it was there, She did not remove it! O Krsna! Fortunately You first saw this sign of Your flute as the chindrop! Quickly remove the drop with Your lips (by kissing it), then cleverly take Your flute back! Punish the thief and reward the detective! Surely Your flute must be with Radhika! Take it from Her or not, it's no loss to me! The detective Visakha wants to receive the reward in front of me! Give it to her please!" (111-115)

Kṛṣṇa said: "First I will remove the mark of My flute from Rādhikā's chin, and then I will quickly reward Viśakhā! After that I will lock up Rādhikā in the *kunja*-prison, take the flute from Her and give Her the punishment!" (116)

Saying this, Kṛṣṇa approached His beloved and began to bite Her lips. Seeing this, Lalitā stopped Him by standing in between them with false anger and telling Kṛṣṇa: "How amazing! Rādhikā has not done Her *surya puja* yet today, but You contaminated Her with Your biting! Go away, quickly! You have no respect for social customs and the demigods?" (117-118)

Hari said: "He Rādhī! It's not My fault or because of My teeth! If You show this drop so clearly, then that is Your fault! O Moonfaced Girl! Out of fear of You, this muskdrop has entered the fortress of My teeth, although it was nicely situated on Your chin. Having the same colour as Me, it accepted Me as a friend!" (119-120)

Kundalātā told Rādhikā: "Show Your skill in excellent poetry by reciting *bindu cyuta* poems (*bindu cyuta* is an *alankāra* in Sanskrit poetry, in which two the same words are used in once sentence, but one has an *anusvara* and the other not, like *vāsī* (controller) and *vamsī* (flute), both relating to the same object (Kṛṣṇa in this case). Out of envious rivalry Kṛṣṇa, the king of poets, will recite the *bindu agama* poetry (meaning: the drop has come. *bindu cyuta* means: the drop has fallen, i.e. the muskdrop has fallen from Rādhikā's chin and has come to Kṛṣṇa now)." (121)

"If a qualified person shows his qualities the knowers of qualities will not find faults in it. They will be satisfied, so adorn Kṛṣṇa with the jewelstring of Your bites!" (122)

Rādhikā said: "He Kundalātā! If you are blooming of affection for your cousin's attributes then offer your own flower-like teeth to His sun-like lips!" (123)

Feigning anger, Kundalātā told Ācūyātā: "Hare! Rādhā, Mukhārā's fine granddaughter, is Herself also Mukhārā (talkative), and this Lalitā here is very harsh, whereas You are very soft and scared. Now will You get Your Muralī back? All these *gopīs* are very bold, numerous and crooked. You are alone and soft. Save Your dress and ornaments and return to Your cowherdboy friends! These *gopīs*, that make no distinction between sin and virtue and that are lusty after paramours, take me to be just like them! Although my cousin is just a boy, you girls, being fixed in piety and pure chastity, should not peak with Him! They are slandering us again, I'm going home! Give Viśakhā the rest of the reward and let me loose!" (124-128)

Hari laughed at Viśakhā, saying: "Come, O chaste girl, come! Take the jewels (kisses)!" and embraced her. Then the *sakhīs* also laughed and surrounded them. Then Kṛṣṇa began to quarrel with the *sakhīs* and a great tumult arose. Rādhā took the opportunity to sneak away and hide in a *kunja*, carefully stifling Her ornaments as She went. (129-130)

Meanwhile Tulasī fearfully hid the flute and went to the *kunja* where Vṛndā was. Vṛndā took the flute from her and kept it at his chest, saying:

*vamsottamsa vamsike'si tvam ekaśaś vamsanam ksudra vamsodbhavapi
ya līlanam hetur etadṛsinam asid rādhā kṛṣṇayoradbhutanam*

"O Flute! Although you are from the smallest of all good families, your dynasty became glorious, since you caused all these wonderful pastimes of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa!" (132)

Viśakhā's eyes became restless when she heard her friends laughing. With great effort she loosened herself from the tight bondage of Kṛṣṇa's arms and rebuked Him with faltering voice, saying: "O King of cheaters!

We are not Your relatives, nor Your helpers! You are an outsider, how a we supposed to accept gifts from You? Give the reward to the detective, Your own niece-in-law Kundalata!" (133-134)

Visakha said: "Kundalate! Why have you become bewildered although you are usually so bold? You want to give up the gift of your cousin out of illusion and pollute us with it instead!" (135)

Kundalata said: "Visakhe! The donor Krsna gives charity to the best of *dvijas* (teeth or *brahmana*-girls)! Why are you angry, and why should I commit the sin of forbidding such virtue? If Krsna donates with love, then why should you hesitate to accept it? You should repay Him with the double amount!" (136-137)

Citra said: "Visakhe! It's your own possession, why do you reject it as if it is someone else's? With this wealth you became aristocratic! If you don't like it, then you can give it to Kundavalli!" (138)

Kundalata said: "Citre! Krsna gives His own jewels! If you don't accept them, then what should He care? Let His wealth remain in His home! Krsna! You should'nt deal with these misers, just exchange gifts with Radha!" (139-140)

Hearing this, Hari began to search for Radha, and when He could not find Her, He asked Lalita: "Where is She hidden? The thief is taken away by a crook like you! If you don't bring Her before Me, I will give you a just punishment!" (141)

Lalita said: "I'm not a witness to that! Who knows where She went? You can play kings and queens with Radha, I'm going home!" (142)

One *sakhi* said: "Radha has gone home!", another one said: "She's gone to worship the sungod!", and another one said: "She has gone to Manasi Ganga to purify Herself after You touched Her!" (143)

When the *sakhis* said that, Krsna looked at Kundalata's face, and Kundalata blinked with her eyes towards a *nikunja* indicating that He should enter it. After Krsna entered that *nikunja*, Kundalata and her friends closed all its four gates with vine-string doors, remaining outside themselves. (144-145)

Radha tried to flee when She saw Her lover approaching, but She was unable to reach the doors of the *kunja* and Krsna took Her to the bed by force. (146)

Krsna was like an elephant afflicted by the forestfire of lust, finally attaining the cooling Ganga-river named Radha, and privately enjoyed Her as He wished. (The word *suratarangini* may mean the Ganga *sura* = gods and *tarangini* is river, or: a lady *rangini* enjoying sex *surata*). (147)

Radhika's ornaments loudly resounded when She stopped Krsna with Her arms from opening Her blouse and girdle. Krsna's voice faltered when He demanded: "gi-gi-give Me My flute!" Radha replied with happy faltering voice: "No no no!" Krsna took the jewels of Radha's youth and Radha anxiously tried to stop Him. During Their loveplay the general of Cupid's battle named Dharstyā (boldness) chased away the *sakhis* patience, shyness and unwillingness. (148)

When the mutual vigour of Their beautiful and intense festival of union became manifest a stream of nectar appeared in the from of loving screams like cooing from the throats. In a joking manner the Divine Couple ornamented Eachother with scratches and bites, increasing Eachother's beauty. Glory to Radha and Madhava! sweet play in the solitary *kunja*!

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Srila Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the tenth chapter, which deals with the midday-pastimes, that give so much joy to Sri Radhika and Her girlfriends.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMUKTA * CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Description of Sri Radhika's divine form through poetic analogies"

In this eleventh chapter Radhika's girlfriends give bliss to Syamasundara by describing each of Her limbs to Him with the help of poetic analogies known as *alankara*, ornaments of poetry.

Hiding Kṛṣṇa's Muralika on her chest, Yrnda came to the assembly of *sakhis* along with Nandimukhi and told them: "O Friends! Where have the king and queen of Vrndavana (Radha and Kṛṣṇa) gone?" (1)

The *sakhis* said: "They have gone to king Cupid to quarrel with Each other (They went to make love), what do you have to submit to Them? If it is very confidential then go to this *kunja*, They're staying there in a cottage!" (2)

Yrnda said: "Friends! You are all just like Radhika's mind, life and body! I have no secrets for you, but I will just go and tell the king and queen!" (3)

Knowing that Radha and Kṛṣṇa's loveplay was over, the *sakhis* became eager to see Them. So they opened the door of the *kunja* and looked inside through the slits in the *kunja*-cottage on all sides. (4)

Although Radha had first repeatedly urged Kṛṣṇa to ornament Her after the end of Their lovegame, now She withheld Him again when He wanted to do this. Kṛṣṇa nevertheless began to ornament Her and was also ornamented by Her in return. (5)

Kṛṣṇa wrote something on a pure white lotuspetal with vermillion, stuck this petal on His turban and told His beloved: "Get up, We're going out!" (6)

Although Radhika was hesitant to appear before Her *sakhis*, blooming lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa forcibly took Her out of the *kunja*-

cottage into the courtyard as if She was a thief. When narrow-

eyed Radhika (Her eyes narrow out of bashfulness) and wide-eyed Kṛṣṇa (His eyes wide of bliss) appeared before them, the *sakhis* became happy and surrounded Them, attentively asking Radhika: "He *sakhi*! Where did You go, leaving us all? We looked for You, but we could't find You! Where did You meet this impudent boy? Anyway, You were lucky not to be defeated (in Cupid's battle) by Him!" (7-9)

Hearing the *sakhis*' giggling, and seeing Kṛṣṇa openly describing Their lovegames, Radhika became shy (because of the *sakhis*' giggling) and angry (because of Kṛṣṇa's impudence) respectively and She walked away. She waved Her thumb and indexfinger at Kṛṣṇa, looking at Him with frowned eyebrows and trembling lips, rebuking Him with faltering voice. Seeing Her girlfriends mocking Her, She told them, while making gestures: "O Friends! You pulled at My cloth when I wanted to go home, and when I was hiding you pointed out to Kṛṣṇa where I was, making Me suffer under Him in front of all of you! Why should I stay with you still? I became afraid of this intoxicated snake Kṛṣṇa, who was eager to touch Me out of naughty desire, so I fearfully ran into this *kunja* where the red and white lotusflowers and the thorny vines protected Me as real friends!" (10-13)

Kundalata said: "Radhe! This is true; not false, because all the signs of Your resistance are clearly visible on Your limbs! Your vine-friends have torn Kṛṣṇa's body apart with their sharp, thorn-like nails! This is proper, but how amazing! They have torn up Your body even more!" (14-15)

"That Krsna who attracts the *gopis* and who is a great womaniser, bears Candravali (Radhika's moonbeam)like nailmarks, or Candravali-*gopi*) on His chest. This is all right, but You carry this Candravali in Your heart, although You are so jealous of her! This is most astonishing, tell us why this is!" (16)

Lalita said: "O Chaste Kundalate! Why should there be a shortage of cutting marks from the thorny twigs on the chaste girls that ran away out of fear of this whimsical paramour, who is eager to touch them?" (17)

Krsna eagerly thought of different ways to hear the description of each of Radhika's limbs and to see the pleasing meddly of Her emotions, so the *sakhis*, understanding His feelings, began to laugh and described these limbs. When they became eager to prepare the nectar juice of poetic descriptions which was laced with the camphor of Sri Radhika's sweetness for Murari's pleasure, Radhika forbade them with frowned eyebrows. (18-19)

samphulla govinda mukharavinda manda smita manda maranda siktah tad ingitajnah kramatas calaksim tum varmayantyo jahasur vayasah

Being sprinkled by the pleasing honey from Govinda's slightly smiling blooming lotusface and being encouraged by His winks, the *sakhis* giggled and gradually began to describe the beauty of restless-eyed Radhika. (20)

They began to describe Radhika on the pretext of describing Kundalata. Lalita said: "O *sakhis*! Look at the signs of Madhusudana's enjoyments on Kundavallika (Radhika)! These two jug-like breasts (of Sri Radhika) defeat all the *siva lingams* in the world that have a single moonphase on them. Are they wearing these moons like nailmarks, desiring to defeat these *lingas*?" (21-23)

Showing her line of teeth as she smiled, Visakha spoke to make Krsna happy: "These marked Linga-like breasts accept Sri Krsna's nailmarks that are like full, inexhaustible moons, leaving the exhaustible moon in the sky, who has only fifteen phases (days of the lunar quarters) and also wanes in every quarter. Has She now decorated Her body with these full, inexhaustible moon-nailmarks?" (24-25)

Campakavalli was very happy to hear Visakha's words and said this to make Krsna happy: "Hari's lotuslike hands, seeing His lotusfeet dancing on Kaliya's stage-like hoods, challenge the capacity of these feet. Therefore they are now dancing on Sri Radhika's orange-like breasts!" (The first word *nagaranga* is the dancingstage-like hoods of Kaliya- snake, and the second *nagaranga* is Radhika's orange-like breasts). (26-27)

Citra, the best of ladies, said: "The wonderful golden Citra-vine embraces the blackish Tamala-tree, carrying two ripe Baelfruits, that are cut by the Tamala-trees' branches and subbranches, leaving their marks." (The baelfruits are Radhika's breasts, the Tamala-branches are Krsna's arms, the golden vine is Radhika and the Tamalatree is Krsna). (28-29)

Then Tungavidya, the goddess of poetry, pleased the whole assembly and embarrassed Radhika by saying: "How beautiful is the forest of Radhika's body, in which there is a deep platform where the lusty king of elephants (Krsna) enjoys! This elephant is driven by Hari's nails, that are like Cupid's goads, piercing its temples (Radhika's breasts) that are covered with musk-

pictures. (Hari also means lion, that lion attacks the Radha-elephant). (30-31)

Indulekha, whose beautiful teeth look like moons of bliss, joyfully said: "The mad Krsna-elephant enjoys in the Suratarangini (Ganga-river or lady enjoying sex) to His full satisfaction, flapping His trunk in different ways. That was written on these bud-like breasts." (32-33)

Rāṅgadevī, though prohibited by Rādhikā's glances, filled up Kṛṣṇa's ears with the nectar of her words, saying: "On this chest are two marked golden pitchers in which the Creator has hidden the jewels of youth. The greedy Kṛṣṇa dug them out with the thief-like spades of His nails, leaving His nailmarks behind!" (34-35)

To please Girīdhārī, Sudevī joked about moonfaced Rādhikā: "The Vanapriyas (cuckoos, or Kṛṣṇa) are very fond of golden pomegranate vines and the two fruits of these vines are dug into by the Kṛṣṇa parrot!" (The golden pomegranate vine is Rādhikā, the two fruits are Her breasts, the blue parrot is Kṛṣṇa and its beak are His nails) (36-37)

Then Candramukhī took her opportunity and joyfully said: "This golden pomegranate-vine is extraordinary and its fruits have ripe seeds. Their two flowers are covered with bites from the blackbees." (The seeds are Rādhikā's teeth and the blackbee is Kṛṣṇa). (38-39)

Jyesthā, the crownjewel of ladies, said: "Kṛṣṇa's lips look like fresh rose-apples after having kissed Rādhikā's eyelids that were blackened with collyrium. Seeing this colour, Rādhikā's parrot-like teeth became greedy after the taste of these rose-apples!" (40-41)

Then Kāncānalatā began to describe Rādhikā in detail, being encouraged by the moving eyebrows of the Lord of her heart (Sri Kṛṣṇa), and being prohibited by the glances of her mistress (Sri Rādhikā). She said: "The hairs that the Creator placed on Rādhikā's breasts, navel and face make one mistake it for a lotusstem (the hairs) coming up from a lake of condensed nectar (the navel) sprouting two golden lotusflowers (the breasts) that are always closed because the moon (Rādhikā's face) shines on them." (42-43)

Doe-eyed Madhavi said: "Sri Rādhā is the arena of the sacrifice that aims to attract Kṛṣṇa's heart. Her navel is the sacrificial pit, Her three-lined belly the belts around this pit, Her middle the altar, the hairs on Her navel the sacrificial ladle, Her breasts the jugs, the place where the priests place the jugs to initiate the sacrifice Her thighs, Her neck the conchshell and Cupid is the priest!" (44-45)

Vasantī, looking at Rādhikā, said: "How fortunate is king Vṛṣabhānu's daughter! Her body is like Cupid's great arsenal: Her eyebrows are the bow, Her hairs the sword, Her glances the arrows, Her arms the ropes, Her cheeks two golden shields and Her nails are his goads!" (46-47)

To please Kṛṣṇa, Vrnda said:

*radhayāḥ sutaṇuḥ sudhā surādhūni bahu viśe sat stanau
kokau sri mukha nabhi paṇi caranāḥ padmaṇi vakralakāḥ
rolambā madhura smitam ca kumudāṇi netre tathendivare
romali jala nilikha lasati sri kṛṣṇa hṛt kunjarāḥ*

"Rādhā's excellent body is like the nectar-Gaṅgā for the elephant of Kṛṣṇa's heart to play in. Her arms are like the lotusstems in it, Her breasts the Cakravāka-birds, Her face, navel, hands and feet are all lotusflowers and Her curly locks are like blackbees surrounding these lotusflowers. Her smile is like a waterlily, Her eyes are blue Indivara-lotuses and the hairs on Her navel are the moss floating in the water." (48-49)

Again each *gopi*, headed by Lalitā, one by one began to describe their friend Rādhikā's beauty with love, being encouraged by Kṛṣṇa's indications. (50)

"Sri Rādhā's footsoles have the marks of a conchshell, a half moon, barleycorn, a lotusflower, an elephant, a chariot, a goad, an arrow, a plough, a flag, a mace, a *svastika*, a bow and a fish. They are covered by a shield of footlac and Her anklebells. With all these missiles they conquer the kingdom of the world and completely reveal Her beauty of regal opulence." (51)

*yat kantiya lavanac chriyali kisalay ya pallavakhyam nyadhat
padmakhyam naline vidhaya malini bhavam nisa kokavat
sokat kokanadabhidham vilapanai raktotpale ecty asau
sa radha bhuvi tat pada dvayam idam kenopameyam bhavet*

"The lustre of these feet are cutting down the pride of beautiful fresh soft red lotuspetsals, therefore their fresh sprouts are known as *pallava*. The lotus (or *nalini*) is known as *padma* because it is contaminated (*pada* means position and *mala* means dirt); and the red lotusflower is called Kokanada because it wails (*aitanada*) at nighttime like a Cakravaka (*koka*) flamingo out of sorrow. She when lotusflowers have all these shortcomings, then how can we compare Radha's feet with them?" (52)

*apurva sri radha carana kamala nakha candravalir iyam
sada purna bhanti hari hrdi nirankaruna rugali
samutphullam tasyendriya kumukla vrndam vidadhati
hathac candravya viracayati ya vismrtam api*

"The wonderful moons on the nails of Radha's lotusfeet are always full, making Hari's heart happy with their crimson lustre, causing the lilies of His senses to blossom and making Him forget about Candravalī!" (Both the moonlike nails and Radhika's rival are called Candravalī) (53)

"Why did Radhika's heels hide? The king of Radha's kingdom, who is named fresh youthfulness, came and behaved indecently. He removed the thickness of Her middle with Her dacoit-like hips and breasts (replacing Her childhood-waist with the waist of adolescence). Then he thought: "Let me blow on Her middle (making it slender like a young girl's waist) and bound it with the strings of Her threeclined belly. Seeing this, Radhika's heels became afraid and hid themselves." (54)

"Sri Radhika's nice thighs shine like stunned golden bananas, or the foundation pillars of a shading house, placed by the Creator to give soothing shade to the Kṛṣṇa-elephant who is heated with lust." (55)

"Has the Creator given Cupid, upon being asked for, Radhika's thighs, that are like golden posts for tying up elephants? These posts have now tightly bound down Kṛṣṇa's mad elephant-mind with the chain of their sweet beauty." (56)

*janu dvayam na tad idam vrsabhanu jayali
kamasye te kanaka samputike sugupte
yat kṛṣṇa hṛn nayana ratnam aneka yatnaili
sammusya so'yam anayor mumude nidhaya*

"These are not the knees of King Vrsabhanu's daughter, but the wellhidden cases where Cupid placed Kṛṣṇa's eyes and heart after having blissfully stolen them!" (57)

"What can the sweetness of Sri Radhika's thighs be compared to? Are they the place of enjoyment for Kṛṣṇa's handpalms? The elephants would be afraid if I compared them with their tough-skinned proboscis and the watery bananas would be ashamed if I compared them with their worthless peels!" (58)

manojanam sri govardhana katakani ancan na labhate

*mudam yah kalindyah pulina guna lila smaranajam
na tatratyami casyah pulinam anuvindam agharipum
nitambam so'syas tam sama labhata pasyann ubhayajam*

"Kṛṣṇa does not find as much pleasure in wandering around the beautiful foot of Govardhana Hill, remembering the sports and attributes of the Yamuna-bank, or in remembering Govardhana Hill while walking on the bank of the Yamuna, as much as He does by looking at Sri Rādhikā's buttocks" (59)

*radha sronir iyam sama na pulinaiḥ satya kaver gir iyam
yad veni yamuna tad eva pulinam kanci marali tatih
no cet tatra harer mano natavarahi sri rasasasyam katham
svabhir vrtti sakhi natibhir anisam kurvam na visramyati*

Aren't the words of the poet ^{who says} that Rādhā's buttocks are like the bank of the Yamuna, true? Her braid is like the Yamuna and Her waistbells sing like the swans in the Yamuna. If not, then why would Kṛṣṇa's mind, the best dancer, or His mind's girlfriends, the dancing girls of His desires always dance the Rāsa there, without ever resting?" (60)

"Sri Rādhikā's middle has made friends with the waist of the lion, who is the killer of big elephants, thinking out of fear, anger and sorrow: "Those deceitful thieves, Rādhā's buttocks, breasts and hips, have made friends with the proboscis and the temples of the elephants (gaining their vastness) taking my own vastness away (when Rādhikā attained adolescence these limbs increased their volume and Her waist became very thin)." (61)

Sri Rādhikā's buttocks and breasts were first poor, then they teamed up and stole away the volume of Her waist (when She attained puberty). After that, though, they still quarreled out of greed. Seeing this, did the Creator divide them with the three lines on Her belly to stop the quarrel?" (62)

"Has the Creator bound Sri Rādhikā's waist with these three strings of Her belly-lines out of fear that it would otherwise break out of thinness from separation from Her friend childhood?" (63)

*sudha sarasya kanakabjini dalam
bhrngali phullabja virajad antaram
kim etad abhati na kintu radhika
tundam sa romavali nabhi bhusitam*

"Is this a blooming golden lotuspetal in a lake of nectar, surrounded by a swarm of bumblebees? No, it is Sri Rādhikā's navel, surrounded by hairs in Her belly!" (64)

"Sri Rādhikā's belly has hairs that defeat the charm of Banyan-leaves. When these hairs shiver they defeat fresh golden lotuspetals and adorn Her belly as regal opulent musk-tilaka". (65)

"Sri Rādhikā's hands are beautified by the auspicious marks of a pitcher, a garland of lotusflowers, a fan, a moonbeam, an earring, an umbrella, a post for binding sacrificed animals, a conchshell, a Baṅtree, an altar, a seat, a flower, a vine, a whisk and a svastika, as if these items are there to serve Her beloved." (66)

"If lotusflowers (Sri Rādhikā's hands) were beautified by Campaka flowerbuds (Her fingers) with full ruby moons (Her fingernails) on their tips that are sharper than Cupid's goads, it would still not equal the beauty

of Śrī Rādhikā's hands that defeat the beauty of lotusflowers and fresh sprouts!" (67)

*rādhā karabja sukhara nakhara bakarer
vaksas tali garuda ratna kabatikayam
utkirṇa citra karanaya ratisa karo-
sthanka susukṣma nīṣitā sphuṭaṇi ullasanti*

"The very sharp nails on Rādhikā's lotuslike hands, that carve pictures on Kṛṣṇa's chest (by scratching it that is like a sapphire door, look like Cupid's chisels to carve stones." (68)

*mūlādho vadanam varataka yugam cagre' mboḷe vibhīṛati
nāṭe svarna mṛṇalake ratipāṭe ye paśatam agate
kṛṣṇoṭphulla tāmalā vestana paṭu bilvāṭa kūcadhah phale
rādhā bahu late ime kara yuga śrī pallave divyataḥ*

"The pits of Rādhā's vine-like arms look like downward sheaths of a seed and under these sheath are H- lotuslike handpalms. These arms are not golden lotusstems, but the ropes of Cupid that expertly clasp arou. Hari, who is like a blooming Tāmala-tree who holds Her baclfruit-like breasts and sproutlike hands." (69)

*kamartī sindhu taranaya harer vidhātā
rādhā vyadhyaī taranīṛ mānī citra haimī
tat ksepānī ca nīhīta subhā roma rājīṛ
nyastam ca bahu yugalam kim aritā yugmām*

"The Creator has made the golden boat with wonderful jewels named Rādhā to help Kṛṣṇa cross over the ocean of His lusty desires. Are Her arms the cups to scoop the water out of this boat and the hairs on Her arms its oars?" (70)

*śrī rādhikā paśvā mattalike subhe saundarya kanye vṛṇutah sma ye svayam
madhurya putrau hari paśvā sadvarau
savyapasavya kṛmā vaiparītyataḥ*

"Śrī Rādhikā's sides are like two daughters of beauty and Kṛṣṇa's sides are like the sons of sweetness. They meet eachother's opposites (when Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa stand facing eachother Rādhikā's left side touches Kṛṣṇa's right side and vice versa) and embrace eachother, accepting eachother as brides and bridegrooms" (71)

*smara jaya lipi yukta hutakī pattikeyam
kim u vidhīṛta mānoblhu sastrīkām svarna pīṭham
madana bhujaga paśadhara tunam na haimam
nāhī lasati virajāḍ venī rādhā supṛstham*

"Is this a golden slab with Cupid's victory inscribed in it? Is it a golden platform holding Cupid's armory or is it a golden quiver holding Cupid's snake-like ropes? No it is none of these things! It is Rādhā's back, beautified by Her braided hair!" (72)

sahajā vīṇatām aṁsa dvandvām aśyā kavīndra

*giridhara kara sasvad bharato namram ahuh
mama tu matam anuccair apy adah sarvam uccaih
sirasa ganamatītyodbhati tat saubhagena*

"The poets say that Rādhikā's shoulders are naturally low because Giridhārī always holds His strong arms on them, but in my opinion they just appear low because Rādhikā's head comes up very high out of pride of being superior to all other gopīs!" (73)

*saundarya laksmir iha kavya laksmih
sangitya laksmis ca harer mude'sti
purneti dhatur ganamat tu rekha
trayena kanthah kim u bhaty anusyah*

"Has the Creator blissfully carved three lines on Rādhikā's throat - the goddess of beauty, the goddess of poetry and the goddess of beautiful song - to complete Hari's pleasure?" (74)

*sinartham uccaih sirasor vivader balistha nasa stanayor vidhata
radha vapur nivrti kantha madhye rekha trayenaiva cakara simam*

"The Creator made a boundary of three lines in the middle of Rādhikā's neck, to stop the quarrel between Her nose and Her breasts over supremacy in raisedness." (75)

*vyarthi kṛta svara gunair gahanam pikali
bheje sudha ca katutam jadatam tata srih
yasya sriya dara tatis ca samudram asyah
kenopamantu kavayas tam imam sukantham*

"When the Pika-birds hear Rādhikā's voice they flee into the forest out of shame, nectar turns sour and the vinas become stunned. Seeing the beauty of Her throat, the conchshells flee into the ocean. Which poets can make a comparison to Rādhikā's beautiful throat?" (76)

"When a lotuspetal on which a blackbee sleeps in the morning sun meets with a black Pika-bird resting in the window of a golden temple, and both of them see Rādhikā's beautiful chin decorated with a spot of musk, which is beautified even more by the touch of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's finger, they yearn to attain a beauty equal to that!" (77)

"Rādhā's lips are known as *bandhu jiva* and *bimbadhara*, because they are the life (*jiva*) of Rādhā's friend (*bandhu*) Śrī Kṛṣṇa, and Her love for Kṛṣṇa is reflected (*bimba*) in them, so they are known as *bimbadhara*. Therefore they cannot be compared with *Bandhujiva*-flowers and *Bimba*fruits!" (78)

*ananda purnamṛta sattva murtih kṛṣṇasya jiva tu layajya kirtih
etavata varnita san mahimno radhadharasyanya gunaih kim uctaih*

"Rādhā's lips are famous as the means of survival for Kṛṣṇa, who is Himself the very form of full nectarean bliss. After knowing these glories, what is the need of mentioning any of their other qualities?" (79)

*radha dantan vijita sikhara phulla kundadyamitran
visva vyaptir ita nija karan unmadaṁ vikṣya vedhah*

*drak ced osthadhara su pihitann akarisyat tada te
nana varnam jagad api sitadvaitam eva vyadhasyan*

"Radha's teeth, that look like ripe pomegranate-seeds, defeat their enemies the blooming white Kundaflowers. Seeing the bright white rays of these jewellike teeth pervading the whole universe, the Creator at once covered them with Her lips. If not, then the whole multicolored universe would be pervaded by an undifferentiated white effulgence!" (80)

*kundakrtir hira rucir vicitra sri radhikaya rada kira raji
ya nitya kṛṣṇadhara bimba matrasyadena lebhe sikharac chabiltvam*

"Radhika's parrot-like teeth are shaped like Kundaflowers and colored like diamonds. These parrots always relish the Bimbafruit-like lips of Sri Kṛṣṇa, from which they attain the colour of ripe pomegranate-seeds!" (81)

*radha rasajharuna ratna darvi kṛṣṇaya reje parivesayanti
san narma sangita sukavya rupan sva vag vilasamṛta sad vikaran*

"Sri Radha's tongue is like a ruby spoon that serves Kṛṣṇa the nectar of Her joking words, Her songs, Her poetry and Her clever words like nectarean sweetmeats!" (82)

"Sri Radha has placed the clever dancinggirl of Kṛṣṇa's true glories in Her throat. Has the red veil of this clever dancinggirl now come out of Her mouth in the form of Her tongue?" (83)

*sri kṛṣṇa sat kirty abhidhana namno su navya yunor mithunasya dhatra
hindola lilabhir atasya cakre
radha rasajharuna vastra dola*

"Seeing the true fame of Sri Kṛṣṇa and the young couple of His names and forms eager to play on the swing, the Creator has made Radha's tongue like this swing, covered by a crimson sheet." (84)

*piyusabdhi taranga varna madhuraṁ narma prahelimayam
sabdarthobhaya sakti samsita rasalankara vastu dhvani
bhrngi bhrnga piki pika dhvani kalasvadhyapakam rajate
sri kṛṣṇa sravaso rasayanam idam sri radhika blasitam*

"Sri Radhika's words, whose syllables are as beautiful as waves in an ocean of nectar, that are full of clever jokes and speech, sounds, double meanings, analogies and substances, and that teach the male and female bees and Pika-birds how to sing, are like nectar to Sri Kṛṣṇa's ears!" (85)

*premajya narmali sita rasavali madhivika manda smita candra samyuta
asya mrsersya maricanvitadbhuta
vani rasalollasatisa tṛptida*

"Sri Radha gives joy to Her Lord with Her amazing words that are flavoured with the *ghi* of love, the sugar of humour, the honey and camphor of Her mild smile and the black pepper of Her feigned envy." (86)

*sudha sarid iyaṁ hareḥ kim u mano maraṣrayaḥ
sudha kirana kaumudī trsita drk cakori gatih
sudha sita ghanavali sutanu cataki jivani
virajati na radhika smita sudhormi unmilati*

"Is this a river of nectar, where the swan of Hari's mind takes shelter? Is it a ray of ambrosial moonlight, that is the shelter for Hari's eyes, that are like thirsty Cakorabirds? (Cakora's only live on moonlight) Or is it a row of clear, white ambrosial clouds that are the only sustenance for Hari's Cataki-bird like excellent body? No, it is the high ambrosial wave of Radhika's smile!" (87)

*harer gunāḥ vara kalpavallyo radha hṛd aramam anu praphullah
lasanti ya yāḥ kusumani tasam smita echaḥ kintu bahiḥ skhalanti*

"The nice desire-vine of Hari's qualities blooms up in the garden of Radha's heart. Do it's flowers now come out in the form of Her smile?" (88)

*sri radha vadanam sudhaksaya sarah kṛṣṇanavam yat tato
niskramyancatī pancama svara sudha srota svatīyam kvacit
sangitamṛta vahini tato ito vani sudha nimnaga
kvapy amoda sudhadhuni smita sudhā divya nadi canyataḥ*

"Sri Radha's beautiful face is a boundless stream of nectar from which sometimes rivers of nectarean songs in the fifth note, as well as blissfull rivers of nectarean words, jokes and smiles flow into the Kṛṣṇa-ocean." (89)

"The beauty of Radha's face defeats that of the peak of Mt. Sumeru, from which the celestial nectarstreams of Her smile, Her divine pleasure, Her speech, Her songs and Her tunes flow into the Kṛṣṇa nectar-ocean!" (90)

"When a traveller sees a wagtailbird on a lotusflower he knows that his journey will be auspicious. Similarly, the Creator made Radhika's face a lotusflower to bless Kṛṣṇa's eyes. Then, seeing how restless they were, he bound Her wagtailbird-eyes to the golden post of Her nose." (91)

*hari nayana cakora pritaye radhikaya
mukha sasinam apurvam purnam utpada dhata
nayana harina yugmani nyasya tasmīn sulolam
nyadhita tad avaroddhum parsvayoh karna pasau*

"The Creator made Radhika's wonderful moonlike face just to please Hari's Cakorabird-like eyes. In this moon He placed the marks of Her deer-like eyes (The moon has marks of a deer on its globe also) and he bound these restless deer up with the ropes of Her ears." (92)

*candraḥ kalanki ksayitoti vilvalas tat padaghatair malinam yathambujam
sunirmalam santata purna mandalam
kenopameyam vada radhikananam*

"The moon is contaminated by spots and is sometimes eclipsed and the lotusflower is contaminated by the touch of the moonbeams. So tell me, what may we compare Radhika's ever-full and spotless face with?" (93)

radhaya jita hema darpana madam ganda dvayam sundaram
lavanyamrta purnitam hi kana. ksaunyan saro yugmakam
yat tatanka suvarna padma kalikam kasturika citrasae
chaibalam makari vilasa valitam krsnati trsnaharam

"Sri Radha's cheeks defeat the luster of golden mirrors. They are like two beautiful nectar-filled lakes golden soil because there are two golden lotusbuds hanging on them from Her ears (earrings), musk-pictu are like its moss and Capricorn- earrings are playing in them as aquatic beings. Therefore these cheeks materially quench Krsna's ere thirst" (94)

sri krsna sri nayana madhupa dvandva posaya dhatra
sri lavanyamrta maya sarasy anane radhikayah
utpady asmin madhura nayana cchadmanendivare dve
sri gandendu nyadhita sa tayoh parsva utphullatayaih

"To feed Sri Krsna's beautiful honeybee-like eyes the Creator made a lake full of nectarean beauty know as Sri Radhika's face. In this lake two sweet blue lotusflowers spring up (Her eyes) and two moonlike cheek surround these lotusflowers to make them blossom". (95)

"Look! Is this a great parrot sitting in a cage on Radhika's forehead that became thirsty after seeing I' Bimbafruit-like lips and shows its beak in the form of Her nose?" (96)

asyah sunasa madanadbhutesur vyalola cilli dhanur arpito' pi
vivesa muktaphalakagrako' pi drutam harer hrt dhrti varmitam yah

"This nice nose is a wonderful arrow of Cupid in front of which is a pearl. Her restless eyebrows are Cupid bow on which this arrow is fixed to pierce Hari's peaceful heart!" (97)

amasyah sri nasa tilakusuma tano ratipater
adho vaktram purnah kusuma visikhais citra mrgayoh
sukha dvara tasmad smita caya misat te nipatitah
saravyatvam yesam alabhata hares citta harinah

"Radhika's nose is like Cupid's quiver filled with flower-arrows. When Radhi smiles, keeping Her head low, the hunter Cupid shoots arrows from this quiver to pierce the deer of Hari mind". (98)

radhaya nayananjanaadhara ruca vyaptam nu gunjayate
nasa mauktikam etad ity avidusam kavyam mamaitan matam
sasvat krsna viraji ragi hridayasvasanilair bhavitam
tat tad varnatayasu tat parinatam tesam hi tat tad gunaih

"How has the pearl on Radha's nose become black and red just like *gunja*-beads? Ignorant poets say it is reflection of Her black eyeliner above it and Her red lipstick shining under it, but I think that the red color is Her passion for Krsna and the black colour represents Krsna Himself. These colours come out when Radhika breathes out through Her nose and this colors Her nosepearl!" (99)

*nayana yuga vidhane radhikaya vidhātṛ
jagati madhura sarāṇi saṁcitāḥ sad-guṇa-ye
bhūvi patita tad-amsaiḥ tena sṛṣṭanya sarair
bhramara nirga-cakoraṁbhōja-minotpalāni*

"The Creator collected the essence of all the sweet and good things of the world to make Radhika's eyes and the leftover parts fell down to earth to become the blackbees, deer, Cakora birds, plain lotuses and blue lotus flowers!" (100)

*khanjana tīksaṇam anjana liptam kanya nava-smaya bhānjana-drptam
saṁjananācyuta-rājanā silam sumukhi-tavandajā-gaṇajā-līlām*

"O Fairfaced girl! Your collyrium-smeared eyes act like waptailbirds, they break the pride of new lotus flowers, give pleasure to Ācyuta, the Creator of bliss, and they belittle the playfulness of the fishes!" (101)

"Kṛṣṇa's dancing Makara (an aquatic being) -earrings have been married to the fish-like eyes in Radha's face by the Creator. Radha's face is like a nectar-lake, and because these fishes (the earrings and the eyes) were attracted to each other they are learning how to dance (swing). When Radha's fish-like eyes try to escape (when She turns them away from Hari's face out of shyness) the Creator catches them in the net of Kṛṣṇa's ears." (102)

*radhaksi padma dvaya dhamni tiṣṭhataḥ sada-sṛjantau bhramara-prajāpati
prajāvalim-manasikim-yato'sakau
katakṣa-dhara-misato-niretyutah*

"In the pupils of Radha's two lotus eyes are progenitors that create progeny of blackbee-like expressions of Her desires that come out as a swarm of glances." (103)

"Sri Radhika's eyebrows are naturally squinted and extended like the invincible Visṇukṛanta-vines that sprouted the two black-bluish flowers of Her eyes!" (104)

"Has the eclipse swallowed the moon that had only two phases, has the moon been polluted by its bites? No, it is Radhika's spotless forehead, situated in between Her hair and Her creeper-like eyebrows!" (105)

"Sri Radha's forehead has crushed the pride of a new moonbeam under which are Her beautiful eyebrows and above which are Her locks like a swarm of blackbees above and under a golden Madhavi-petal." (106)

*guṇamāni khaṇir-asya-vallabhāḥ kṛṣṇa-eva
pranayini bhavitasya kṛṣṇa-eva-nuragah
iti-lipir-alikantar-vaidhāṣīyasty-asau kim
bahir-āpi-mada-sindureṇ dambhat-sphuṭabhuṭ*

"Kṛṣṇa, the mine of jewellike qualities, is certainly Radha's only lover, and loving Radha is attracted to Him alone. This was written on Her moonlike forehead by the Creator in the form of Her musk-tilaka (which has Kṛṣṇa's colour) and the vermilion in Her part (which is red like Her attachment to Him)." (107)

*simanta rekhaney arunambaravrtam sainduram asyas tilakam vibhati
karnvagunthabhidha mukrayavrtam tamraghya patram sasikham sinarasya va*

"Sri Radhika's head is covered by a vermillion stripe in the part as well as a crimson veil covering Her head, or maybe it is Cupid's pointed copper Arghya-bowl over which Cupid holds his hand as if practising a mudra?" (108)

*sri kṛṣṇa hr̥ṇ matṭa matangajasyasista radhā kaccā kananantah
tad gāṇḍa sindura madabhisiktam vartmasya simanta misad vibhati*

"Sri Radha's hair is like a dense forest where the mad elephant of Kṛṣṇa's heart enjoys. The sindura from His temples have colored the pathway of Her part (where He strolls)." (109)

"Both Her moonlike face and Her dark hair take shelter of Sri Radha without mutual enmity. But still they are afraid of each other, therefore the darkness of Her hair makes a border for its own protection with a phalanx of locks that appear as bumblebees, while the moon placed its phase-phalanxes on Her bright forehead for its own defense." (110)

*alaka madhupa mala bhāti ya radhikāya
mukha kamalā madhulī paṇa lubdhopaviṣṭa
nayana harina yugma rodhanayaghasatror
madana mrga yunasau lambhita vaguratrām*

"Sri Radhika's honeybee-like locks become eager to drink the honey of Her lotuslike face, above which they reside. The hunter Cupid has placed them as a net to catch Kṛṣṇa's deer-like eyes." (111)

*radhā manovṛtti latankuragataḥ kṛṣṇasya ye bhāvanāya tadatnātām
suksmayataḥ prema sudhabhisekatas te nūtsṛta kesa misad bahir dhruvam*

"The sprouts of Radha's thought-vines have become bluish like Kṛṣṇa through constant meditation on Him. These thin, long sprouts are sprinkled by the nectar of love and come out as Her hair." (112)

"The whisk-like hair of Vr̥ndavana's princess defeats the beauty of peacockfeathers and increase Kṛṣṇa's love and joy, shining beautifully like Lord Viṣṇu's majesty!" (ca + amara = and the demigods, *śitikantha* = including Siva. Radhika's hair is more splendid than Siva's and the demigods', like Viṣṇu's prowess) (113)

*kṛṣṇaṅga bhaṣa nicitaḥ susukmaḥ sri radhāya ya manasa dṛṣṭa ca
ta eva dhammilla misena vandyāḥ puṇjīkṛta mūrdhni dīrṭa vibhanti*

"All the fine blackish luster of Kṛṣṇa's body, which is in Sri Radha's eyes and mind was collected in the praiseworthy hairbraid She carries on Her head!" (114)

*ratnavali kanti sarasvatī yuta mukta prasūnavali gangāyānvitā
nīja śrīyasau yamunayitā svayam venī trivenīyā vābhau natabhruvāḥ*

"Lowerbrowed Radhika's braid looks like the Triveni (the confluence of three holy rivers). The jewels in

are colored like the Sarasvati, the pearls and flowers in it like the Ganga and the hair itself shines like the blackish Yamuna!" (115)

*vilasa visrantam aveksya radhika
sri kesapasam nija puecha pinchayali
nyakkaramasankya hriyeva bhejire
girim camaryo vipinam sikhanditah*

"Seeing Radhika's loosened braid when She takes rest after enjoying with Krsna, the peacocks shyly and fearfully flee into the forest, and the deer flee into the mountains, seeing that the lustre of their feathers and tails is defeated!" (116)

"Sri Radha's whole body smells of *kunkuma*, Her navel, eyebrows, hair and eyes smell of blue lotus smeared with *aguru* and musk, Her chest, ears, nose, hands and feet smell of lotus smeared with camphor and Her armpits and Her nails smell like Ketaki-flowers sprinkled with sandalpaste." (117)

*krsnendriyahilada gunair udara sri radhika rajati radhikeva
sarvopamanavali mardil silany angani vangani ca bhanty amusyah*

"Sri Radhika is ornamented with all the qualities of sweetness and beauty that can please Krsna's senses. In this she can only be compared with Radhika Herself! She defeats all standards of comparison with Her every limb!" (118)

*sri radhikananya sama lasaty asau
madhurya sampattir ivaghavidvisali
madhurya sampattir apiyam uccakaili
sri radhikevanupama virajate*

"Sri Radhika's body defies all standards of comparison in the world. It is unrivalled in the opulence of sweetness as is Krsna's body!" (119)

*prema pramana rahito'nupama guna srili
saundarya sampad asama ruciram ca silam .
tarunyam adbhutatamam sakhi radhikayali
krsnali katham na bhavita vasago gunajnah*

"Sakhi ! How can Krsna's mind, that appreciates qualities, not be controlled by Radhika's incomparable love, qualities, beauty, opulence, righteousness and most wonderful adolescence? This love cannot be proven by any mundane means!" (120)

*pativratyam kva nu paravadhutvapavadah kva easyah
premodrekah kva ca paravasatvadi vighnah kva cayam
kva isotkantha kva nu bakaripor nitya sangady alabdhir
mulam krstva kasati hridayam kapi salya trayi nah*

"Where there is such devotion to the husband (Krsna), how can there be any accusation of adultery? Where there is such great love, how can there be any obstruction from others? Where there is such eagerness, how

can Kṛṣṇa's eternal company be unattainable? These three spears are piercing our hearts at the roots!" (121)

*ka kṛṣṇasya pranaya janibhuh śrīmatī radhikaika
kasya preyaśy anupama guṇa radhikaika na canya
jāihmyam keśe dṛśī taralata nisthuratvam kūce'sya
vancha purtya prabhavati sadamasya radhaiva nanya*

"Who is the birthplace of Kṛṣṇa's love? It is Śrīmatī Radhika only. Who is Kṛṣṇa's most dearly beloved? Radhika and no one else. With Her curly locks, Her restless eyes and Her hard breasts She can ful fill Kṛṣṇa's desires like no-one else!" (122)

*praphulla punnaga kṛtasraya sada praphullitāṅgi madhusudanasya
amoda purna vara patra blāṅgika
vrndavane'sau lasatīha radhika*

"Śrī Radhika is like an ever fully blossoming vine in Vrndavana who takes shelter of the blooming Punnaga-tree (or: adolescent Kṛṣṇa, who blossoms with desire). Her nice leaves are full of flowers of pleasure that are the shelter of Madhusudana (the *rasika* honeybee Kṛṣṇa)." (123)

*na dīksasya śikṣa śravaṇa pathane va guru mukhat
tathapiyam radha trī jagad abala viśmaya bhuvam
kalambodhīcī sauror apī parāma śantosana kṛtām
kalānam ācārya vraja mṛgadṛśam apy ajāni sa*

"Śrī Radhika was never initiated, nor did She hear or study from a *śikṣa guru*, but still She became the teacher of arts for all the Vraja *gopīs*, who astonish all the ladies of the three worlds with their skills and who give the highest satisfaction to Saurī (Kṛṣṇa), the Ocean of all arts." (124)

"Although Radha gave up the duties of the housewives, leaving them and Her husband afar like blades of grass, She is worshipable as a chaste lady because of Her pure character, which is a wonderful creation of Lord Brahma." (125)

*prajāgara śyāpna susuptiśu śrī gandharvikayāḥ satatam hi nanya
mano vapur vag akhilendriyaṇam kṛṣṇaikatānatvam ite'sti vṛttih*

"In wakefulness, dreams or in deep sleep there is no one else in Gandharvika's (Radhika's) mind, body, words or senses but Kṛṣṇa and no-one else!" (126)

"Śrī Radhika's naturally playful dancing eyes, that are expert in stealing the wealth of Hari's patience, defeat the beauty of the fishes, the deer, the Cakori-birds, the wagtailbirds, the she-bees, Cupid's arrows and the blue lotusflowers!" (127)

*cakora vapīha sarojinīnam palir nabho'ranya jalāni dina
hriyeva bheje katham ātra hetum kṛṣṇaika tanc vada radhike nāhi*

"O Radhike, tell us, why are the Cakora's flying away in the sky, why are the Cataka birds hiding in the forest and why are the lotusflowers humbly hiding in the water? O You who are exclusively fixed in Kṛṣṇa

tell us, are they ashamed (to come before You, knowing that You are more fixed in Krsna than they are in the moonlight, the rainwater and the sunlight respectively)?" (128)

*gir bhu lila yuvatisu varaih sad gunaih sarabhutas
tabhyah sa sris tata iha maha prema gopanganas tati
tabhyas candravali mukha lasad yutha natha anubhyah
sri radhasyam yad iha nitaram so'pi krsnah satrsnam*

Lord Visnu's potencies *gi* (speech) *bhu* (earth) and *lila* (play) are the best of qualified young girls. Laksmi devi is greater than them and higher than her are the most loving cowherdgirls of Vraja, of whom Candravali is the most beautiful group leader. But the most qualified of all in always arousing Krsna's desires for love is Sri Radha." (130)

*candravali pranaya rupa gunaih prayatnad
vyakti krtair vyaracayat sva vasam bakarim
sri radhika tu sahaja prakrtair nijais tair
vyasmarayat tam iha tam api ha kuto'nyah*

"Candravali must do some effort to control Krsna by showing her love, her form and her qualities, but Sri Radhika can naturally control Krsna with Her qualities, making Him forget even Candravali, what to speak of others?" (131)

*na dosaleso'pi gunair lasantyam sri radhikayam iti gir na satya
kesesu kautilyam uroja yugme kathinyam aksnos ca yad asti laulyam*

"The words that there is not the slightest fault in Sri Radhika's qualities are not true, because there is crookedness in Her hair, hardness in Her breasts and restlessness in Her eyes". (132)

(This is a *vyaja stuti*, or praise on the pretext of criticism, for although crookedness, restlessness and hardness are generally faults, in Radhika's aforementioned features they become qualities)

*drsau cakoryau sakhi radhikayam krsnananendau smita kaudmudinam
panan mukham camburuham yad asmin krsnaksi bhrgau patatah satrsnau*

"O Sakhi! Sri Radhika's Cakori-bird like eyes blissfully drink the ambrosial rays of Krsna's smiling moonlike face and Krsna's eyes are like bees that thirstily fall on Sri Radhika's lotuslike face!" (133)

*vinapy akalpaih sri vrsaravi suta krsna savidhe
mudotphulla bhavabharana valitalih sukhayati
vina krsnam trsnakulita hrdayalankrti cayair
yutapy esa mlana malinayati tasam tanu manah*

"If Sri Vrsabhanu's daughter is with Krsna She is ornamented with blossoms of happiness, looking charming even without ornaments on Her body, giving joy to Her girlfriends. But if She is without Krsna She looks pale and sad out of desire and anxiety, even if She is actually ornamented, and Her girlfriends are also sad in body and mind!" (134)

*kṛṣṇaḥ purāḥ sphurati parśva yuge ca pascā
cittasya vṛttisū drśor viśaye ca sarvāt
sri gandāyos ca kūcāyos tarālā yato'syah
sri radhikā tad ilā kṛṣṇanāyitī satyam*

"Sri Radhika is worthy of the name Kṛṣṇanāyī (filled with Kṛṣṇa) when Kṛṣṇa is always seen before Her, at both Her sides, behind Her, in Her heart, cheeks, breasts and amulet." (135)

*kṛṣṇasya saundarya bhānair vinirjītaḥ
kamo'sya kincit pratikartum akṣamāḥ
radham ilā prīmatim samīksya tam
samvadhate'sau tad āgocare'balam*

"Cupid was defeated by Kṛṣṇa in His great beauty and was unable to directly revenge, so now he hurts Kṛṣṇa through Radha, who thinks of Him with love by torturing Her." (136)

*sprśati yadi mukundo radhikam tat sakhinām
bhavati vapuṣi kampa svēda romāṇca vāspam
adhara madhu mudasyas cet pibaty eṣa yatnād
bhavati bata tad āsam matīta citram etat*

"How amazing! When Mukunda touches Radhika, all Her girlfriends start shivering, crying and perspiring of joy, and when He drinks the nectar of Her lips (kissing Her) they all become mad!" (137)

*kṛṣṇo variyaṇ puruṣeṣa śad guṇāḥ sri radhikā strīṣu guṇair varyasi
sangam vidhātus tv anayoh paraśparam
dhātur nārī nartī guṇajñatā yasah*

"Kṛṣṇa is the best of men with His good qualities and Sri Radhika is the best of women through Her qualities. The Creator's fame as a knower of qualities is beautiful when He makes Them meet Each other." (138)

"Sri Radha is very generously giving, Kṛṣṇa Her beautiful pearl necklace (Her bitemarks) while She also wears a pearl necklace from Kṛṣṇa on Her chest. Kṛṣṇa happily drinks the honey from Her lips and gives Her His bites in charity. Seeing only a little of this pastime the *sakhīs* also all surrender their bodies!" (139)

*anyaiva saundarya samrddhir asya
bhāṅgi tathanya vapuṣo drśos ca
svantasya collasabharas tathānyo
radhāiva sanya priya sangamena*

"Sri Radha's wealth of beauty caused by Her union with Her beloved is different, the gestures of Her body and eyes are different, the joy in Her heart is different and Sri Radha is also different." (140)

"Why would Madhusudana (the *rasika* honeybee Kṛṣṇa) leave the Radha-lotus whose fragrance pervades all directions and who is full of the honey of beauty and tenderness, to run after a mere Ketaki-flower?" (141)

Sri Govinda Lilamṛta - Kṛṣṇa Das Kavirāja Gosvami

*madhavyah sriṁ madhavanaiva rāmya madhavyaivotphullaya madhava sriḥ
ity anyonya sri samullāsa hetu
etau dhiatur yunjato'bhijñāsatī*

"The beauty of Madhavi (Rādhikā) is only charming when She is with Madhava, and Madhava (Kṛṣṇa, or the spring-season) is only beautiful with blooming Madhavi (flowers or Rādhikā). In this way the Creator is expert in increasing Their joy from Each other's beauty." (142)

"Seeing Rādhā's beauty made by some expert creator, the Creator became embarrassed and wanted to make more young girls like Her, of the most essential ingredients of beauty, but He could not create any girl like Her. Rather, he felt that all his previous creations were worthless! Seeing Her face, he saw that he had made many mistakes while creating the moon and the lotusflower, so he proclaimed their inferiority by smearing spots on the moon and bringing blackbees around the lotusflowers (whereas Rādhikā's face is spotless)." (143-144)

*radhā gunanām ganānam ganam vani vacāh sampad āgocaranām
na varnaniyo mahimeti yuyam janitha tat tat kathānair alam naḥ*

"Sri Rādhā's are innumerable, they cannot be glorified even by Sarasvatī-devī. Our efforts are baffled. If there are not enough words in Sarasvatī's storehouse, then who can describe them?" (145)

In this way Rādhikā's girlfriends jokingly described all of Her limbs with poetic analogies. Hearing this, Sri Rādhikā contracted Her blooming crooked eyes. All this gives great pleasure to Kṛṣṇa's ears and eyes. (146)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvami, this was the eleventh chapter, which is full of descriptions of Sri Rādhā's divine body.

"The service of the six seasons"

Vrnda said: "O King and queen of Vrndavana! Radha-Krsna! The six seasons (summer, monsoon, autumn, hemanta, winter and spring) and their chief designers have a request at Your lotusfeet! Please hear this with a of Your ladyfriends!" (1)

The six seasons prayed: "We are Your servants, and we have very carefully and expertly surrendered everything for Your love, so that Vrndavana became beautiful. Therefore, o king and queen of Vrndavana: please make our work useful by looking at it! Only when the Lord sees the expert work of His servants the work is useful! O Radhe! O Krsna! Please hear this plea at Your lotusfeet by all the moving and nonmoving creatures of Vrndavana that are situated on Your playgrounds! We will be blessed if we can see Your blissful meeting, and by Your grace we merv serve You then! Please fulfill our desires and reveal Yourself unto us!" (2-4)

Then Madhumangala and Subala said: "Hey Krsna! Radha has robbed all the citizens of Vrndavana! She has taken away all the beauty and sweetness of the forest with Her own beauty! Along with Her girlfriends She even stole the forest's external features like its fruits and flowers!" (5-6)

Then Nandimukhi came and said: "Radhe! Krsna! Accept my blessings! Holy Purnamasi blesses You and Your friends a hundred times! Listen to her auspicious message: "O Radhe! Syama! King Cupid, who wields a fierce scepter, has crowned You both, giving You equal rights to rule his kingdom Vrndavana. He gave You the Pigeons, the bumblebees and other creatures as Your attendants! Don't quarrel anymore! You obstruct Your own enjoyment and You'll have to fear King Cupid's punishment! So enter his kingdom on my order and enjoy Yourself!" (7-9)

"Purnamasi also told me that: "If Radha and Krsna are quarreling you should consult Vrnda with Them and tell me who is to blame!"

Hearing this, Hari told Nandimukhi: "You know everything about Radhika! How can We meet? Look how the crooked Radhika has plundered the forest with Her friends! They have taken My flute also!" (11)

Kundalata said: "Hare! You both went to King Cupid's court to quarrel, being both too proud to admit wrong. Tell us the truth, what happened there?" (12)

Krsna said: "I took Radhika to the king and handed Her over to him, saying: "She has plundered your forest. Take a fine from Her and give Me My wealth back!" When the king asked Radhika about Her version of the story She said: "The cowherdboys with their innumerable cows have broken so many fruits and flowers out of greed, but we nourished the forest with our own beauty!" (13-14)

"The king believed these lies, being very partial to Radhika! Her offense was clear, I showed him, but still I did not punish Her! That's why I'm submitting this case to you!" (15)

Kundalata said: "If the king is partial, then why did He stifle Her, taking the jewels of Her youth?" (16)

Krsna said: "On King Cupid's indication I stopped Radhika and asked My possessions back and when She did give Me I began to punish Her. But She forcibly punished Me in return!" (17)

As She heard this, Sri Radhika pierced Kṛṣṇa's mind with Her arrow-like glances from under Her crooked eyebrows, crying with faltering voice. Kṛṣṇa became very happy when He was beaten by Radha's playlotus. Then He pulled the letter from His turban (See Ch. II, verse 6) and gave it to Nandimukhi. Nandimukhi read it to herself and the *sakhis* eagerly said: "Read it out loud!". So she loudly read: "King Cupid makes it known to Nandimukhi, Vrnda, Kundalata and all the assembled *sakhis* that all the wealth that Radha stole from the forest-creatures must be returned and that a decision must be made in Radha and Madhava's quarrel over the Muralika-flute!" (18-20)

Hearing this, the *sakhis* became eager to ask Radhika about it. Then Visakha stood before them and asked: "I don't understand! Radhika already told the king that She had nourished the forest with Her own beauty!" (21)

Lalita said: "You fool! Why are you saying this? The beautiful form of the Vraja-forest is Radhika's reflection! What is the king going to do to us? Wicked people complain about us! We will sustain the forest ourselves and reap its fruits and flowers. If you say we should still execute king Cupid's order, then look at the forest, go ahead! It is nourished by the Queen of Vrndavana (Sri Radhika) as if it was Her own girlfriend!" (22-24)

"We have not seen Your flute, which is initiated in a vow to destroy the ladies' chastity, anywhere! We'll be lucky if we can throw it into the Yamuna! Let it float to the ocean!" (25)

Nandimukhi said: "Kṛṣṇa! Radhika says that She nourishes the whole forest with Her own lustre. Consider whether this is true or false, and then we will decide about Your flute!" (26)

Lalita, who was eager to arrange for Radha and Kṛṣṇa's enjoyment in the forest, followed Radhika and said to the *sakhis*: "Come along! You can see how Radha ornaments the forest, nourishing it with Her own beauty! All the birds, deer, trees, vines, leaves, flowers and so have become purely golden!" Lalita showed Kṛṣṇa and His girlfriends which item was which, since they were now only distinguishable by their shapes. (27-28)

Nandimukhi said: "The words of Vrsabhanu's beautiful daughter are true! She has nourished the whole forest with Her own lustre and created a festival for our eyes!" (29)

Kṛṣṇa said: "When Radhika goes back home She will take all the wealth of the forest with Her, but when She returns to the forest She brings it back out of fear of Cupid. Does She know magic?" (30)

Seeing that all the *sakhis* were blooming up of joy, Madhumangala brought Kṛṣṇa before Radhika. When Kṛṣṇa's luster mixed with Radhika's lustre, the whole forest became colored green like an emerald. (31)

Joyfully Madhumanala said: "Friends! How splendid is the combination of Radha-Mukunda's lustre! Did this splendor appear because They melted together from Cupid's heat, thus attaining Oneness?" (32)

Tungavidya, the queen of poets, smiled and told the assembly: "Even you all became colored like emeralds from the melting of Gandharva-Murari's splendor as an example of the ornamentation of Their attributes!" (33)

Then Vrnda wanted to say something, so she waved her hand, which held Kṛṣṇa's flute and by chance the wind blew through it, so it resounded. Hearing this, everyone was astonished. Kundalata and all the *sakhis* came up to Vrnda and, taking the Murali out of her hand, said: "Vrnda is the thief!", and took her along to Hari. (34-35)

Radha told Kundalata: "Sakhi Kundalatike! Your cousin has given Me unnecessary pain! Look! Now He found the flute in Vrnda's hand! Now ask Vrnda where she got the flute, and if she does not speak the truth, she is to be punished!" (36)

Vrnda said: "Kunde! Kakkhati, the old she-monkey, forcibly took the flute from Saibya's hand and gave it to me in front of Nandimukhi in the *kunja*!" (37)

Then Kundalata gave the flute back to Kṛṣṇa, who began to play on it, happy to have it back after so long. The sound of this flute is like the erotic fever caused by the Ghuna-worm, which causes the bamboo-like chastity

of all the ladies of the three worlds to rot. It causes all immobile creatures to move and it stuns all mobile creatures, it causes all the six seasons of the year to appear simultaneously and it sprinkles the whole world with the nectar of transcendental bliss. The fixed arrows of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's Murali (flute)-songs madden even the most calm women, casting their patience far away! Even the men become afflicted by Cupid's arrows! This is not so astonishing, since Kṛṣṇa is Himself the transcendental Cupid! (38-40)

The flickering sound of this flute causes mountains to melt and to flow in all directions. The thirsty birds and deer that eagerly approach this fluid become stunned after hearing this flutesong and are unable to drink it. The water in the lakes is stoned and causes the female swans to become stunned also, as if their feet were firmly bound in it. Although their husbands wanted to mate with them and feed them lotusstems, they were also stunned and could neither move nor eat. (41-42)

Then Vṛndā took Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa along to show Them the beauty of Vṛndāvana in the six seasons, saying: "Look! This forest looks as beautiful as Your girlfriends, being absorbed in love. Just as the *sakhis* are beautiful with their ecstasies like inertia, so the forest is also beautiful when its mobile creatures become inert and its immobile creatures start moving, it perspires with its melting stones, its voice falters with the flapping of its birds' wings and its sprouts show its ecstatic goosepimples (In this way the forest shows its eight *sattvika* ecstatic transformations)." (43-44)

"In the spring Vṛndāvana's body shines with ornaments of Madhavi- and Bakula-flowers, in the summer with Mallika-, Amogha (rose)- and Sirisa-flowers, in the monsoon with Yuthika-, Kadamba- and Ketaki-flowers, in the autumn with Jati-, lotus- and blue Jhanti-flowers, in the Hemanta-season with Lodhra- and Amlana and in the winter with Bandhuka-, Kunda- and other pretty flowers!" (45)

"O destroyer of Bakasura! For the sake of Your worship the Madhavi-vines blossom with mangoes, the best Mallika's with the Sirisa-flowers, the Yuthika's with the Kadamba's, the Jati-flowers with the Chatima-trees, the Lodhra's with blooming, unwilted Pali's and the Priyanga-vines with the Kunda-flowers!" (46)

"Somewhere the bees sing with the cuckoos, somewhere the Casa-birds (golden Cataka's) sing with the Dhumyataka's (fork-tailed passerine-birds), somewhere the Datyuha's (gallulines) sing with the peacocks and the Cataka-birds, somewhere the cranes sing with the swans, somewhere the parrots sing with the Kikhi-birds and somewhere the larks and the Haritaki's always blissfully and lovingly sing Your glories and fame!" (47)

"Some branches carry buds, other branches blooming sprouts, others only flowers, some have green leaves, some have pale leaves, some have ripe, some have half-ripe and some have unripe fruits. These You are served by the six seasons with their own individual characteristics!" (48)

"The six seasons with their Lakṣmī's (presiding goddesses) desire the happiness of direct loving service to You with their own paraphernalia, their bodies beautified with sweetness and opulence as if they were Your loving girlfriends!" (49)

"Knowing that You will come from Your home, Vṛndikatavi (Vṛndāvana) spreads out a canopy of upflying flowerpollen (or petals) and its vines and trees blissfully dance in the wind. The multicolored flowers that fall from these trees are like a nice dress that joyfully cover the paths for Your arrival, the moonstone altars in the forest melt when Your moonlike faces appear and that water is Your *padya* (footwater for the deity in *pūjā*) flowing down the path, mixing with Durva-sprouts, Syamaka- and lotusflowers that grow there. The flowers, Durva-grass and sprouts offer *arghya*, Jatiphala and clove-buds falling from the trees are Your mouthwater, the honey dripping from the flowers are *madhuparka*, which is brought before You by the trees that are bowing down. The cool fragrant breezes carry many drops of water that give You a shower." (50-54)

"Your bodies defeat the lustre of jeweled mirrors. For these bodies the forest of Vṛndavana has made suitable dresses and ornaments of fresh buds, flowers and leaves of various colours. The restless wind meets with the nice fragrance of sandalpaste, *aguru*, musk and vermillion that came from the forest and blissfully smears Your limbs with the fragrant pollen named *Pāṭavasa*!" (55-56)

"The forest blissfully ornaments You with half bunches of Bakula-flowers, single strings of Jasmine-flowers, a Gostana-

necklace of Yuthi-flowers, earrings of fresh Malati-flowers, blooming Amlana-flowers for the braid, little bells made of Kunda-flowers and other floral ornaments!" (57)

"Vṛndavana offers You different kinds of garlands with the best self-grown flowers, Tulasi-leaves and buds as well as sprouts. The forest offers You incense with ascending waves of fragrance in the form of its restless bumblebees, a lamp with its swinging Campaka-flowers and foodstuffs with their sweet fruits. The barks of the banana-trees offer You betelleaves with camphor, cardamom and cloves it produces itself along with *guvak* and leaves from the *ahi* vines. These leaves automatically fall from the trees with Bakula- and Sephali-flowers. Along with this flower shower, the *sari* and *suka*-parrots sing Your glories!" (58-61)

"The buds of the Campaka-flowers that grow on the tips of the branches are like lamps for offering to You, waved by the wind. The songs of the birds are like the playing of musical instruments and the humming of the bees are like the songs sung in *arati* that the forest joyfully offers to You. The branches of the trees blissfully bow down to You with their burden of flowers, fruits and sprouts, swinging up and down in the wind. They blissfully offer innumerable obeisances to Your lotusfeet!" (62-63)

"The birds sing Your glories, the bumblebees play musical instruments and the Pika-birds sing in the fifth note, the *suka* and *sarika*-parrots talk about You and the peacocks are dancing. The joyful whirlwind puts up an umbrella with a net of flowerpollen, from which nectarean honeydrops ooze, the whisk-

like vines and the palm-like banana-leaves are happily fanning You here and there as if they are in a great sacrificial festival of bliss. In this way the forest also pleases all other living beings!" (64-66)

"O Mukunda! The soft breeze becomes like a weaver, making a multi-colored canopy of flowerpollen here and there as Your shelter from the sun, and the bees help him holding the cloth!" (67)

(Then Vṛnda took Radha and Kṛṣṇa along to the spring-forest and said:) "O king and queen! Behold the Vasanta Kanta-forest in front of You, where the spring, the king of seasons, is eagerly and joyfully awaiting You to serve You with its own opulences!" (68)

Seeing the beauty of this forest, Hari happily described it to His heart's beloved who was eager to know its sweetness: "O Kundadanti (girl with teeth as white as Kunda-flowers)! Look! The bumblebees, being satisfied with drinking their honey, leave the Kunda-flowers and go to the mango-vines, loudly humming out of greed for their honey." (69-70)

"O Kalakanthi (girl with a sweet voice)! The cuckoos are singing, eating the mango-pits! Now look! The cuckoos and their wives give up their vows of silence and go to the budding mango-tree to sweeten their voices with it's harsh!" (71)

"These Campaka-vines that are embraced by blooming Madhavi- and golden Yuthika-vines and the Bakula-trees that are entwined by fresh Jasmine-vines are shining before the Tamala-garlands, the Punnaga-, the beautiful Tilaka-, mango-, Vanjula- and Naga Kesar-trees!" (72)

"And look, O Moonfaced girl! The fresh Jasmine-flowers shine with the Punnaga-trees, the best clove-garlands

with the Bakula-trees, the Kubja-vines with the golden Kovidara-trees, the Ketaki-flowers with the Campaka's, the Asoka-trees with the golden Yuthi-vines, the nice Kimsuka-trees with the roses, the Madhavi-vines with the mango-vines and the white lotusflowers with the Kesars!" (73)

"This forest has Atimukta-trees, therefore the chariotmakers take shelter of it (chariots are made out of it wood), the makers of Madhavi-garlands like it (Atimukta means Madhavi flower) and those who desire liberation come here (to Vrndavana. Atimukta means completely liberated)." (74)

"The flower arrows of Cupid are made from the trees and vines of this forest. A phalanx of bees are inspectors, wandering from flower to flower, loudly buzzing to indicate which one is fit and which one unfit." (75)

"This female bee now sees her lover within a flower. Seeing her own reflection beside him she burns with jealous anger, thinking this to be a rival of hers. Although she is very thirsty she refuses to enter that flower and drink its honey." (76)

"Look, O lotusfaced girl! The bananatree shows its teeth in the form of its fresh fruits out of joy from seeing Us! Their bark is their lips and they shower honey on us, smiling with bodies shivering of joy! The young boys form a group with their mates and begin to dance the Hallisaka (circular dance of one man and many ladies on the vines and then go to hide in the lotuscluster." (77-78)

Madhumangala showed his dear Vrndatavi (Vrndavana) to Radha and Kṛṣṇa, saying: "O king and queen of Vraja-forests! Look at the beautiful summer-forest that is very eager to serve You! Seeing Your auspicious arrival, it has become very beautiful!" (79-80)

"The Tittibha-birds sing like Dundubhi-drums, the Dhumyataka's sing like Bheri-drums, the crickets hum hand cymbals, the cuckoos sing like vina's and the Casa-birds sing like Damaru-drums (an X-shaped drum like Lord Siva's). The sarika-parrots recite Your praises, the bees are singing and vines are dancing out of joy from seeing You! The forest is eager to serve You with roses for garments, Si-flowers for earrings and Jasmynes for body ornaments! These are all blissfully provided by the forest! forest wants to serve You with eatables like these ripe Pilu-fruits, Kari's, Myrobalans, good jackfruits, mangoes, Bael-fruits, Vikantha's and palmseeds. They make me very happy also!" (81-83)

"The trees and vines become afraid that You will suffer from the heat caused by the sunrays that shine on sunstone-studded floor and lovingly shade and fan You with their leaves. The banana-trees are like ladies have seven sons, keeping them all around them, fondling them with their hand-like foliage and shower them with the honey dripping from their flowers as if they're breastfeeding them." (84-85)

"O Hare! Look! Looking at the cuckoo, that keeps its long beak in the ripe mango, the sakhis laugh, taking be You kissing Radha on the mouth! Seeing this, Radhika lowers Her head out of shyness!" (86)

"A Jasmine-creeper embraces a Tamala-tree by the side of this beautiful lake. Its flowers are the smiling of this Tamala-

tree and the wandering bees are its eyebrows. It is as if the prince of cowherders takes the excellent gop, Him and joyfully dances the Hallisaka!" (87)

Radha and Mukunda smiled sweetly when They heard Madhumangala's words and They put Sirasa-flowers handed by Vrnda, on Each other's ears. Kṛṣṇa showered Radhika's curly locks with flowerpollen and then lifted Her arm, showing Her armit, to shower Kṛṣṇa's locks and crowning peacockfeather with flowers

(88-89)

Kṛṣṇa touched His beloved's heart and said: "Priya! Has the quality of coolness, being burned by the summerheat, fled and taken shelter of the boulder-fortress of Your breasts?" (90)

"O Beloved One! The irrigation-reservoirs' moonstone dams start producing water when they see the rising of Your moonlike face (a moonstone melts when the moonrays touch it), so the birds and their wives start enjoying on the crests of their bridges, bathing and drinking there to remove the summer heat!" (91)

Then Subala told Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa: "Look at this beautiful monsoon-forest before You, where the peacocks, blinded with love, dance like mad, taking You to be a lightning in a cloud!" (92)

"And look! The Yuthika-flowers in this forest smile very proudly when they attract the restless honeybees to themselves from the laps of the best housewives, the jasmine-flowers, with their fragrance (like prostitutes attracting unfaithful husbands from their wives' laps with their fragrance)!" (93)

"This forest shines with swarms of bumblebees, great rainshowers and Yuthika-vines that keep the bees together, covered by dark clouds. The sky is covered by clouds and the earth is inundated. All directions are pervaded by blooming Arjuna, Nipa and Kadamba-trees, the Pika-birds, bumblebees, Dātyuḥa's, Cakravāka's, Cātaka's and frogs blissfully sing, and the geese, peacocks, waterfowls and swans are cooing loudly." (94-97)

"The monsoon-forest serves You with a dress of blue clouds, a row of ducks in the sky provides Your pearl necklaces and the rainbow offers You jeweled ornaments. The monsoon-goddess (*pravarṇa lakṣmī*) offers You a long and simple garland of Kadamba-flowers, nice hair-ornaments with mountain jasmynes, coronets of Ketaki- and Rāngana-flowers and various necklaces with blooming Arjuna-flowers and Yuthi-flowers at Your lotusfeet." (98-99)

"The monsoon-goddess offers You ripe palmfruits that look like Śrī Rādhikā's breasts, smeared with *kunkuma* and musk, Her hairs are like ripe rose-apples and Her fingertips are like ripe dates." (100)

*kṛṣṇam vīṇa susilāḥ ko va vrajaṁ rīc kva līlā
bhānyata itī dātyuḥaiḥ ko va ko va kva va kva va virūṭaiḥ*

"Who (*ka*) is as wellbehaved as Kṛṣṇa, and where (*kva*) else (*va*) but in Vraja does He play?" To ask this, the Dātyuḥa-birds (gallulines) sing *ko va ko va* (who else, who else) *kva va kva va* (where else, where else)." (101)

"The frogs criticize the monsoon-cloud because the Kṛṣṇa-cloud showers nectarean pastimes everywhere, in all seasons and in all five *rasas* (erotic love, parental love, friendly love, servanthood and neutral feelings), but the monsoon showers only one place for two months. Who (*ke va*) will ever leave this Kṛṣṇa-cloud, they happily croak: *ke va ko va*." (102)

varsayate madhu sravo madhupālī ghanayate purāḥ kadamba bāṭiyam pasya tam durdinayate

"Look! The trees shower honey like rain, the bees look like rainclouds and the shady Kadamba-trees look like cloudy weather!" (103)

"Look! This peacock, that enjoys with his peahen, seeing other peahens coming, puts up his feathers and begins to dance before them, hiding his beloved peahen from their sight!" (104)

Thus the Kṛṣṇa-cloud embraced the Rādhā-lightning, giving great luster and growth to the monsoon-season. The Cātaka-bird like eyes of the *sakhīs* and indeed of the whole universe were showered by Their nectarean

pastimes! (105)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Rāghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Śrī Jīva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Śrī Rāghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the twelfth chapter, dealing with Rādhā-Govinda's midday-pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"The service of the six seasonal forests (2)"

Then Kṛṣṇa and His girlfriends came to the border between the monsoon- and the autumn-forest. Seeing its beauty, He told His beloved Rādhikā: "Priye! Look! This forest looks as beautiful as an adolescent girl in puberty. The childhood of the monsoon is over and the youth of autumn is starting. Priye, look! This forest is as beautiful as a girl in puberty! Her childhood of monsoon is over and her youth of autumn is starting! Look! The bumblebees leave the flowerless Yuthikā-vines like men that leave their old ladies and take shelter of fresh young girls (flowers)." (1-3)

*parinata vara gunja punja sonataviyam
patita sikha sikhanda kasa puspaiḥ sita bhūḥ
sikhitatir api muka vagmini hanṣa panktiḥ
kathayati rtu lakṣmīm saradīm agatam naḥ*

"We have come to the beautiful autumn-forest, that is reddened by ripe *gunja*-beads. Innumerable peacockfeathers have fallen on the ground and heaps of Kasa-flowers have whitened the ground. The peacocks are silent but the swans are cooing: "the autumn has come!" (4)

"O Fairfaced girl! Look how many Sephali-flowers are falling on the ground because thirsty bees are touching them, just as the *sakhis* were agitated when I touched them (while looking for My flute) and they fled in all directions!" (5)

Kundalata said: "Behold the forest before You, O king and queen of Vṛndavana! It is called Sarada, or autumn, and it is adorned by Your girlfriend Saradā! Look at this forest that is eager to serve You with its restless Khanjanabird-like eyes, its lotus-

like face, it's bee-like locks, it's playing Cakravaka-flamingo-

like breasts, it's white cloud-dress, it's red lotus-lips, it's cooing cranes as its anklebells and it's blue lotus-earrings!" (6-7)

"This autumnal friend looks out for You down the road to decorate all Your limbs with Rāgana- and Jati-flowers, Your heads with beautiful white lotusflowers, Your ears with red and blue lotuses and Your bed in the *kunja*-cottage with automatically falling Sephali-flowers. The fragrance of the blooming Chatima-trees is the fluid of the lusty elephant of the autumn-forest. His body is covered by blankets of white autumn-clouds, the Kasa-flowers are its beautiful whisk, the lusty bulls, bees and birds resound as its waistbells, the cranes coo like its jingling anklebells and the swans coo like its bells." (8-10)

"This autumn-forest looks like Lord Viṣṇu's form, fondled by Kamalā's (the goddess of fortune's) hands (or: has lakes full of *kamalā* lotusflowers), it is the shelter for *parama* *hanṣas* (or: the lakes are full of swans, *hanṣas*) and is beautified by His disc, the *cakra* (or: Cakravaka-flamingoes are swimming in its lakes)." (11)

Everyone sat down under a tree with ripe, nectarean fruits to listen to the quarrel of a *suka* and *sarika* pair of parrots.

*vedantadhyapanacārya anucana vāyam dvijāḥ
sribhīr asprṣṭa vrkṣaṇām patamāḥ phalā bhakṣaṇāt*

*vanam vrndavanesena dattam etat pratusyata
asmabhyam sarikas tasmad gacchatanyatra dasikah*

The *sukas* said: "O *sarikas*! Go to another forest! We are *dvijas* (*brahmanas* or birds) we have studied Vedanta! We will fall from our caste if we eat fruits that were touched by women! You are just maidservants, go somewhere else! The Lord of Vrndavana has given this forest to us, being pleased with us!" (13-14)

(Note: *brahmanas* are twice born: first from the mother, then through the sacred thread-ceremony, and birds are first born from the mother and then from the egg)

*prabhu dvisah praja yuyam radhaiva yad vane svari
puranesv idam evoktam radha vrndavane vane*

The *sarikas* replied: "You *sukas* are all envious of the Lord! Radha is the only queen of this forest! It is said in the Purana's (Matsya Purana) *radha vrndavane vane*!" (15)

The *sukas* replied: "The *srutis* say that this is Kṛṣṇa's forest and the *srutis* (Veda) are more authoritative than the *smṛtis* (Puranas)! You consider this yourself! Everyone knows this forest as Hari vana and the *srutis* and *smṛtis* testify this. This gives joy to the whole world!" (16-17)

The *sarikas* said: "This forest is not just related to Your Lord, it is Radha's only! It is even related to Her body as it is Her very bodily reflection!" (18)

"The cowherd boys look nice outwardly, but inside they are crooked and dirty! They look like ripe Maha Kaḥ fruits!" (19)

The *sukas* say: "O *sarikas*! The juice of the *gopis* is hidden by a hard bark of unwillingness and bones of pride, just like a coconut, but my Lord Kṛṣṇa is devoid of any faulty bark-covering. He is juicy inside out, like a grape!" (20-21)

The *saris* said: "Although your Lord Acyuta is juicy within, He is always covered by a thick bark of crookedness and impudence. Without a juice-squeezer one cannot get any juice from this thick bark! Similarly Acyuta does not give any *rasa* (transcendental flavour) unless we use the instrument of our *mana* (pique). Kṛṣṇa is just like a black sesame-seed: juicy within, but with a hard deceitful bark outside, not giving any juice without being hit by the instrument of our proud unwillingness." (22-23)

*gopi sreṇi javaḥiva saurabha bahir ujjava
nilotpalanibhah kṛṣṇah surucih saurabhanvitaḥ*

The *sukas* said: "The *gopis* are just like Java-flowers: bright on the outside, but without any fragrance, within Kṛṣṇa is like a blue lotus flower: looking beautiful and smelling nicely also!" (24)

*manjistheva md isa svantar bahir api sadāika rageyam sphatika manivad isas te nava nava sangat vibh
rago'yam*

The *sarikas* said: "My mistress is just like a Manjistha-flower: beautiful inside out, but Your Lord is like crystal: reflecting every colour that shines in it, always again attracted to new (female) company!" (25)

The *sukas* said: "Through the fire of Kṛṣṇa's strength, the wormlike demonesses (like Putana) were burnt to ashes. Who can compete with Kṛṣṇa, the lifter of Govardhana Hill?" (26)

*vrajesvararadhana tusta viṣṇuna kṛṣṇe nidhayadbhuta saktim atmanah
baki bakadya nisataḥ surarayaḥ
kṛṣṇenabhijnair iha kīrtir arpita*

The *sari* said: "Lord Viṣṇu gave Kṛṣṇa His wonderful power, being pleased with Nanda Maharaja's worship of Him. Only a fool praises Kṛṣṇa, making Him famous as the killer of Bakasura and Baki (Putana)." (27)

*tusto'yaṁ adriḥ balibhug vrajasya svayaṁ samutthaya nabhasya tiṣṭhat
adho'sya hastam vinidhaya kṛṣṇo-
dharoddhrtau kīrtim uricakara*

"Govardhana Hill was pleased with the food offered to him by the people of Vraja and lifted himself into the air. Kṛṣṇa just had to stand under him and now the whole world praises Him as Govardhana-dhārī!" (28)

"May our Lord Kṛṣṇa, who enchants the whole world, who destroys the patience of all the women with His beauty, who stuns the goddess of play, who lifted Govardhana Hill as if it was a ball, who has innumerable qualities, who pleases all the people with His character and whose fame is spread throughout the world, protect us!" (29)

*sri radhikayaḥ priyata surupata susilata nartana gāṇa caturī
gūṇāḥ sampat kavita ca rajate jagan maṇo mōhana citta mōhini*

The *sarika* said: "With Her loveliness, Her fine bodily form, Her good behaviour, Her expertise in dancing and singing, all Her fine qualities and Her poetic skill, Sri Radhika enchants the mind of world-enchanting Kṛṣṇa." (30)

The *suka* said: "Kṛṣṇa only relishes Radha's lips as the bees relish the jasmīnes, and Radha relishes the bliss of serving Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet." (31)

The *sarika* said: "Radhika always prays for Kṛṣṇa's company, but when She gets it She becomes as hot as the sun in June out of proud anger. She prays for Kṛṣṇa's loving service, but when She comes close to Him in Vṛndavana, then She behaves as if She is lording it over Him! How amazing!" (32)

The *suka* said: "Hari's flute stuns the rivers, attracts and enchants the whole world and makes all the ladies give up their chastity! Who can describe the glories of Kṛṣṇa's flute? It makes the ladies' love for other men (like their husbands) fade away, it showers their hearts with its nectarean sound and it awakens everyone's natural love for Kṛṣṇa!" (33-34)

Then the *suka's* and *sarika's*, intoxicated with love for their master Sri Kṛṣṇa and their mistress Sri Radhika, joyfully discussed Their glories amongst each other. (35)

One *suka* said: "Who carried Govardhana Hill on one finger to curb Indra's mountain-like pride, and who enjoyed dancing on the hoods of the Kaliya-snake, tell me? It was Kṛṣṇa!" (36)

One *sari* said: "Whose mountain-like breasts carry Giridhārī like a playlotus and who dances on the snake-like head of the snake-catcher Kṛṣṇa's mind, tell me? It is Srīlā Radhā!" (37)

One *suka* said: "How can the Atimukta-flowers (Madhavi) with their blossoming bodies nourish all the honeybees with their juice? It is only by Madhava's (the spring's) power (Or: How can the sages, that are already liberated, become nourished by nectar and divine love? Only because of Madhava's (Kṛṣṇa's) all-attractive power!)" (38)

"One *sarika* said: "How can the Atimukta (Madhavi-) vines always produce honey so that they attract the bees? Because they associate with the followers of Kṛṣṇa. (Or: How can the liberated souls be attracted to the nectar of devotion? By associating with the devotees of Kṛṣṇa, who know the essence of life)." (39)

A *suka* said: "Who looked at the naked girls after stealing their clothes by the Yamuna, where they were bathing, who broke the vows of all chaste girls, who killed a calf (Vatsasura), a woman (Putana) and a bull (Aristasura) without shame, tell me? It was Kṛṣṇa!" (40)

One *suka* said: "Who gave Putana, who wanted to kill Him, playing His mother, a position as His mother (see Bhag. 3.2.23), who herds the calves and also killed a calf, who killed Dhenukasura and also herds Dhenu's (cows) and who killed a bull (Aristasura) and herds bulls as well? Who tested the hearts, bodies and words of the maidens (when He stole their clothes by the Yamuna), and later acted as their husband (during the Rāsa dance) as He had promised, who took away the chastity of the young girls, but made them most chaste (to Him), tell me? It was Kṛṣṇa!" (41-42)

Thus they all drank the nectar of the parrots' clever words through the cups of their ears. Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa Each told Their friends to reward these birds and then went to admire the beauty of the autumn-forest. (43)

Lālita gave a whole field of ripe grapes to the *sarika*'s and Subala gave a whole garden of ripe pomegranate seeds to the *kira*'s (male parrots). (44)

Meanwhile, Nandimukhi told Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa: "Behold the Hemanta-forest, named Hemanta Santa, before You. It is eager to offer its wealth (of fruits and flowers) to You lotusfeet!" (45)

"This forest pleases all Your five senses with the fragrance of the wonderful blooming Amlana-, Kuruntaka- and Kurabaka-flowers, with the sweet sounds of the partridges, Lava-birds, Kikhi-birds, parrots and bumblebees with the pleasant taste of ripe oranges, and with its cool breezes! Kṛṣṇa! This Hemanta-forest shines like Your own body! Just as You are surrounded by Your friends, this forest is surrounded by blooming Jhinti-flowers, just as Your body is shining without wilting away (*amlana*) this Hemanta-season is full of spotless *amlana*-flowers. Just as Your body increases the influence of the flower-archer Cupid, this forest also increases Cupid's influence, just as You are surrounded by the *gopis* this forest also has *Gopis* vines. Just as Your body is blooming with Cupid's flower-arrows, this forest also has blooming flower-arrows and just as Sukadeva sings Your glories in Śrīmad Bhagavatā, the Suka-parrots sing Your glories in this forest!" (46-47)

Then Hari very blissfully described the beauty of the winter-forest to His lover, saying: "O Fairfaced girl! Behold the winterforest, that looks like the best of dancing-girl dressed in nice multicolored clothes in the form of ripe wheat. There are many parrots that are intoxicated by lust, reciting the auspicious invocations of theaterplays, and the ripe oranges of this forest are her breasts!" (48-49)

"O Chaste girl! Out of fear of the winter-cold the warmth of the sun takes shelter of the fortress of her breasts! Therefore Your Cakravaka-bird like breasts, relieved of their pain of separation, are happy day and night!" (50)

"In the winter the heat of fires are fearfully hiding from the cold, running to different places: some hide in the wellwater, some in the hollows of the trees and some in the caves of the mountains! Day and night the witch of wintercold drinks the blood of the sun's and the fire's heat, in an unseen way!" (51-52)

"The young men that lie to sleep with their young ladies at nighttime are afraid to give up the warm embrace of their lovers' breasts. They worship the sun to lengthen, so that they can delay their morning rise. The sun mercifully fulfills their desire and rises later." (53)

"Look at these ripe oranges before Us! Their qualities remind Me of the *kunkuma*-smeared breasts of the young maidens in the *Rasa*-night!" (54)

Then forestqueen Vrnda said to her king and queen: "Behold the *Sisira rucira* forest before You, that is eager to serve You! Any creature who enters this forest shivers and horripilates (of cold or loving ecstasy) at some places there is some warmth under the high trees. The sun's rays become mild and it moves southwards. This beautiful winterforest is as if praising You with love with its larks and *Harita*-birds, offering You a red *sari* with its *Java*- and *Bandhuka*-flowers, a blouse with *Damanaka*-flowers and a white gown with *Kunda*-flowers." (55-57)

"In the morning and evening thin sunrays fall on the roots of the sunstone-covered trees with closed leaves. The deer slowly graze there, basking in the thin sunrays. Seeing You coming, they come before You, adorned with tears and goosepimples of love. In the winter the warmth of the sun and the length of the days decrease daily, the sun's heart's friends, the lotusflowers, wither away and the fierce sunrays become milder because of the wintercold. Who, except for the Lord of the Universe, is not controlled by time?" (58-59)

"Out of fear of the strong cold, the sun invests its wealth of warmth in the fortress-like breasts of the *gopis*, who quickly offer these breasts to Kṛṣṇa for His enjoyment, not caring for morality out of intense love." (60)

Hearing Vrnda's words and seeing the beauty of the winterforest, Kṛṣṇa became very happy and He sweetly told His beloved: "O Beautiful girl, look! The bees leave the closed lotusflowers, seeing the winter has come, and go to the blooming *Kunda*flowers where they find pleasure!" (61)

"O beautiful girl! Look! The bumblebees leave the lotusflowers, that are the abodes of *Indira* (the goddess of beauty) and that are afflicted by the severe cold and fly to the *Kunda*flowers!" (63)

"The winter is the soldier of the eclipse who is attacking the sun, but being unable to completely defeat him, he sets the lotusflowers on fire, knowing they are dear to the sun." (64)

"The ripening *Badari*-fruits remind Me of the breasts of the *Vraja gopis* that came up from the water of the *Yamuna* (when I stole their clothes)." (65)

Vrnda gave Hari two soft white *Java*-flowerbuds and He decorated Radha's ears with them, His hands shivering and horripilating of love, and Sri Radhika also adorned Hari with earrings made of *Kunda*flowers. (66)

radhayāḥ karapankajē'tha nihita kaundi muda vrndaya
yā mala laghu lohitoṭpala kula srag diptim eśa dadhe
suksmendivara malya rociranaya kṛṣṇasya kanthē'rpita

tenasya hrdi yojita sapulake campeya malya dyutim

Vrnda placed a garland of Kundaflowers in Radhika's lotushand and that made the white garland turn slightly red (from the reddish luster of Radhika's handpalm). Radhika joyfully hung that garland around Krsna's neck and so it became a tender garland of blue lotusflowers. Then, when Krsna hung it around Radhika's neck it looked like a garland of golden Campaka-flowers. (67)

Seeing this, Visakha smiled and said: "Look at this tender blooming (*puspita*) Kunda-vine (*kundalata*) that makes one lusty honeybee (*ali*) after the other drink her honey (or: menstruating (*puspita*) Kundalata lets one lusty man (*ali*) after the other drink the nectar of her lips)." (68)

Citra said: "O Chaste girl! This is not so amazing for Subhadra's wife (Kundalata) to do, for the girl Yaksi (the daughter of the trees) acted with the same love for the Praceta-sages! (See Bhag. Canto 4, chapter 30)" (69)

Kundalata said: "Look at this, amazing! Hundreds of honeybees leave the nearby Bandhujiva-flowers to kiss one particular one (all the *gopis* leave their husbands to join Krsna!)" (70)

Citra said: "These bees have the same lustre as Krsna, they collect only the essence, the purest honey, they also look at Krsna and they sing in the fifth note like Krsna's Murali-flute (or: the *gopis* only accept *prema* as the essence of life, so they leave everything behind for Krsna. They are like the moonbeams and Krsna is like the honey). (71)

Then Hari told His beloved: "Radhe! Your incomparable qualities eclipse even those of the goddess of fortune, who gave up her pride and became Your follower, what to speak of any other lady?" Hearing this, Radhika began the following discussion with Hari. She said: "That Laksmi is Your wife!" Hari said: "That's why You are that Sri (Laksmi)!" Radhika said: "How can a cowherdgirl be the goddess of fortune?" Hari said: "If I am the husband of the *gopis* as well as of Laksmi, then you must all be goddesses of fortune!" Radhika said: "This restless Laksmi gave up her prowess to become a human girl, being attracted to You!" Hari said: "She has attained Your human-like form to become My wife!"

Radhika: "The does are also Your dear ones, since You attracted them with Your flute!" Hari said: "They are dear to Me because their eyes look like Your eyes!" Radhika: "The Yamuna is also Your lover, since she has the same name and complexion as You (*krsna*) have!" (72-81)

Krsna said: "Because Visakha has no (*vi*) branches (*sakha*) she is My beloved, that's why she became like You!" (82)

Radhika said: "The bees are also Your lovers, as they sleep on the garland on Your chest." (83)

Krsna said: "They look like Your locks, therefore they are always dear to Me" (84)

Radhika: "Your body is as tender as a blue lotusflower and Your waist is slender. How could You lift Govardhana Hill for seven days?" (85)

Krsna said: "It was easy. But how do You lift these two golden mountains (breasts) on Your tender body all the time (that's even more astonishing!)" (86)

Radhika: "The moonrays are unable to tolerate their separation from You and thus they are divided on Your chest (as My nailmarks)." (87)

Krsna: "Your face is like the moon and I always think of Your nails, so now they are externally manifest

Your nailmarks on My chest)." (88)

Radhika: "Although this vine is always full of bees and honey, they increase Your happiness." (89)

Krsna: "Your lips are like flowerbuds, carrying Your flower-like smiles!" (90)

Radhika: "O Krsna! This young maiden Lalita is expert in Cupid's battle like Parvati, the mother of the heroic child Skanda!" (91)

Krsna said: "O Radhe with the nice voice! This Lalita is a heroine in the battle of words, but when she is called out for the erotic battle she runs away!" (92)

Krsna: "The musk-pictures on Your breasts look just like blackbees on golden lotusbuds." (93)

Radhika said: "O Krsna! Your wonderful words are like sharp swords that chop up the hearts and senses of all the young girls!" (94)

Krsna: "These Pika-birds sing high in the fifth note, causing the young girls to catch an erotic fever. But is it their fault (Is it My fault that the *gopis* are agitated by My words)?" (95)

Radhika: "O Krsna! This incomparable flute of Yours is the best scholar of the irreligious scriptures, making all the girls of the world mad like hens!" (96)

Krsna said: "Radhe! My flute destroys all the faults of the housewives, making them follow the religious scriptures (that say that one must surrender unto Me), that fulfill all My desires!" (97)

Radhika said: "The maiden that were devoted to Katyayani were very tender. How could they tolerate the attacks of a mad elephant like You?" (98)

Krsna: "They can tolerate it just as the Yuthi-flowers can tolerate the approach of a large honeybee (or: I'm a lusty boy (*mattali*) after the nectar of young, easy girls (*ganika*). Why would'nt they like that?)" (99)

Radhika: "This fresh golden plain with small snakes coiling on it looks just like Your belly with its fine hairs!" (100)

Krsna: "There are also many snakes in the golden valley of Your beloved Govardhana Hill that shine just like Your braid hanging down Your back!" (101)

Radhika said: "Krsna! Why are the beautiful Cakora-birds leaving their beloved moon and wander in the sky in the daytime, finding great pleasure there?" (102)

Krsna: "Seeing that the moon in the sky is waning, the Cakora's leave him and begin to drink the rays of Your beautifully shining moonlike face for their nourishment and happiness." (103)

Then Radha and Acyuta began a joking discussion about the nature of Their girlfriends to embarrass them with Their hidden praises. Krsna said: "Radhe! Who is expert in speaking, who is very hottempered and sharp, who runs away when being called for the erotic battle and who stops other girls from taking part in that battle, though they may be eager for it, tell Me?" Radhika said: "That is Lalita!" (104-105)

"Who is averse to the battle of Cupid, but still sometimes anoints her breasts with *aguru*, *kunkuma* and musk to adore her beloved Lord, tell Me?" Radhika said: "It is Visakha!" (106)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Who walks around, although she is a motionless vine (*lata*), leaving her husband far behind to embrace the black Tāmāla-tree (Kṛṣṇa), tell Me?" Radhika said: "It is Campakalata!" (107)

Kṛṣṇa asked: "Who is expert in making pictures (*citra*) and different ornaments (*śrngara* = ornament, or eros), who is very mild and who does not tolerate pride, giving Us happiness, tell Me?" Radhika said: "It is Citra!" (108)

Kṛṣṇa asked: "Who is expert in the *kama śāstras* (erotic scriptures) after I learned them from her, and then offered her body to Me in solitude, tell Me?" Radhika said: "It is Tungavidya!" (109) (Tungavidya means: advanced knowledge).

Kṛṣṇa: "Who shows *raga* (passion or redness) when she rises (like the moon, *indu*), who is very crooked in *kala* (artfulness, or moonphases) and who arouses lusty feelings at first sight (like the moon)?" Radhika: "It is Indulekha (moonbeam)!" (110)

Kṛṣṇa: "Who makes Us happy by dancing *nātana* (male dance) and *lasya* (female dance) and acting on the *ranga* (loveplay, or stage)?" Radhika said: "It is Rāgadevi!" (111)

"Who is expert in playing dice and refuses to take Cumbaka-jewels (or kisses) from Me as a wager when she defeats Me, and also does not want to give them when she is defeated, tell Me?" Radhika said: "It is Sudevi!" (112)

"Who are satisfied when others are satisfied and sorry when others are suffering? Who are not elated when happiness comes and not upset when sorrow comes to them, and are always dedicated to worshipping their beloved Lord, like the beautiful Vaisnava's, tell Me after consideration, O Moonfaced girl?" Radhika: "They are My girlfriends (Lalita, Visakha etc)!" (113)

In this way Kṛṣṇa happily wandered around, joking with the artistic *gopis*, touching their breasts, kissing their lips, giving them flowers, like a Pika-bird intoxicated from relishing the buds (lips) and fruits (breasts) of the vines (*gopis*), finally arriving in Lalitanandada *kunja*. (114)

In the poem Govinda Lilāmṛta, which is the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the thirteenth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRTA * CHAPTER FOURTEEN

This chapter describes Sri Radhika's Prema Vaicittya (feeling separation from Kṛṣṇa even in His presence), Kṛṣṇa and the gopis playing Holi (Colour festival in the spring), Jhulana (swing festival in the rainy season) and Madhupana (drinking of honeywine)

Then a bumblebee, attracted by the *gopis'* fragrance, fell on their lotuslike faces, but they stopped him, so he went on to Sri Radha's lotusface, where he flew around humming, intoxicated by Her fragrance. Radhika became scared and with restless eyes She beat the bee off with Her handlotus. Her waving hands made Her bangles jingle, but this did not stop the greedy bee, so She protected Her lotusface with Hari's scarf, standing by His side. (1-2)

Seeing that the bee went to the lotusforest, the *sakhis* said: "Don't be afraid, *sakhi* ! Madhusudana (the bee, or Kṛṣṇa) eagerly went to the Padmali (the lotusforest, or Padma's friend Candravali). We stopped this cheater (the bee or Kṛṣṇa) from touching You, and he left!" (3)

Hearing this, Radhika thought that Kṛṣṇa had gone to Candravali. Blinded by an abundance of love for Him, She could not see that Kṛṣṇa was standing right next to Her!" (4)

The *sakhis*, understanding Kṛṣṇa's gestures, did not bring Radha back to Her senses, for they wanted to astonish Kṛṣṇa by showing Radhika's love-ecstasy to Him. (5)

Bewildered by Her separation-in-union (*prema vaicittya*) Radha thought that Kṛṣṇa had gone to another lover, so She angrily left and told Dhanistha: "Dhanistha, impudent girl! Where has Kṛṣṇa, the dancer of the deceitful dancinggirl Candravali gone?" Dhanistha said: "Sakhi Radhe! He has gone to pick lotusflowers for You in the forest! (*padmali* means lotusforest or Candravali)" Radhika said: "No, you cheat! If He has gone to Candravali, then what will happen?" Dhanistha said: "The luster of her face will fade away before Yours!" Radhika said: "There's no fault in you! I'm a fool, for even though I heard that Kṛṣṇa had entered the deep forest with Saibya, I believed your deceitful words and I imagined that Kṛṣṇa had come to Me! Alas! Even Dhanistha, who is as dear to Me as life itself, is cheating Me and Kṛṣṇa has left Me to enjoy with Candravali in My favorite forest. That I have to see all this with My own eyes! If anyone in this world has a long lifespan, will he have to see Me or not (It's better for Me to die)? Ahaha! How sad it is that this cheater keeps Candravali hidden in a solitary *kunja* near My dear lake (Radhakunda), takes Me here to speak some false words to Me and then leaves Me again to go back to her! Who can tolerate this?" (6-10)

Lalita said: "O *Sakhi* ! I saw Kṛṣṇa's deceit so many times, but You are so naive and did not notice it. Now let us go home!" Saying this, Lalita pulled Radha by the hand towards Her home and Radha, out of fear, humility, eagerness and distress of separation from Kṛṣṇa, told her: "Sakhi Lalite! Why does My unwilling mind ignore Kṛṣṇa's faults despite seeing them, and imagines so many qualities? What can I do? Just as the Sasthika-

wheat never comes out of its husk, even if it is ripe, the lusty desires of a lady are never outwardly manifest, even if the vine of these desires is grown up." (11-14)

Radhika told Lalita: "Sakhi ! Give up these talks on morality, that are needlessly hurting the ears of the women! It makes My heart break, My life leave Me and My body whirl! Let My honour, My patience and My shame leave Me! Alas! I praise you, O *sakhi* ! Quickly show Me My Prana Vallabha!" (15)

Lalita replied: "Kṛṣṇa is the king of cheaters and the lover of different women and there is no girl as naive and restless as You! Seeing these qualities of Yours, He will cheat You once more. Alas! We are unfortunate

to have someone like You, don't make it worse than it is now!" (16)

Lalita replied: "*Sakhi* ! What more cheating can be done now, through which He can hurt Me even more?" Then She saw Her lover before Her, embracing some other girl from behind. But this was actually Her own reflection in His body. Thinking this to be Candravali, She began to shake from shyness and envy. When Radhika became angry at Her own reflection, Kundalata said, on Kṛṣṇa's indication: "You are so eager to embrace Your lover and He also eagerly came to see You, so quickly meet Him! Why are You angry with Him?" (17-20)

Radhika said: "You cheat! Can't you see Padma's friend Candravali in Hari's chest? You brought Me from My home to see this boy?" (21)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Radhe! That person of whom You are thinking, is not Candravali, but she forcibly embraced Me, saying: 'I am a forest goddess, a friend of Radha's!' This fairy kissed Me and embraced Me, catching Me from behind with Her own skill. I could not escape from her even with the greatest effort and She can also not let go of Me even with effort! Even if I beg her to, this lusty girl does not let Me go! You must keep Your friend, who is hurting Me, at bay by force!" (22-24)

Then Lalita whispered in Radhika's ears: "It is Your own reflection in Kṛṣṇa's chest, not Candravali!" Hearing this, Sri Radhika lowered Her head in shame. Seeing this, Kṛṣṇa and the *sakhis* laughed and Kundalata told Radhika: "Radhe! You cannot even see Your Priyatama (deardest) if He stands right in front of You! You take Your own reflection to be some rival girl and everywhere You are afraid of Candravali! How wonderful is the dance of Your love!" (25-26)

HOLI

(Spring festival of colours played in the month of Phalguna (February-March))

Then Vrnda said: "O Radha-Kṛṣṇa! Forms of Kṛṣṇa's welfare! Behold the stage for playing the beautiful spring festival, that is smeared with *aguru* and so and that is decorated with many different pictures! On this stage there are many golden jugs filled with *aguru*, vermillion, musk and sandal, there are jewel-studded syringes with extended openings for sprinkling these substances, balls of vermillion, camphor and flowers, quivers with flower-arrows, betelnuts, garlands, flower-scented water, sandal and other enjoyable things, and golden plates with soft lac flasks that are broken even by the outgoing breath and that are filled with a fluid of camphor, vermillion, musk, *aguru* and sandal!" (27-30)

Then the beautiful girls mounted the stage with their beautiful lover, taking the syringes in their hands, and lovingly began to play with each other. (31)

Wearing thin white garments, Their mouths filled with tasty betelleaves, carrying Their syringes, from which They blissfully sprinkled each other, Radha and Kṛṣṇa pierced each other with Cupid's arrows through Their glances. Their syringes were like the instruments in Cupid's battle. Their fine clothes and Their limbs were moistened by a stream of sweet nectar. Kṛṣṇa's dancing mind and lotuslike eyes were sprinkled and this greatly satisfied the *gopis* eyes. (32-33)

The *gopis*' cheeks were slightly puffed by chewing betelleaves and beautified by wet, curly locks and sweatdrops. Their flowers had dropped from their braids and their loosened hairs hung over their shoulders swinging on their beautiful breasts and bodies. The *gopis* kept different kinds of fragrant powder tucked in their veils that were tightly tucked in their sashes. Carefully protecting themselves from Kṛṣṇa's sprinkling they sang beautiful funny songs that aroused lusty feelings. They threw different kinds of fragrant powder

and flowerballs from their bags, while Sri Rādhikā and other *gopis* lovingly sprinkled their lover with scented water from their syringes. (34-36)

Sri Hari played, holding His flowerbow with its flower arrows on His shoulder, His flute in His sash, His jeweled syringe in His hand and a lump of fragrant powder in His waterpot, while He sprayed His beloved with fragrant water from His syringe. (37)

First one stream came from His syringe, when this stream traversed the path of the sky it became a hundred and then a thousand. When the stream fell down it had become a hundred thousand and when it finally hit the ground it had become ten million streams. (38)

Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* threw fragrant powder on each other from their lac flasks. This powder spread out when it fell to the ground and stuck to the spots of *sindura* on their bodies. When the spots of vermilion stuck on the musk-spots on the *gopis'* bodies they looked like flowers (the vermilion) on golden vines (the *gopis*) with bumblebees sleeping on them. (39-40)

First Sri Rādhikā sprayed vermilion-water through the small holes of Her syringe and the pure drops of this fluid spread over Kṛṣṇa's limbs, making Him look like the blue sky covered with hundreds of moon globes. (41)

Then the camphor, vermilion and flowerpollen in the uncovered flasks became all muddy because of the fragrant fluids falling on it. This colored the *gopis'* bodies and clothes in different ways. (42)

The earthy, the sky and all the directions became filled with different colours of fragrant powder from these syringes, which made the sky look like a canopy of fragrant dust. (43)

When Kṛṣṇa touched Rādhikā, She became happy within, but showed anger externally, smearing Kṛṣṇa's limbs with fragrant paste. When They had this loving quarrel, one restless-eyed *gopī* showered Kṛṣṇa with fragrant water from a small *lotā*. (44)

No matter from what side the *sakhis* were coming to throw fragrant powder over Hari, He held them all at His chest and smeared their faces with powder, drinking the nectar of their lips (kissing them). (45)

Again and again Rādhā threw fragrant powder over Kṛṣṇa's body, and Kṛṣṇa held Her at His chest in the bondage of His arms. The *sakhis* fulfilled all His desires by surrounding them on all sides like a dress. (46)

Kṛṣṇa's heart was captured and pierced by Cupid's arrows in the form of the *gopis'* sharp glances and good *mantra's* (jokes). Smiling slightly, He obstructed the *gopis'* arrow-like glances with His own glance-arrows. In this way both Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* were always agitated. (47)

There is a cloud on earth in a human form (Kṛṣṇa), that is showered by unlimited amounts of fragrant water by the restless lightning (*gopis*). These lightning-strikes all shine separately from this cloud. The Cātakabird-like eyes of Vrnda and other *gopis* blissfully drank this nectar. (48)

JHULANA (swing pastime in the rainy season July-August)

After Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* played like that, they came to a stage with a lotus-shaped swing (see chapter Seven,

verses 55 to 64). Hari smiled and gave an indication to Vṛnda and Kunda-lata to take the syringe out of Rādhikā's lotuslike hand. Rādhikā in Her turn snatched Kṛṣṇa's flute from His sash. (49)

Kunda-vallī laughed and told Rādhikā: "O Fairfaced girl! Leave this bamboo-flute! Don't touch it!", and to Mādhava she said: "Give Rādhikā Her syringe back! It's a lady's property, don't touch it!" Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa followed Kunda-lata's orders. (50)

With His right hand Kṛṣṇa gave Rādhikā Her syringe back and with His left hand He took His Murali-flute back from Her. During this exchange Hari had a chance to touch Her lotushands. (51)

Unwilling Rādhikā was lifted upon the swing by Vṛnda and Kunda-vallī who stood under it and Hari forcibly pulled Her upon the swing. The *sakhīs* all happily and loudly sang songs when Ācūyāta sat on the swing with His beloved. Some *sakhīs* stood behind the swing and others before it, making it rock. (52-53)

When the swing's speed increased because of the *sakhīs'* pushes, restless eyed Rādhikā trembled with fear and held on to Her lover, embracing Him. When the *sakhīs* firmly pushed the swing, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's hair loosened, Their earrings swung, Their sashes with their lockers, Their flowergarlands and Their bangles loosened. (54-55)

While swinging so quickly, restless-eyed Rādhikā asked for help from Her girlfriends, but the *sakhīs* thought to themselves: "The swing became very restless because of our friend's swinging! She must be very satisfied with us, having Her desires fulfilled! Now our mistress wants to serve Her friends in some way!" Understanding this, they also climbed upon the swing. (56-57)

Thus Lalitā and Viśakhā served the Divine Couple with betelleaves, Cāmpakalata and Citra by fanning Them, and Tunga-vidyā and Indulekhā by serving Them a drink in two golden jars. (58)

Rāṅgadevī and Sudevī took fragrant paste and powder and quickly climbed on the swing with love and eagerness. Starting from the eastern petal of the eight-petaled lotus-swing, all the *sakhīs* like Lalitā served the Loving Couple one by one on the indication of their eyes. (59-60)

Then a most amazing thing happened: Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa both appeared before each *sakhī's* eyes at the same time. Again the swing was pushed by Vṛnda, Kunda-lata and others. This made it move in a wonderful way. Another amazing thing was that Hari's reflection appeared at the side of each *sakhī* sitting on each of the swing's petals. Sri Rādhā and others could see how all the *sakhīs* suddenly embraced Hari. (61-63)

If the sun was not covered by clouds and the steady lightningstrikes with fresh rainclouds were rocked by a strong wind, then the poets could compare that with the beauty of Kṛṣṇa surrounded by His girlfriends on the wing! (64)

Understanding Rādhikā's hint, Kṛṣṇa took Lalitā on the swing on His right side, placing His arm on her shoulder around her neck. Between Rādhā and Lalitā He looked just like a cloud surrounded by lightningstrikes. (65)

Kunda-lata said: "O friends! Look! Hari rose inbetween Rādhā and Anurādhā (two stars of those names, Rādhā and Lalitā) like the full moon in the firmament!" (66)

In this way Mādhava took Viśakhā and all the *sakhīs* on His right side one by one, blissfully embracing them on the swing. Then Sri Rādhā stepped off the swing, keeping Lalitā and Viśakhā on Kṛṣṇa's either side and began to wing it Herself. (67-68)

On Rādhā's indication Lalitā and the other *sakhis* got off the swing and lifted Kāncanavallī and others on it with force, seating them next to Kṛṣṇa, one pair after the other. While these *sakhis* pleased Govinda with their joyful singing, one pair after the other, Rādhikā and the others pushed them. (69-70)

Lalitā whispered something in Rādhā's ear. Rādhikā smiled and ascended the swing, forming many circles of *gopis* on it. Rādhā sat on Kṛṣṇa's left side and all the *sakhis* began to swing them. Then Hari appeared between every two *sakhis* in a wonderful way. (71-72)

If in this world a Tāmala-tree would fly in the sky on a golden mountain, fully entwined by golden vines, with golden banana's around Him in a circle, it would resemble Saurī (Kṛṣṇa) and the *gopis* on their swing. (73)

Then all the *sakhis* like Lalitā happily got off the swing on Viśakhā's indication and let Rādhā on it with Acyuta, so that they could carefully swing them high and fast. Rādhikā became afraid that she would fall off during the swinging. Hari saw this and tightly embraced her. Seeing the *sakhis* laugh at this, He took Rādhikā with Him off the swing. (74-75)

The Kṛṣṇa-cloud, embraced by the lightning-like *gopis*, showered the whole world with His ambrosial play, extinguishing the thirst of the Catāka-bird-like *gopis* like Kunda-lata and Vṛnda. All glories to the swing pastime in Sri Vṛndarāṇya! (76)

MADHUPĀNA LĪLA (Wine-drinking game)

Then Kṛṣṇa happily entered the cool shady place for wine-drinking and happily took rest there, surrounded by the fair-eyed *gopis*. Kṛṣṇa wore a yellow *dhoti* and various ornaments, and between the *gopis* He looked like a sapphire in a necklace of gold studded with jewels. (77-78)

Then five *sakhis* happily and swiftly began to fan Priyā Kṛṣṇa, whose beauty defeated that of Cupid and who had entered this pavilion with His beloved Rādhikā who was tired of playing, waving whisks in their hands that were more beautiful than lotusflowers. While these *sakhis* relieved Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's fatigue by massaging their lotusfeet and fanning them, Vṛnda brought a glass full of wine before them. When Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa looked in these glasses they saw their own reflections in them like blooming golden and blue lotusflowers with two wagtailbirds (their eyes) dancing in each of them. Seeing this, Rādhikā's bee-like eyes fell on the blue Kṛṣṇa-lotus in the glass and Acyuta's bee-like eyes fell on the effulgent golden honey-filled lotus Rādhikā, unable to get up from it anymore. (79-82)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa became intoxicated by lusty feelings when they began to drink the honeywine. Their sweet beauty became like wine, their mouths the glasses, the wine the mirrors, their eyes honeybees, all their senses became eyes (to look at each other). Their bodies became stunned and studded with goosepimples of ecstasy. Seeing this, Kunda-lata said: "Now that your eyes drank the honey of each other's lotusfaces, please engage your tongues in drinking this wine, sweetly scented with the reflections of your lotusfaces and lotuseyes!" (83-84)

Balanuja (Balarāma's younger brother Kṛṣṇa) brought the wineglass to His beloved's lotuslike face and said: "Drink this!" With lowered head of shyness, Priyā Rādhikā took the glass from His hand with her hand. Nectarfaced Rādhikā once drank the wine, covering her face with her veil, after scenting the honeywine with the touch of her lips, she returned the glass to the hand of her beloved. (85-86)

Kṛṣṇa was eager to drink the wine from the trees of His beloved forest (Vṛndāvana), scented by the touch of His lover's lips and the joking words of her dear girlfriends and which was handed to Him by Priyājī herself.

(87)

Krsna returned the wineglass to His beloved, being very pleased with Her qualities and Radhika, covering Her face with Her veil, drank this wine scented by Her lover's lips. Vrnda added fresh wine to the glasses that were filled with the nectarean remnants of Radha and Krsna's lips and happily placed it before the *sakhis* with Kundalata. When Vrnda and her helpers placed these glasses in front of their *sakhis*, Krsna, by His own wonderful ability, simultaneously appeared on each *gopi's* right side, but none of them noticed that. Only each individual *gopi* could see that Krsna was at her own side. They made Him drink the wine and they drank it themselves also. (88-91)

The *sakhis*, the borders of whose rolling, intoxicated, blooming eyes were reddish from drinking the wine made of Kadamba-flowers, who invited the honeybees and gladdened them with their fragrance, whose sprout-like lips emitted moonbeam-smiles, whose beauty was relishable by Krsna's eyes and tongue and who were full of wine-like beauty, had become the goblets to quench Krsna's thirst (for love). (92-93)

The doe-eyed *gopis* who were overcome by lust also took the lips of drunken Hari's lotusface as the drinkingcups for their lips. (94)

Then Vrnda and her helpers brought different snacks and drinks before Radha and Krsna and Their girlfriends. The sweet sight of Krsna and the *opis* feeding each other these snacks was the long-desired intoxication for the eyes of Vrnda and her fairies. (95-96)

Sri Radhika's lips had become very relishable from constantly drinking this honey and they themselves became Krsna's cocktailsnacks. Both became the object of Each other's thirst for erotic honey. From drinking these two kinds of honey They became intoxicated by both Cupid and the wine, and they could not see who was the lover and who was the beloved and what was the drink and what was the snack. (97)

All the fairlimbed *gopis* became very agitated from the coming of Madhava (the spring), that brought erotic intoxication through these beverages (*mudhu*) and the touch of Krsna (*mudhava*). (98)

Because of drinking the Varuni-wine, the *gopis* dropped their clothes and ornaments, but they were unaware of it and did not see it. They laughed without reason, answered questions that were never put and spoke without any sense. The gait, garments and voices of these *gopis* that started the erotic play loosened from the intoxication of the honey and in this way they pleased Murari. The fair-eyed *gopis* pleased Krsna with their faltering voices, tripping gaits, loosened clothes and hairs, with the reddish corners of their rolling eyes, their fragrant faces, their joking words, the casting of their glances and all kinds of shameless behaviour arising from drinking this wine made from the trees, the brown sugar and the flowers of Vraja. (99-101)

The deep love of the lotuseyed girls of Vraja for Krsna is hidden within their hearts, this is a natural sign of girl's shyness. But now this shyness could not tolerate the onslaughts of the honeydrink anymore and became manifest in their lotuslike eyes. One young girl became intoxicated from the fresh wine and spoke this nonsense, with bewildered rolling eyes: "La la la Lalite! Loo-loo-look at Radha and Aeyuta! They are ro-ro rotating along with you in the skya-ska-sky with the fo-fo-forest and the e-e-earth! Ho-ho-how is that?" (102-104)

Then Krsna enjoyed with the *gopis* like a honeybee enjoying between the lotusflowers. His face was so sweet that it defeated the beauty of a blooming lotus surrounded by bumblebees that are attracted to its fragrance. Lusty desires, incited by the drinking of the wine and the nectar of the *gopis'* lips, made Krsna restless as when He greedily looked at the *gopis*, the pupils of His eyes defeated the beauty of restless bumblebees moved by the wind on red lotusflowers (His eyes). (105-106)

Then Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were served by two *sakhis* (personified moods of) Rīramsa (desire to make love) and Susupsa (desire to go to sleep). The other *sakhis* were simply inspired by Susupsa (they went to sleep). (107)

Kundalata, who was aware of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's desires for intimate pastimes, sent lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa out to pick Asoka-

flowers for ornamenting Rādhikā's ears. Meanwhile Śrī Rādhikā, who had blooming, rolling eyes, lay down to sleep on a flowerbed in the king of *kunja's* (Lalita's *kunja*) where She was served by Her dedicated maidservants. Then the most fragrant *sakhis* became even more fragrant as their lotusmouths yawned. Their eyes rolled of sleep and they stumbled into the *kunja* to take rest there. The restless-eyed, lotusfaced *sakhis* all lay down in separate *kunja's* on beds made of flowers scented with flowerpollen, soft fresh lotuspetales covered with lotusbudpollen and surrounded by humming bees. *Gunja*-beads, wonderful flowerbuds, betelleaves, scents and waterpots were brought in one after the other. (108-112)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Śrī Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Rāghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Śrī Jīva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Śrī Rāghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the fourteenth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER FIFTEEN

This chapter describes how Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa make love, play in the water of Rādhakūṇḍa and have a picnic with all the gopīs.

Kṛṣṇa held a bunch of fresh Asoka-flowers in His hand for ear decorations and eagerly entered the lotuskūṇḍa on Vṛndā's indication.

*radhā suradhunim prapte kṛṣṇa matta matangaje
uddiyapasasarali marali palir anjasa*

When the mad elephant Kṛṣṇa reached the Ganga-river Rādhā (to soothe His erotic affliction) the swan-like *sakhīs* at once flew away. (2)

*pibann asau locana puskarena lavanya rupamṛtam ambujakṣyah
vyadalayam kancuka saivalam sri karena nivi nalinim ca lolah*

Drinking the nectar of Rādhikā's beautiful form with His lotuseyes, the Kṛṣṇa-elephant removed Her moss-like blouse and Her lotuslike girdle with His restless lotushand. (3)

Rādhikā closed Her eyes and fell asleep. In Her dream She saw that She had come to Her lover. When Kṛṣṇa carefully began to open Her blouse and girdle She stopped Him in an unfavorable mood, saying: "Hare! Do-do don't touch Me! What do-do You want? Le-le-let Me sleep for a while! My e-e-eyes are rolling of sleep!" (4-5)

In Her dream Rādhikā smiled and cried simultaneously, speaking unclear words with a faltering voice. She obstructed Her lover's restless hands with the movements of Her hands. Then She woke up to see that Her lover was doing exactly that which She saw Him doing in Her dream! She saw that Her words and acts in the dream were the same as in Her wakeful state because of lust and drunkenness. Although Rādhikā was unwilling to fight in Cupid's battle (to make love) out of shame, Acyuta forcibly and wildly attacked Her, desiring to defeat Her. Out of fear Rādhikā's waistbells fell silent and Her anklebells jingled loudly as if they flew up into the sky. Śrī Hari eagerly held fairbrowed Rādhikā's neck with His arms and Rādhā piteously petitioned Him with a wonderful warbling voice. (6-10)

With His big mace-like arms Kṛṣṇa smashed the fortress of Rādhā's unwillingness. Forcibly Kṛṣṇa's best generals, viz. His lips, His nails, teeth, chest, hands, face and arms quickly plundered the city of Her fair body. Rādhikā hid the jewels of Her youth in Her jug-like breasts and Kṛṣṇa dug them up with the spades of His nails and robbed them with His hands. Kṛṣṇa bit Rādhikā's lips with His teeth and sucked the nectar of Her lips. He hit Her limbs with His arms and took the Cintamani-gems from Her breasts.

He held Her hair with His hands and took the Cumbaka-jewels from Her lips (kissed Her). (Rādhikā concealed Her naked limbs from Kṛṣṇa, but Kṛṣṇa removed them) Kṛṣṇa's lips and teeth broke the shield of Rādhikā's shame and looted the wealth of nectar from Her face. Rādhikā did not tolerate it, though, and began the great battle of Cupid, attacking Kṛṣṇa with Her generals, Her nails and teeth, headed by general Dharṣṭya (boldness), showing Her great might. Her waistbells, seeing Her successful attack on Kṛṣṇa, showed their vigour and resounded like Dundubhi-drums. Her loud cry sounded like the roaring of a lion. (11-16)

Seeing Rādhikā's attack on Kṛṣṇa and being happy to see Ajita (the invincible Kṛṣṇa) defeated, the dancers of Her earrings and Her pearl necklace danced restlessly. Kṛṣṇa had stolen the jewels of Rādhikā's heart and lips and hid them among His own opulences, but Rādhā showed Her vigour by taking all Her jewels and His jewels

back with the spades of Her teeth and nails. This is the result of theft: All one's wealth is taken away along with the stolen goods (viz. Rādhikā now stole the jewels of Kṛṣṇa's youth). (17-18)

Rādhā's beautiful restless eyes were like two heroes that sat on the chariot of Her lotusface that had beautiful eyebrows, plundering honey from the storhouse of Śrī Hari's lotusface (that Kṛṣṇa's honeybee-eyes had stored there). These bees quickly fled and came back to Her lotusface (when Kṛṣṇa looked back at Śrī Rādhikā, She closed Her eyes out of shyness). (19)

When they saw Śrī Kṛṣṇa's two great heroic eyes, Rādhikā's eye-soldiers fled in fear and the soldiers of Her limbs also stopped fighting. (She became shy) Rādhikā's forehead was covered by curly locks and beads of sweat, Her buttocks were motionless, Her breasts heaved along with Her deep breath, Her arms slackened and Her eyes fell half closed. Kṛṣṇa was very happy to see Her thus defeated in Cupid's battle. King Cupid had ordered Rādhā to attack Kṛṣṇa and She tried very hard, showing great vigour, but then Her body suddenly weakened out of fatigue. This is not so amazing, women are simply weak! (20-22)

Śrī Rādhikā looked like a steady lightning-strike in a fresh raincloud, Her motionless body was glistening with beads of sweat, Her dress and ornaments were loosened and Her eyes were closed while She lay on Her lover's chest, and conversed with Him. Her chest heaved with Her deep breath, repeatedly touching Kṛṣṇa's belly, as if wanting to revive Him from His ecstatic inertia. (23-24)

Seeing Rādhikā's sweetness at that time, Hari wanted to see and touch Her limbs. Then the *sakhī* (personified form) of His desire to remove Rādhā's fatigue came and joined that desire to touch and see doe-eyed Rādhikā, but exhaustion was the only *sakhī* that served Her body. (25)

Then the desires to touch Rādhikā and to remove Her fatigue met, so Kṛṣṇa got up and lovinly swept the sweatdrops from Her with His lotushands, wiping Her hairs and locks with His cloth. (26)

Moonfaced Rādhikā asked Kṛṣṇa: "Arrange My clothes and ornaments", but Kṛṣṇa did not want to do it, because He wanted to embarrass Her before Her friends. Only after She had repeatedly asked Him He did it, but then again She forbade Him. Agitated by the touch of His hand She told Him: "O Lover, did I ask You to ornament Me? Give up Your vain efforts, this decoration does not please Me! I'm not able to wear all these ornaments now, I'm dizzy. Give Me a little time to sleep!" (27-28)

Hari drank the nectar of Priyajāṇī's lotusface, being thirsty for the unclear pleasing words She cried out smilingly. He smiled, closed His eyes and became intoxicated with lust and astonishment. (29)

Then the girls for whom Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's service is their only joy (the *manjarīs*) that were eagerly waiting outside of the *kunja*, came inside with all the paraphernalia for their service in their lotushands. These girls, that were intoxicated with love for Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, served Them with betelleaves, cool water, pure scents and garlands. They softly massaged Their lotusfeet and fanned Them. This relieved Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's fatigue and gave Them great joy. (30-31)

With a hint of Her smiling eyes Rādhikā told Her lover: "My lotusfaced friends, without whom I cannot find happiness, are all taking rest in Their *kunjās*. Please wake them up and bring them here!" (32)

Although Kṛṣṇa did not want to leave Her, Rādhikā repeatedly asked Him to, so He came out of the *kunja* to make love with Her girlfriends like a mad elephant makes love with its mates. (33)

Kṛṣṇa thought: "Shall I first go to Lalitā, to Visakhā, to Citrā or to all the *sakhīs* simultaneously?" Then He

blissfully expanded Himself and entered all of their *kunja's* simultaneously, just as the Supreme Self simultaneously pervades all material bodies, but still remains One. (34)

Kṛṣṇa played the same beautiful pastimes with these *gopis* in their *kunja's* as He played with Rādhikā, their group leader, who experienced the same play in Her dream (*svapna vilāsa*) as well as in Her wakeful state. Just to please them, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the greatest wrestler, defeated all these wrestler-girls simultaneously in an armfight. (35-36)

While She took rest, Śrī Rādhikā was served by Her maidservants in Her *kunja* for a while. Then She went to a bathingplace by Rādhakūṇḍa. (37)

Just as the signs of a sacrifice are still visible after the place is cleaned up, so the *sakhis'* bodies still showed the signs of Kṛṣṇa's lovemaking, even after He tried to wipe these signs out by profusely decorating them in a submissive mood. (38)

With eyebrows frowned out of loving anger towards their friend Rādhikā (for sending Kṛṣṇa to them), lowered heads out of shame, stumbling gait, loosely hanging arms and half-closed eyes, these *sakhis* walked here and there until they met each other. Kṛṣṇa also left the *kunja's* and, taking One form again, met Mādhumangalā and his friends and smilingly went with them to see His smiling lover. (39-40)

The *sakhis* were playing a dice game of joking conversation in which the wager was the distribution of embarrassment and Śrī Kṛṣṇa was the master of the assembly. Bold Kūṇḍalātā defeated all the assembled *sakhis*, like Vṛndā, (distributing the wager of embarrassment to them) by showing the marks of Kṛṣṇa's enjoyment on their bodies. (41)

*madhu ripur ati lila gadha piyusa sindhuḥ
satata dur avagahah prema tirthavagahaṁ
pranayi viralalokaṁ svadyate'sau yad anyāṁ
kavibhir api tata sthāṁ sprsyate bhāgyam etat*

The pastimes of Kṛṣṇa, the enemy of Mādhū, are like a deep nectar-ocean which is always hard to enter. Loving devotees can enter into it, though, as they go in by the bathingplace of their love. Who can describe the fortune of mediocre poets like me who have been able to touch this ocean? (42)

JALAKELI (Watersports in Śrī Rādhakūṇḍa)

*atha vividha vilāsa śraṇṭitāḥ klānti pūrṇa
avasara nija sevabhīṇayopetya tūṇa
jalam anu jala lila vāṇḍayalya tad antar
hari haridayitalyaś cālyamāna vābhuvaḥ*

Although Hari and His beloved girlfriends were tired of their different pastimes, they went to play in the waters of Rādhikā's lake, being encouraged by their maidservants, who desired to serve Them in this waterplay. (43)

*grivaṇṭam samyam ati keli vimukta keśaḥ
samvastritabhīṇava sukla śucina celāḥ
sevaparālī nicayair avatāritatī
bharaṅga bhusana cāyāḥ sudṛṣo vābhuḥ taḥ*

These *manjaris* helped the fair-eyed *sakhis* to take off their heavy ornaments and nice *saris*. They tied up their loosened hairs that had fallen into their necks and dressed them in fine white bathing-garments. (44)

*udyat sudhamsu sala puskara nindī kantiḥ
prodyad vibhakara vikasvara puskarakhya
kandarpa saumanasa puskara jīt kataksali
sranti prsanti kara puskara keli lolali*

*sanvestitali sakala puskarānibhirabhiḥ
kṛṣṇali priya dayita puskarinim jagalē
srantah sramakulita puskarini ghatabhiḥ
svairi vanccara madotkara puskariva*

Sri Kṛṣṇa, whose bodily luster defeated that of hundreds of moons in the sky, whose eyes were like lotusflowers blooming in the blazing sun, whose glances were like Cupid's flower-swords that eclipsed the lotusflowers, became eager for the lotus-pastimes that would relieve the love-fatigue of Himself and His girlfriends, as if He was an elephant surrounded by she-elephants who freely enjoys in the forest and who is eager for erotic pleasure. In this way they entered the lotus-filled lake. (45-46)

To give pleasure to Kṛṣṇa's eyes, that were like mad elephants, the *gopis* shone as beautifully as the *kunda*: Their eyes and faces shone like lotusflowers, their locks like swarms of bumblebees, their breasts like Cakravaka-birds, their bodies like vines and their arms like lotusstems. Some *gopis* were hesitant to enter the water and stayed on the shore, but they were sprinkled by these *gopis* that had already gone into the water. They fearfully tried to flee, but were forcibly pulled into the water by their clothes by the others, who were laughing. Some *gopis* stood into the water upto their knees, others fearfully went in upto their bellies. Hari had gone in upto His navel, smiling and forcibly splashing them with water. (47-49)

The mad elephants of Hari's eyes dived into the rivers of the *gopis'* beautiful bodies, that became visible through their very thin wet clothes, and the *gopis'* elephant-like eyes also relished the sweetness of Hari's limbs. Some *gopis* were unwilling to go into the water and shivered of cold, their faces smiled and cried simultaneously. Kṛṣṇa pulled them all into the water upto their navels, where they stayed with Him. The *gopis* played in the water of that lake which was scented by flowerpollen and honey oozing from the Rajiva-, Pundarika-, Kahlara- and Kairava-lotuses, as well as the red and blue lotusflowers. (50-52)

On one side of the lake Nandimukhi, Yrnda, Dhanistha and others stood on a bathing platform, showering flowers on Radha and Her *gopis*, desiring their victory and shouting 'jaya'!, while Subala and Kundalata stood on the other side of the lake on a bathing platform, showering Kṛṣṇa with flowers, desiring His victory. (53-54)

Then Sri Hari began His waterplay with the *gopis*. He increased their enthusiasm by softly splashing them with water and they splashed Him back. Then Kṛṣṇa constantly showered them, making them lower their heads out of fear, and cover their eyes, noses and ears with their fingers. (55)

Hari accepted a thousand eyes to look at the *gopis'* beauty, a thousand feet to walk up to them and a thousand arms to embrace them. He took a thousand hands (like the thousand-handed sun, who showers water, making the lotusflowers bloom and making the Cakravaka-birds happy), to fondle the Cakravaka-birdlike breasts of the doe-eyed *gopis* that stood up in the water upto their bellies with fully blooming lotusfaces. (56-57)

Madhumangala, seeing Kṛṣṇa's play, happily recited the verse *sahasra pat sahasraksa sahasra bahur isvara* (the Lord has a thousand arms, a thousand eyes and a thousand glances come from them) from the Veda's, as a

joke. (58)

Nandimukhi (Madhumangala's *brahmana*-sister), standing on the bank of the *kunda*, laughed and reacted by reciting the verse *sarvataḥ paṇi padam tat sarvato'ksi siro-mukham* (everywhere are His hands and feet, everywhere are His eyes, heads and faces) from the Purāṇa's. (59)

In this way Kṛṣṇa was like a row of clouds showering water in all directions in a crooked way to move the vine-like Vraja-*gopis*. Thinking: "Are the *sakhis*' footsoles red of lac, or because they have been in the cold for so long?", Kṛṣṇa became mad with doubts. (60-61)

The beautiful *gopis* became ecstatic when they were touched by the water that was constantly splashed all around by Śrī Kṛṣṇa, but they were unwilling to continue the waterfight since their vine-like arms had become tired and their braids, garments and garlands had loosened. (62)

Kṛṣṇa forcibly took away the *gopis*' garments in the clear water, so the *gopis* quickly made friends with the lotusflowers of the lake, who offered them their leaves as hand for protection. (63)

Being repeatedly defeated by Kṛṣṇa, the two colours of the *gopis*' faces (the red colour of their lips and of the *pan-spots* on them) were washed off, but sweet-voiced Rādhikā repeatedly showered Her beloved, desiring to defeat Him. (64)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa left Their friends behind and began to fight with Each other. Being surrounded by Their friends, They first fought with water, then with the hands, then nail to nail, mouth to mouth and finally teeth to teeth. They became very happy from Their mutual touch. Kṛṣṇa became stunned and Rādhikā became restless. Seeing this blissfull mood appearing in Rādhā, Lalitā said: "Kṛṣṇa's crown fell off, the reflection of His Kaustubha-

gem took shelter of Your cheeks, His earrings trembled, the *tilaka* on His forehead was washed away and His garland is torn to shreds! So stop fighting, *sakhi*! Don't injure Kṛṣṇa any more! He's suffering!" (65-68)

Just as Kṛṣṇa sometimes defeated the *gopis* and was sometimes defeated by them, so their supporters were also defeating and being defeated in turn. (69)

Mukunda forcibly dragged Rādhikā into the water upto Her neck. Sometimes He pushed Her under water and sometimes He made Her surface again, like a lotus kept on the restless waves by an elephant. Restless Rādhikā held Her lotusstem-arm around Kṛṣṇa's neck, covering Her lotusface with Her moss-like hair. In this way the Rādhā-lotus swam in the pond with Her Kṛṣṇa-elephant. (70-71)

Meanwhile the *sakhis* joyfully hid themselves in the cluster of blooming golden lotusflowers, where they immersed themselves upto their necks. Rādhā told Kṛṣṇa: "Where have My friends gone? Go into the water and look for them!", so lotuseyed Kṛṣṇa left Rādhā in the water upto Her neck and went to look for His girlfriends in the cluster of blooming lotusflowers. Then lotusfaced Rādhā also hid Herself between the lotusflowers. (72-73)

Madhusudana became eager to drink the honey of the *gopis*' golden lotusfaces that came up from between couples of blooming blue lotusflowers (their eyes), seeing moss-like hair growing over them, moved by waves. (74)

Hari became thirsty like a honeybee for drinking the honey from the *gopis*' golden lotusfaces, so He went to them. (75)

Radhika secretly met Her friends and Kṛṣṇa quickly came up to their lotusfaces with His lotusface. In this way Cupid's battle expanded. The lotusflowers on the water swung along with the waves made by the unwilling *gopis'* breasts, so the bumblebees were unable to sit on them and flew away. This made Kṛṣṇa very happy, for they reminded Him of the faces of the *gopis* who were unwilling to kiss Him. (76-77)

The *gopis* became tired of these different sports and their bodies became very thin, so their bangles fell off. With love Kṛṣṇa gave them new bangles made of lotusstems on the sides of their old ones, that would stop them from falling. (78)

*kumuda viśa maralambhoja cakrotpalani
smīta bhujā gati vaktroroja netrair vijitya
nivida kuca nīlambasphalanaiḥ kampayitva
jalam api sarasī sa ksobhitasid vadhuhili*

The *gopis'* smiles defeated the shining of the lilies, their arms the beauty of lotusstems, their gaits the elegance of swans, the faces the beauty of lotusflowers, their breasts the Cakravaka-

birds and their eyes the lustre of blue lotusflowers. The busy movements of their breasts and buttocks made the water of the lake tremble. The *gopis'* movements caused waves and the water that were swept up by the wind, making it impossible for the pairs of birds on them (or *gopis'* breasts) to move or stand still. Although the moons of the *gopis'* faces had risen, the Cakravaka-couples did not feel their usual separation from each other, but were very happy to see the *gopis'* Cakravaka-like breasts. When Radha's moonlike face rose in the lake even the lilies and the blue lotuses (both nightflowers) bloomed in the day. Thus the honeybees blissfully relished the nectar of these flowers as well as the dayflowers like lotuses, day and night. (79-82)

While the *sakhis* watched how wonderfully the honeybees simultaneously enjoyed the lotuses and the lilies Hari hid Himself in a cluster of blue lotusflowers. When the *gopis* began to search for Him, they mistook one of the blue lotuses to be His face and they kissed it in great ecstasy. Then, when they realised their mistake, they looked at each other in embarrassment. (83-84)

But then Citra by chance saw Kṛṣṇa's face by the side of Radha's face in the blue lotuscluster and told her friends: "Just see how wonderful this lotuscluster is to us!" (85)

There is one amazing golden moving lotus (Sri Radhika) that is covered by long hanging moss (Her hair) and has two dancing wagtailbirds (Her eyes) in its middle and restless honeybees moving towards a blue lotus (Kṛṣṇa). (86)

A blue (Kṛṣṇa's face) and golden (Radhika's face) lotus moved along beautiful waves of amorous desire. They were first separate, but constantly moving waves brought them together and separated them again. (87)

The blue lotuses (Kṛṣṇa's hands) covered the couples of Cakravakas (*gopis'* breasts) coming up from the water. Seeing this, golden lotuses came up from out of the water (the *gopis* hands) to obstruct these blue lotuses. This poetic ornament named *atīśayokti* (see chapter Eleven) gave great joy to the *gopis*. (88)

Kṛṣṇa took Radha amongst the *sakhis*, shining like a blue lotus surrounded by golden lotuses. They made music by slapping their hands on the water. This is called *jala manduka vadya*, playing like waterfrogs. Sometimes this sounded like Pataha-drums and sometimes like Dundubhi-drums. (89-90)

The fragrant water of the lake became even more fragrant and cool from the bodies of Hari and His goddesses and was colored white, blue and yellow from their melted-off body unguents. In this way the *kunda* took over all of Hari's pure qualities. (91)

Hari and the *gopis* were like an elephant and his mates spashing each other with their lotuslike hands. Now they came upon the shore, out of the blue lotuscluster. The maidservants anointed Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* with unguents and scented oils after first bathing each other with loving joy. Then they came out of the water onto the shore of Radhakunda. The water that dripped from the wet clothes on the golden limbs of the *gopis* looked like showers coming from white autumn-clouds (the wet clothes) on small golden mountain peaks (the *gopis* limbs), and the water that dripped from the tips of their open braids looked like strings of pearls in an Ekavali-necklace that shone in the Lord's heart. (92-95)

By some good fortune those who could not see Kṛṣṇa even in a dream could now enjoy His company unhindered. Thinking like this, the doe-eyed *gopis* drank the long-desired sweet nectar of Kṛṣṇa's company, but their thirst for Him only doubled by this. How amazing! Those who are fortunate can see Kṛṣṇa, although it is usually impossible. Only through ecstatic love this vision is attained. Kṛṣṇa could not be bound in His childhood (as Damodara) even with innumerable ropes, but now that same Kṛṣṇa was gladdened and captured by seeing the *gopis*' limbs through their wet clothes. This is not so astonishing! (96-98)

After the *manjaris* had cleaned the limbs and hair of Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* and had given them thin dry clothes to wear, Kṛṣṇa and His dear girls quickly entered the lotustemple. When Kṛṣṇa entered the southern wing of the lotustemple and sat down on a nice platform there He was decorated with many flower ornaments by Sri Radhika and Her girlfriends with loving expertise. Sri Radhika dried and scented Kṛṣṇa's hair with *aguru*-incense, combed it and surrounded it with a jasmine-garland and Jat-, Rangana-, Yuthika-, Bakula- and golden Yuthi-flowers, clusters of the best Ketaki- and Campaka petals and peacockfeathers. She beautified His temples with pairs of *gunja*-strings and pearl strings. She bound up His hair in a gradually ascending knot and beautified it with peacockfeathers and twigs. In this way the roots of His hairs became very thick and the ends (by His shoulders) very thin. The honeybees became attracted to the fragrance of this crest, that enchanted the world like a whisk. The bee-eyes and lotuslike hearts of the *gopis* became absorbed in this crest, that never left (these eyes and hearts) anymore. Even Kṛṣṇa Himself was enchanted by seeing the mere shadow of this crest, whose sweetness was drunk by the whole world! (99-103)

Then Lalita made nice moonlike vermilion *tilak* on Hari's forehead with spots of sandal and musk around it. This *tilak* looked like Cupid's golden disc that slices the *gopis*' hearts. (104)

Citra smeared *kunkuma* and *khora* on Kṛṣṇa's limbs which made restless waves of natural beauty that reminded Citra of Kṛṣṇa (the *khora*) and the *gopis* (the *kunkuma*) during the Rasa dance. Citra, whose character was purified by feelings of friendship for Kṛṣṇa, also made very beautiful pictures on His body, that eclipsed the luster of a new monsoon cloud. These pictures were like a ropenet that the hunter Cupid spread out the catch Sri Radhika, who has eyes like restless wagtail-birds. (105-106)

Then the *gopis* happily made a nice dress for Kṛṣṇa with different colours of fragrant lotusbuds, flowers and twigs. They made earrings, necklaces, waistbells, anklebells, bangles and armlets. This dress was like the rope of Cupid that bound up the eyes of the doe-like *gopis*. The *manjaris* dressed Radha according to the season with flowers and ornaments, and then they dressed up the *sakhis*. (107-108)

Then Vrnda took Radha and Kṛṣṇa to a beautiful platform in the north of the lotustemple where They saw many kinds of fruits and eatables served on separate banana leafplates, barks, and clay cups. Kṛṣṇa sat down on a seat of white flowers covered by a white sheet, with Subala on His left and Madhumangala on His right side. (109-111)

Radha and Her friends appeared before Kṛṣṇa and His friends and served them, while Vrnda brought in 11 dishes. (112)

First they served them white, red, green and yellow liquid and solid coconut pulp on barks shaped and colour

like conchshells, along with different other kinds of squeezed fruits. They served the kernel from the smashed coconuts and Kṛṣṇa and His friends relished it. Then they gradually served them different kinds of mangoes that varied in form, colour and ripeness and were prepared in different ways. Kṛṣṇa and His friends enjoyed the freshly ripened sliced fruits without peels and pits. They ate juicy fruits that were cut along with their peels and ripe fruits that could be licked or chewed and they sucked juicy, very ripe and sweet mangoes that pleased their mouths. They ate pitless Kantaki-fruits that looked like golden lotus- or Campakaflower-buds, and many kinds of Pīlu-fruits, dates, grapes, Bael-fruits, Lāvali and Pālmfruits, rose-apples, banana's and nuts, many different nice fruits, water chestnuts, palmseeds, Kṣīra-, Tūta- and Nāsapati-fruits, nectarean guaves, oranges, Kāmārāṅga and Vīkāṅka-fruits. They ate everything which was easily eaten, like Kārdamaka, Bījura, elephant apples and many kinds of seeds, like those of the pomegranate, Kāronda, melons and different kinds of roots like Gudaḷa and different flowerbuds that miraculously melted in the mouth. They ate different kinds of seeds, like lotusroots, lotusseeds and lotusstems, Pīyal-

fruits, that look like Pīlu-fruits, Kṣīra Sara pies with sugar and different delicious milksweets that looked like oranges, Bael and mangotrees with their fruits and flowers, home-made by Rādhikā. (113-128)

Just to please Kṛṣṇa's five senses Śrī Rādhikā had brought many different *laddu's* and sweets like Candrakānti, Gaṅgajāla, and big *laddu's* with sugar, camphor, cloves, cardamom and black pepper squeezed in condensed milk from Her home. (129-130)

Rādhikā and Her dear friends brought tasty jackfruits and mango-

juice with honey, sugar and camphor, as well as camphor- and nectar-pies and lotus-eyed Hari and His friends gradually ate everything that they served them. With their teeth they cut the leaves, flowers, fruits, trunks, branches and the roots of the *kṣīra sara* trees (a kind tree made of *barfi*) (131-133)

Madhumāṅgalā made faces of disgust and pleasure while he jokingly criticised some preparations and praised others, making the *gopīs* laugh. (134)

The boys drank camphor-scented water to their satisfaction and washed their mouths with scented water served by the *sakhīs*. Then Hari lay down to rest on a flowerbed in the lotustemple and Tulasī and her dear friends served Him there with betelleaves, massaging His feet, fanning Him and other services. (135-136)

Madhumāṅgalā and Subalā also lay down on cool beds in the southern wing of the lotustemple, chewing betelleaves. (137)

Then Śrī Rādhikā and Her girlfriends happily sat down to enjoy the nectarean remnants of Kṛṣṇa's food, being served by Śrī Rupa Manjari and Vrnda. Nandimukhī, Kundalātā and others were joking to increase the joy of their meal. (138-139)

Then they all washed their mouths and went to the inner quarters of the lotustemple, where Rādhikā lay down, surrounded by Her girlfriends. Tulasī served them the remnants of Hari's chewed betelnuts and gave Nandimukhī, Dhanisthā and Kundavallī the leaves. Then Tulasī, Vrnda and Rupa manjari took their meal with all the other maidservants. The maidservants finished their meal and the others took rest on a platform outside, on the eastern wing of the lotustemple. (140-143)

Then Śrī Rādhikā gave Her chewed *pan* to Vrnda to distribute it to Her maidservants, so Vrnda took it outside. (144)

Kṛṣṇa pulled His shy beloved by His side and while laughing He gave Her His chewed *pan*, from His lotusmouth into Her lotusmouth. Then He blissfully made Her take rest by His side. Śrī Rupa manjari and her main maidservants served Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa for a while by fanning Them and so on. Then the Loving Couple attained a blissfull state of sleeping. (145-146)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the fourteenth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER SIXTEEN

"The parrots eulogize Kṛṣṇa's tip-toe beauty"

After some time Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa woke up and sat up on the bed. The *sakhis* that had already risen before Them saw Them and came up to Them with Subhā and Madhumangalā. (1)

Vṛndā took her two pupils, the young learned *sarika* Kalokṭi and the *suka* Manjuyak and engaged them in praising the Divine Couple. (2)

lataḥ tau pathato namirau jaya vṛndāvanasvara
jaya vṛndāvanasani jayatalyali prasidata

These parrots humbly recited: "Glory to the Lord of Vṛndāvanā! Glory to the Queen of Vṛndāvanā! Glory to Their girlfriends! Be pleased with us!" (3)

Understanding Rādhā's gesture, Vṛndā ordered the *suka* to praise Kṛṣṇa, so the parrot began to gladden the assembly with his recitation. He sang: "Although my poetry is not very sweet and is devoid of good qualities they will be relishable for the saints as they describe Ācūyā's qualities, just as the iron knife of a hunter can also be turned into gold by the touch of a touchstone, even if it lies in his house!" (4-5)

"Sri Kṛṣṇa's feet eclipse the beauty of Sri Puruṣottama's (Viṣṇu's) feet with its marks of the disc, half moon, barleycorn, octagon, pitcher, umbrella, triangle, sky (a void), bow, *svastika*, thunderbolt, cow's hoof, conchshell, fish, an upward line, a goad, a lotusflower, a flag and a ripe rose-apple!" (6)

"A single mentioning of the glories of Sri Kṛṣṇa's feet at once removes one's thirst for everything else. They are expert in destroying the calamities of those who meditate on them and bestow all good fortune. One becomes highly astonished upon seeing their beauty, that gladdens all the senses. Their touch removes all miseries of fatigue and give happiness. May these feet fulfill all my desires!" (7)

"Simply by meditating on Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet one attains all spiritual and material fortune, beauty, good qualities and wealth and they are an abode of pastimes. May they be our everything!" (8)

"Even a slight worship of Sri Kṛṣṇa's feet turns a mere stone into a Cintāmaṇi, a mere cow into a Kāmadhenu and a mere tree into a desiretree. They fulfill all desires of a living being. Who will not take shelter of these lotusfeet?" (9)

parimāla vasita bhuvanāni sva rasamodita rasajña roṇambhām
gīṛidhārā padambhojam kaḥ khalu rasikāḥ samīhitā hatum

"Gīṛidhārī's lotusfeet always gladden the tongues of the honeybee-like devotees with their fragrance that fills the whole world. Which man of taste could give up these feet?" (10)

"I praise Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet that are filled with the honey of the Lavāṇi-vine. The toes are the petals and the nails the whorls of these lotuses, that pervade all directions with their fragrance which is drunk by the *gopis'* bee-like eyes. (11)

"These feet are like red lotussprouts that please all the five senses with their great qualities and that are generous like the leaves of a desiretree. With what can we compare Hari's lotusfeet?" (12)

"Kṛṣṇa's toenails are as white as the Ganga by Prayaga, the top sides of these feet are as black as the Yamuna and the soles are red like Brahma's daughter Sarasvatī. In this way Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet are completely beautiful and fulfill all desires, like a bath in the Trivenī (the confluence of the Ganga, Yamuna and Sarasvatī)." (13)

"The glories of Kṛṣṇa's feet are wonderful. The darkness, that takes shelter of these feet, defeats Aruna, the sun's charioteer, in battle, so Aruna (crimson morning glory) takes shelter of Kṛṣṇa's footsoles (the are just as red). Seeing the darkness of these feet the moon flees in fear and takes shelter of Kṛṣṇa's splendid nails." (14)

With a glance, Vrnda engaged the parrot Kalokti, who scented her tongue with the descriptions of Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet. She sang: "The hot crimson rays of the sun have scorched Aruna, who took shelter of the cool shade of Kṛṣṇa's feet. That's why Kṛṣṇa's footsoles are pervaded with their reddish luster. This is the example of the poets, but I think that the strong passion for Him of Rādhikā's heart has colored His lotusfeet red, making them Her abode!" (16)

*lilaravindam aravinda drsam karabje
kankelli pallavām uroja suvarṇa kumbhah
raktotpalam yad iha hṛt sarasidamide
padaravindam aravinda vilocanasya*

"When Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet are fondled by the lotushands of the lotuseyed gopis they look like blue lotusflowers, when they stand on the gopis' golden, pitcher-like breasts they look like red Asoka-leaves and when they stand in the gopis' lake-like hearts they shine like red lotuses!" (17)

"Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet are more cool, beautiful and fragrant than the moon, the blue lotus, sandalpaste, camphor or lotustems, and they are always eager to touch Rādhā's breasts or to be fondled by Her hands. They became smeared by beautiful vermilion from Rādhā's breasts, which makes them the playground of the girlfriend of beauty personified. May these lotusfeet of Kṛṣṇa always be massaged by us!" (18)

Then, on Rādhā's encouragement, the *suka* and *sari* described Kṛṣṇa's other limbs, filling the ears of the assembled *sakhis* with nectar. (19)

"Kṛṣṇa's heels are shining like very glossy globules of waves of natural beauty, or like blue lotusbuds coming up half on the surface of the Yamuna. They are like wonderful Tāmala-leafcups filled with the honey of fresh natural beauty. Whoever licks this honey even once with the bee-like tip of the tongue at once spins around in intoxication!" (20-21)

"Above Kṛṣṇa's beautiful lotusfeet the Creator has hidden these two heels for the satisfaction of Rādhikā's two parrot-like eyes, as if they were two ripe Karamardaka fruits. These heels are like marbles that nicely embrace Hari's feet. The maidens of Rādhā's mental desires play with them like girls playing ball with boys." (22-23)

"Hari's shanks are like Cupid's soldiers that destroy the soldiers of the patience of the housewives of Gokula and they look like small clubs made of Tāmala-wood. They are like the emerald columns of the banana-trees, that the Creator placed to support the abode of the universe, or sapphire goads that subdue the

elephant-like minds of the young girls. May these shanks of Hari destroy all sins!" (24-25)

"Kṛṣṇa's luster is like the small stream of the Yamuna and His shanks are like waves of nectarean beauty in that stream. His anklebells resound like the sweetly warbling swans in that river. When Hari's shanks see each other's beauty and elegance they become eager to meet each other. When Kṛṣṇa plays His flute and stands in His enchanting threefold bending form, these shanks have a chance to meet and touch each other." (26-27)

"Hari's knees shine beautifully like the sittingplace of the goddess of sweetness, like two high stakes that support the vine of natural beauty or two boxes with ornaments of beauty and opulence. Hari's wonderfully charming knees are like two small sapphire chests filled with innumerable Cintamani-stones of the minds of the housewives of Vraja. May Hari's knees, that show lines when He walks and they contract, and that show no lines when they spread, when Kṛṣṇa stands still, and that are always fondled by Sri Radhika's beautiful hands, fulfill our desires!" (28-30)

"Kṛṣṇa's strong, glossy, big, charming thighs border His buttocks, gradually tapering towards the knees, and are the stage for Cupid's dancers. May that abode of playful beauty dwell in our hearts!" (31)

Are these sapphire pillars to support the abode of the world, the ladle for Cupid's sacrifice or pillars to tie up the elephant-

like hearts of the *gopis*? No, they are Hari's thighs!" (32)

"Hari's buttocks are like a raised ground where the blue bananas of His thighs are tapering. They are the very sweet fruits that nourish the girls' parrot-like eyes. Hari's thighs defeat the pride of the temples of lusty elephants in softness and of the bananas in thickness and they are always fondled by the edges of Sri Radhika's hands. What can the poets compare them with? Kṛṣṇa's beautiful thighs are the beautiful objects of the grave cowherdladies' desires. Billions of Cupids dance on this soft, extended dancingstage!" (33-35)

"Kṛṣṇa's upper body stands on His waist like a steady new Tamala-tree. His hips are a sapphire belt from which very sweet water of natural beauty drips to water this tree, and His swan-like anklebells swim in this waterfall." (36)

"Kṛṣṇa's waist is the throne on which the Queen of Radha's heart sits. For Her pleasure the Creator has covered it with a thick blue cloth as a wonderful moonlike cushion." (37)

"Obeisances to Hari's beautiful underbelly, that is a flood that fills up a pond of nectarean beauty where the *gopis*' fish-like eyes can play, or that is like a cave for Radhika's lion-like mind! There is a river-like curved line on Kṛṣṇa's underbelly. Above that is Kṛṣṇa's beautiful lake-like navel and inbetween that is a plain where Sri Radha's mind dances with many dancinggirl-like desires that are always dancing the Rasa there." (38-39)

"Acyuta's navel is like a well of nectar, the hairs on this navel the rope for drawing this nectar and His underbelly the bucket. The *gopis* are like thirsty cows that drink this nectar of Acyuta's limbs, made by the Creator." (40)

"The Creator made Kṛṣṇa's waist like a sapphire mortar to grind the wheat of the *gopis*' minds, removing the husk of any other thought in them. May that waist always be manifest in my mind. For defeating Lord Siva, Cupid worshipped the Creator, who granted him Siva's *damaru* (X-shaped drum), which looks just like Kṛṣṇa's waist with His broad chest above it and His broad hips under it. The Creator gave fresh youth to Kṛṣṇa's slender waist, between His big chest and His broad hips, shaping it like the letter X." (41-43)

*dr̥stya bakarer avalagna sausthavam
nījavālagṇasya ku kīrti sankaya
durgasu durga janakasya bhūbhṛto
darisu parindra gana vililyire*

"When the lions saw the beauty of Kṛṣṇa's thin waist they feared that their own waists would lose their glories in comparison, so they fled into the inaccessible caves of the Himalaya's" (44)

*lavanya vanya bhrama bhangapurna
bakiripor nabhi hrade gambhire
trsarta gopi hrdayebha pali
magnaiva nonmajjati sa kadapi*

"Kṛṣṇa's navel is like a deep lake full of streams and whirlpools of natural beauty where the thirsty elephant-like hearts of the *gopis* drown, never to come back up again." (45)

*sri kṛṣṇa vighraha tamala suradrume'smin
sobha maranda bhṛta nabhi sukotaro'sti
lobhad vadhu dr̥g alipalir iha pravista
yat sa punar nahi nireti rase nimagna*

"The greedy bee-like eyes of the *gopis* enter into the hollows of the beautiful honey-filled Tamala-desiretree of Sri Kṛṣṇa's navel and drown there in the *rasa*, not coming out anymore." (46)

"When king Bali praised Kṛṣṇa (as Vamana) for having the Ganga flowing from His lotusfeet, Yamuna became envious and grew hair from the lake of His lotusnavel (that hair has the same colour as Yamuna). Vamana was praised by one Bali, but Kṛṣṇa's belly has three Bali's (lines) that worship His lotusnavel. Yamuna washes all other desires off those who see these lines and gives them love for Kṛṣṇa!" (47)

"Hari's navel is like a hole where His hairs dwell like black snakes that, although they are very thin, are eating the breezes of the *gopis'* minds (These snakes live on the wind)." (48)

"Drinking the honey from Murari's beautiful lotusnavel, the children of the *gopis'* bee-like eyes become intoxicated, so they fly up and fall on the lotuspetal of Kṛṣṇa's belly, where they lie down as the hairs He has there." (49)

"Govinda's abdomen, with its sandal-tilak like hairs, is as beautiful as the universal goddess of victory. It defeats the beauty of a Banyan-leaf or a blue lotuspetal, whose sweetness attracts the bee-like eyes of anyone who sees it. Kṛṣṇa's very thin, beautiful belly is more soft and fragrant than a fresh Tamala-leaf that is smeared with musk, and nourishes everyone's bee-like eyes." (50-51)

"The *sṛṅgāra rasa* (erotic flavour) flows down from the hairs on Hari's chest into the lake-like navel on His belly, that is slightly raised at both sides and slightly lowered in the middle. May that belly illuminate my mind." (52)

"Kṛṣṇa's lotusnavel, that shines on His beautiful pond-like belly, is always the playground for Radha's swanlike mind and fishlike eyes. Kṛṣṇa's crane-like waistbells jingle at its shore and is covered by moss-like hairs and three thin lines like waves full of the nectar of shining natural beauty." (53)

"Hari's two sides are like two great, round, soft, pleasant, most beautiful lovers that are always eager to touch their mistress' Sri Radhika's sides." (54)

"Kṛṣṇa's beautiful broad chest has the Srīvatsa-mark on its right side, while the goddess of fortune took shelter of its left side in the form of a stripe. The effulgent Kaustubha-jewel hangs on it from Kṛṣṇa's neck and a garland of forestflowers always plays on it. It is the object of the beautiful *gopis'* hearts desires, the emerald throne for the queen of Radha's mind and it's sweetness enchants all the young girls of the three worlds." (55-

56)

"I offer my obeisances to Kṛṣṇa's chest, that is like the holy bathingplace Prayaga, that bestows auspiciousness to the people of the three worlds through its touch, where the white pearl necklace is the Ganga (white water), His hairs are the (black) Yamuna and His amulet the (red) Sarasvatī-river." (At Prayaga these three rivers meet) (57)

"Murari's arms are to sapphire posts, bound to His chest, for the swing of Cupid and Rati (his wife) and the strings of that swing are His luster, that causes it's swinging." (58)

"Kṛṣṇa's chest looks like the beautiful net of the hunter Cupid to trap the wagtailbirds of the *gopis'* eyes and the beauty of Lakṣmi and Srīvatsa on it are the bait. The storeroom of Kṛṣṇa's chest is like a sapphire door to the treasury of the mind of Sri Radhika, the jewel of young girls, with little knobs on each side, that are known as His nipples." (59-60)

"Kṛṣṇa's arms are like the beautiful roots of the Tamala-tree of desire that fulfills all the wishes in the *gopikas'* hearts, or they are like the cruel hunter Cupid's Tamalawood-spears that destroy the does of the ladies' chastity. They are like sapphire pestles that expertly thresh the rice of the *gopis'* hearts, the bolts that lock the abode of Radha's heart, or the bolt that locks the cage of Radha's and the *gopis'* parrot-like minds. May Kṛṣṇa's long strong beautiful arms, that are the desired objects of the hearts of all ladies in the world, like Lakṣmi, that have firm breasts, be manifest in my heart!" (61-63)

"Have two sweet mad elephants named Cupid entered the springforest of blooming youthful beauty, Hari's body? Their proboscis (Hari's hands) reach down to His knees, always eating the leaves of their sweet beauty." (64)

"Has the Creator made Hari's arms like two sapphire pillars of a wonderful swing of sweetness to swing the minds of Lakṣmi and other ladies? The poets say that king Cupid performed a sacrifice in Kṛṣṇa's body to destroy the *gopis'* patience, using the sapphire ladles of Kṛṣṇa's arms. But my opinion is that these arms are wonderful streams in an ocean of brilliant erotic love-flavours." (65-66)

"Hari's handpalms have all the signs of Sri Puruṣottama (Viṣṇu) on them: the conch, half moon, goad, barleycorn, club, umbrella, flag, lotus, plough, bow, ladle, *svastika*, disc, sword, spade, a Baṭtree, a fish and an arrow, and have discs on each fingertip". (67)

"The poets say that Sauri's (Kṛṣṇa's) hands are naturally soft, but they became hard because that is the sign of a great man (or the Supreme Person *maha puruṣa*). There is nothing wrong with this saying, but I think they became so hard from massaging the *gopis'* breasts, that are as hard as turtles' shells." (68)

"The hands of the moon of Vraja, Kṛṣṇa, are like fresh medicinal herbs that cure the fever in the young Vraja-*gopis'* breasts, caused by Cupid's arrows, or they are the fresh lotusflowers that adorn the golden vases of Sri Radhika's delicious breasts". (69)

"The poets may compare Hari's hands with blue lotuses (the top sides) coupled to red-lotuses (the back palms) crowned with a crest of full moons (the nails) on sharp edges of Cupid's arrows (the fingertips). The petals (fingers) of these lotuses sometimes entwine each other." (70)

"Some people say that Kṛṣṇa's shoulders defeat the high humps on the backs of the bulls and they show the signs of the Supreme Person, Purusottama. But my opinion is that they became so raised out of ecstasy from being always embraced by Śrī Rādhikā's lotusstem-arms. I think that Hari's shoulders became so raised because He was eager to see the sweet beauty of the Kaustubha-jewel on His neck, for which He stuck His head out high." (71-72)

"I praise Hari's back, that gives joy to the doe-eyed *gopis*, that broadens upwards and tapers downwards. It is the sapphire throne of the king of sweetness, carrying a heavy load of natural beauty. That is why it is a little lowered downwards." (73)

"Mukunda's neck defeats the pride of a lion's neck in sweetness, being thick, tapering towards its root and providing a round playthrone for Mukunda's beautiful locks." (74)

*kantho harer lasati kaustubha rajahamsam
lilamṛtaksaya sarah satatam yato'smat
lavanya narma kavita vara gana sampad
divyapagah pratidisam kila nṛṣaranti* (76)

"Kṛṣṇa's neck appears like a sapphire conch, that is adorned with the ever-fresh lustre of the Kaustubha-gem and three lines that please the eyes of everyone in the three worlds. In this neck is Hari's voice whose soundwaves mock the singing of the Pika-birds, the *vina*, the flute and the bees. The Kaustubha-gem always plays like a lordly swan in the limitless nectarlake of Hari's pastimes, where divine rivers of beautiful jokes, poems and songs stream from in all directions." (75-76)

"Glory to Śrī Kṛṣṇa's lotusface, whose nose, jaws, lips, cheeks, chin and ears are its petals, His teeth are the stamen, His smile is its honeysweet fragrance, His eyes the wagtailbirds that sit on it, His eyebrows honeybees and His tongue the whorl!" (77)

"Kṛṣṇa's spotted moonlike face threw its spots on the *gopis*, thus polluting their reputations, bad poets say, but now hear my opinion: His face is naturally spotless and makes all spots take shelter of it and merge in it." (78)

"If the Creator would remove the spots from the moon, kept Bandhuli-flowers (lips), two mirrors (cheeks), Kundaflowerbuds (teeth), a sesameflower (nose), Cupid's bow (eyebrows) and bumblebees (hairlocks) would sit on it, it could be somewhat compared with Śrī Kṛṣṇa's face by the best of poets!" (79)

"Śrī Hari's chin defeats the beauty of a blooming blue lotuspetal with the moon shining on it. It's middle is slightly pressed in by His fondling mother's thumb in His childhood and the bottom is slightly raised by her two fingers to turn His face upwards (when He did something naughty). Who can describe the beauty of Hari's chin, that is like a flood of natural beauty?" (80-81)

"Hari's slightly long jaws touch His beautiful ears (up) and chin (down). It is like a net of sweetness to catch the birds of everyone's eyes and they underline His face nicely." (82)

"Kṛṣṇa's ears, that wear beautiful Makara-earrings, defeat the shape of the halfmoon-shaped cakes or the wonderful clods of Kusa-grass. It's brilliant rays swallow the eyes and minds of everyone in the world. The

small holes in Kṛṣṇa's ears that became lengthened by carrying His earrings, are like holes in the nets that catch the eyes of all the ladies of the world, the net that the hunter Cupid spread out to catch the gopis' docile minds, or the ropes that bind the wagtailbirds of Śrī Rādhikā's eyes. May Mādhava's ears, that are always eager to hear Gandhārvikā's proud jokes and criticisms and the nectarean beverage of Her crooked words, that are beautifully reddish inside and that are at equal height, be manifest in my heart!" (83-85)

*kṛṣṇasya pūrṇa vidhau mandalā sannivesam
rādhādhāramṛta rasayana seka pustam
gandā dvayam makara kundalā nṛtya raṅgam
bhāṭindranilā mānī darpaṇa darpa hari*

"Kṛṣṇa's cheeks are like full moons that are showered and nourished by the ambrosial elixir of Rādhā's lips and they are the dancingstage for His Makara-earrings, that eclipse the pride of sapphire mirrors." (86)

"The corners of Kṛṣṇa's mouth, that form the borders of His lips, are like whirlpools in the nectar-river of sweetness, His teeth sprinkle these lips with their rays, that are more effulgent than fresh sprouts that are sprinkled with milk. (the sprouts are the lips and the milk is the effulgent teeth)" (87)

"The poets say that the little carving in Kṛṣṇa's lips, that mock the beauty of the Bandhujīva-flowers comes from His ever outgoing breath. In the middle of these lips is a slight raising and its borders are beautiful, narrow and long black and red lines." (88)

"Kṛṣṇa's lips defeat the beauty of the Bimbafruits and the small lines in the middle naturally make one forget all other attachments. He scents these lips even more with the nectar of His fine, long fluteplaying with which He attracts the whole world." (89)

*sarvasva ratna pītako vraja sundarīnam
jīvatu siddhau caśakam vṛṣabhānu jayā
tāc chṛī laśad dāśana lakṣmaṇa lakṣitā sṛī
kṛṣṇādihārausthām anīśam hṛdī me cakastu*

"May Kṛṣṇa's lips, that are jewelry chests that contain everything for the beautiful girls of Vraja, that are giving life to the daughter of Vṛṣabhānu like a cup with nectar and that are beautified by Her toothmarks, shine in my heart!" (90)

*svakara sausthava vinindita kunda vṛnda
sat korakan sikhara hiraka mauktikanam
sobhabhīmaṇa bhāra khandana kanti keśan
vamaḥśiruvam adihara bīmba sukayamaṇan*

"Mukunda's teeth defeat the elegant form of the Kundaflower-buds, diamonds, ripe pomegranate-seeds and pearls with a mere drop of their luster and they are the parrots that relish the Bimbafruits of the fairbrowed gopis' lips!" (91)

*jātyaiva pakṛtīmā su dādīmā bījā māṇjun
śaśvat prīyadhara rasasvadanena sonan
kāntausthā sōnā mānī bhedanā kāmā taṅkan*

śrīman mukunda dasanan subhagah smaranti

"Fortunate souls remember Śrīman Mukunda's teeth, that are as beautiful as ripe pomegranate-seeds simply by their birth. They relish the nectar of Priyāṇī's lips, that makes them turn red and they are Cupid's chisels that split Rādhikā's ruby-like lips!" (92)

"All glories to Kṛṣṇa's brilliant moonbeam smile that destroys the mental darkness of all His loving devotees, increases the ocean of Śrī Rādhikā's love, showers the whole world with mercy with a mere drop of this nectarean mercy and is the moon for the beloved *gopis'* faces." (93)

*padmadi divya ramani kamaniya gandham
gopangana nayana bhṛṅga nīpiyamanam
kṛṣṇasya venu nīnādarpiṭa madhurikam
aśyambujā smīta marandam aham smarami*

"I remember Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike honey smile, whose fragrance is desired for by all the celestial ladies like Lakṣmī, that is drunk by the *gopis'* bee-like eyes and that offers His sweetness to the sound of His flute." (94)

*nana rasadhya kavita mani janmabhūmir
asranta sad vidhā rasasvādāna pravīna
viśvasya viśvarasādapi hare rasajña
radhadharamṛta rasasvādanād yathārtha*

"Hari's tongue gives flavour to the whole world, properly relishes the nectar of Rādhā's lips, is the birthplace of various jewellike poems and is expert in relishing the six mellows untiringly. Thus it is justly called *rasajña*, the knower of taste!" (95)

"Hari's tasteful speech, that is inwardly flavored with the *ghī* of love, His fine honeylike smile and the candy of His jokes and that is scented with the camphor of His double meaning words that extinguish the *gopis'* affliction by the sun of lust and that is the only bestower of satisfaction to the world, defeats the pride of an ocean of nectar." (96)

"The tip of Kṛṣṇa's raised nose is as beautiful as a downward turned sapphire sesameflower or Cupid's sapphire arrow, and defeats the lustre of the sapphire bill of a parrot." (97)

"Kṛṣṇa's eyes are like restless moonstone marbles studded with sapphire pupils, that expertly defeat the pride of spotless blooming white lotusbuds with wandering bumblebees in it." (98)

"Kṛṣṇa's eyes shine with crimson splendour on its edges, are white all over and blue in the middle. Has the Creator kindly made these eyes like wonderful, beautiful restless balls (to hit the *gopis'* pride)?" (99)

*lavanya sara samudaya sudhātīvarsāli
karunya sara nīcnyamṛta nīrjharoghañi
kandarpa bhāva viśaramṛta vanyaya ca
samplavya sarva jagad ullasati samantat*

"Kṛṣṇa's eyes shower the essence of ambrosial beauty, the wonderful nectar of mercy and a flood of erot

moods, that inundates the whole world in bliss." (100)

"May Hari's eyes, that are very wide, big, glossy and reddish and that have big, pleasant, thick and restless eyelids that roll slowly, intoxicated by the nectar of youth, always be manifest in your hearts!" (101)

"Kṛṣṇa's glances, that are like hard sharp arrows that are expert in breaking the shields of the ladies' firm vows of chastity, that are hard to obtain even in dreams, and that fulfill all the desires of the poor, are most generous!" (102)

"Muraripu's dancing eyebrows are the arrows that pierce the restless deer-like minds of all the girls of the world, making them spin around. Although they are crooked they make Cupid's bow look like a mere blade of grass!" (103)

"What is this? Has the Kaliya-snake given His daughter to Hari, who keeps her carefully on His eyebrows, and have the Vraja-gopis fainted, their hearts bitten by the snake of embarrassment, thinking it to be their (rival) co-wife?" (104)

*cilli latalaka varuthaka ramya parsva
kṛṣṇastami sasi nibham giridhatu citram
radha mano harina bandhana kama yantra
kasmira caru tilakam hari bhaḥam idc*

"I praise Hari's forehead, that is bordered by His curly locks above and His eyebrow-vines under. It is shaped like a half moon it is adorned with pictures of mountain pigments, beautified by vermilion-tilak and it is Cupid's instrument to trap the deer of Radha's mind." (105)

*alaka madhupa mala srila bhakoparistad
vilasati lalitaya ballavi vallabhasya
nayana saphara bandhe jātām angananam
alabhata kila seyam kama kaivartakasya*

"The bee-like hairlocks of Ballavi-vallabha (the lover of the gopis) are very charming and beautiful and they are the nets of the fisherman Cupid to catch the fish-like eyes of the ladies." (106)

"May Kesava's praiseworthy long hair, that is more glossy than the bumblebees, that is thin, dense, curly, equally trimmed, fragrant like a blue lotus smeared with musk, that looks like Cupid's blue flag, that is sometimes crowned, sometimes parted in the middle, sometimes tied, sometimes braided, sometimes half parted in a nice way, and that is the deermark on Radha's moonlike heart, be manifest in our hearts!" (107-108)

*apara madhurya sudharnavani nananga bhusa caya bhusanani
jagad dṛg asecanakani saurer varnyani nangani sahasra vaktrairi*

"Sauri's body defeats the stream of a limitless nectar-ocean of sweetness and is the ornament of its ornaments. The eyes of anyone in the world who sees it can never be satisfied and it cannot be described even by a thousand mouths!" (109)

While describing this all, the voices of the king of parrots and his *sarika* became choked of ecstasy and the

minds of the *sakhīs* were immersed in an ocean of nectar and they were stunned of amazement and ecstasy for a while. (110)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the company of Sri Jīva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Sri Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the sixteenth chapter, which deals with the midday pastimes.

&

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"Further praises of the parrots"

Sri Radha encouraged Vṛnda to fondle and pacify the parrots that had come to them. Then She ordered the parrot to describe Kṛṣṇa's qualities, which he and his *sarika* began to do to give pleasure to the assembled *sakhis*. (1)

The *suka* sang: "Although the deep ocean of Ajīta's qualities is unfathomable even by great souls and poets, I desire to taste it with my tongue. Although I am so insignificant, and although a ripe coconut cannot be pierced by the beak, this greedy parrot still touches its bark again and again!" (2)

"My shameless efforts to describe Hari's qualities are just like the stretching out of the hands to catch the sun, efforts to smash the Sumeru-mountain with the head or trying to swim across the Pacific Ocean." (3)

"Anyone whose tongue was purified by vibrating Hari's qualities even slightly can never touch any other subject anymore. Will a cuckoo, after first tasting the sweetness of the mango-pits, ever touch the bitter Nim-leaves again?" (4)

"Garga Muni told King Nanda that baby Kṛṣṇa had all the qualities of Lord Narayana (Bhag. 10.8.19) and that there is no end to the greatness, supreme auspiciousness, gravity and glories of this moon of Gokula." (5)

"There is no limit to Kṛṣṇa's affection for His devotees and His submission to their love, because He has many devotees and each of these devotees has innumerable glories." (6)

"Who on earth can describe this Kṛṣṇa, whose form ornaments His ornaments, who is of fresh adolescence, whose spotless pastimes enchant the world, who heroically lifted Govardhana Hill as if it was a ball, who can generously submit Himself to any soul who surrenders unto Him, whose fame inundates the whole world and thus purifies it?" (7)

"The *gopis'* adolescence, good qualities, beauty, dresses, sweetness, erotic play, cleverness, splendid moods, restlessness and artfulness only become useful when they are suitable for Kṛṣṇa and when they are accepted by Him!" (8)

"Sri Kṛṣṇa's whole body smells of a blue lotusflower that is smeared with musk. The fragrance of His armpits, eyebrows, hips and hair defeat the smell of Parijata- and lotusflowers smeared with *aguru* and His nose, navel, mouth, hands, feet and eyes smell of a lotus smeared with camphor. Thus the whole world is inundated by the waves of His nectarean fragrance." (9)

"Hari's qualities steal away the minds of the doe-like *gopis* and Kṛṣṇa is overwhelmed by loving feelings for them, being controlled by their love." (10)

"With His flutesong Hari attracts the *gopis'* hearts and He dances the Rasa with them, through which all His desires are fulfilled and the whole world becomes filled with happiness." (11)

"Murari shines like a blue lotusgarland on king Nanda's chest. How can even the thousand-headed Ananta

count the qualities of His divine form?" (12)

"Mother Yaśoda saw the whole universe in Hari's body and Kṛṣṇa held Govardhana Hill as if it was a lotusflower, but no one can measure the bliss He feels when He sees Rādhikā's lotusface!" (13)

"Sri Rādhikā shivers with anger when She sees Her own reflection in Kṛṣṇa's chest, which is like a flood of natural beauty, thinking it to be another girl, and She becomes averse to Him." (14)

*sri radhayanahyasamordhvayahrtam mano harer dhavati naparanganam
sarojini san madhu lampatah sada vallim param icchati kim madhuvratah*

"Because Kṛṣṇa's mind is stolen by the unrivalled Rādhā, He never runs after other girls. Why should a honeybee leave the sweetest lotusflower for any other vine?" (15)

*usno raviḥ sitala eva candrah sarvam saha bhus capalah samirah
sadhuh sudhiro'mbu nidhir gabhirah svabhavatah premavaso hi kṛṣṇah*

"The sun is naturally warm, the moon is naturally cool, the earth naturally tolerates everything, the wind is naturally restless, the saints are naturally grave and the ocean is naturally deep. Kṛṣṇa is naturally controlled by love." (16)

"Although Kṛṣṇa is naturally grave, steady in mind, full of tolerance and well behaved and His body is free from all transformations and full of bliss, He becomes agitated by lusty feelings from seeing Sri Rādhā's face and restlessly wanders around, being subdued by Her love." (17)

"With His qualities Hari steals the patience and virtue of even the goddess of fortune and He binds Her down with them even from afar. If He can do this with Lakṣmī, then what to speak of the *gopīs*, who are melting with love for Him?" (18)

"The fairbrowed maidens of Vraja worship Kṛṣṇa with *padya* (footwater) through their perspiration, *arghya* (water for the hands) through their ecstatic goosepimples, *acamana* (mouthwater) through their nectarean affectionate words, scents through their nice fragrance, flowers through their soft smiles, food offerings through their playful nectarean embraces and with *pan* through their nectarean kisses." (19)

"Kṛṣṇa appears to different people in different ways - as the giver of profuse wealth to greedy materialists, as the most merciful saviour to the distressed, as Cupid to the young girls, as death to His enemies, as the Supreme Lord to His good devotees and as a friend to the people of Vraja." (20)

"Dogeaters that are devoted to Kṛṣṇa are equal to *brahmanas* and *brahmanas* that are averse to Kṛṣṇa are equal to dogeaters. The *gopīs* always relish the nectar of His love, discarding the poison of bashfulness. Kṛṣṇa's pure fame colours the whole world bluish. In separation from Him the moon feels as hot as fire and the sun feels as cool as nectar. My obeisances to this Kṛṣṇa!" (21)

"Kṛṣṇa killed all His wicked enemies like Putana, but still even now the great poets constantly sing of His many magnanimous qualities, such as His compassion!" (22)

"One *sakhī* says: 'That is not Kṛṣṇa's body, it is the stream of the Yamunā! That is not Kṛṣṇa's face, it is a blooming lotus in the Yamunā! That is not Kṛṣṇa's hair, it is a swarm of bumblebees! O greedy girl! Why

are your eyes running after this?" (23)

"First Cupid entered the minds of the fairbrowed *gopis*, causing different transformations there, after this the flutesong of the prince of Vraja entered it. Glory to Gokulacandra's sweet fluteplaying, that creates lust in the minds of the lotuseyed *gopis*, that takes away their patience and their shame for public opinion, that cuts down their religious principles and that takes them from their husbands' laps. It stuns all mobile creatures and moves all immobile creatures of Vraja!" (24-25)

"People may say that there are many qualified people in this world with tasteful pastimes and jewel-like opulences, but the best of beautiful sages have ascertained that only Kṛṣṇa, the prince of Vraja embodies all this." (26)

"The *gopis*, being agitated with love for Kṛṣṇa, told His flute: "Listen O cruel flute! Dear friend, are you showering nectar or poison with your sounds? It can kill us or revive us! Don't give us any other intolerable condition than this!" (27)

"Foolish demons are envious of Kṛṣṇa, the Lord of the Universe, but He bestows all enjoyment on those who desire it. He gives all wealth to the greedy, He is the very form of bliss for those who desire happiness and He bestows sovereignty to those who want to rule the world." (They bite the hand that feeds them) (28)

"One doe-eyed *gopi* came home after tasting the nectar of playing with Kṛṣṇa and saw one of her superiors, an old lady, there. Fearfully she remembered that Kṛṣṇa had placed His hand on Her shoulder, so she said: "O Dearest One! Go away! I see one of my superiors has come!" (29)

"Kṛṣṇa is the bestower of bliss and He removes unlimited distress by calmly lifting the mountain (Govardhana or Rādhikā's breasts). He is grave and fully qualified, He is the beautiful youthful teenager who steals the minds and eyes of everyone in the world. The minds of all the chaste young girls are absorbed in this conqueror of Mural" (30)

"Hari takes the lives of the wicked and the envious, He forcibly takes away Indra's sacrifice and the dwellingplace of Kaliya, but He gives them all auspiciousness in return." (31)

*laksankapalir alike giridhatu citre
vaksasy uroja mada laksanam ambudabhe
radhalayad upagatasya hareh prabhate
kaiscinna niti nipunair api paryacayi*

"When Hari comes from Rādhikā's home in the morning He has Her red footlac on His forehead between the usual red mineral pigments of Govardhana Hill, and He has the musk from Her breasts on His chest, that is of the same cloudblue colour. In this way even the most clever knipickers cannot notice anything!" (32)

"Rādhā's wealth of love increases along with Kṛṣṇa's sweetness by the day. And the *sakhis'* wealth of joy also increases when They play in the *kuṇja's*." (33)

"The beauty of Kṛṣṇa's feet eclipse that of the lotusflowers, His face the lustre of the moon, His eyebrows are as nice as honeybees and His lips are as sweet as nectar. His eyes are as restless as lotusflowers, His teeth are as bright as pure Kundaflowers, His voice is as sweet as nectar and His smile shines brightly. His hands look like fresh blossoms, His nails like full moons, His cheeks shine like mirrors and His body shines like a

deep blue raincloud. The *gopis'* eyes, thinking His face to be a lotusflower, come there like thirsty bees to drink its honey. Kṛṣṇa is like the moon for the saints and like an affectionate father for those who worship Him. He is the king of the *kunja's*, He is like a thunderbolt for the demons and He is like Cupid for the ladies. There is no hero as magnanimous as He is and no one can play like Him. Who in the world equals Kṛṣṇa? May that Kṛṣṇa, whose lotusface is kissed by the doe-eyed *gopis*, protect us." (34-36)

"Vṛndavana's vines give joy to Kṛṣṇa with their breast-like fruits, their smiling flowers and their lip-like nice sprouts." (37)

"Kṛṣṇa's flute fulfills everyone's desires, like mystic perfection to the *yogis*, devotion to Lord Viṣṇu to the worshippers and the desires of Lord Nārāyaṇ through His Cit-potency." (38)

sudhadhareva madhura kaumudiva susitāla
kīrtiḥ sri kṛṣṇa candrasya gangeva jana pavani

"Sri Kṛṣṇacandra's fame purifies the people like the Ganga does, is as sweet as a stream of nectar and as cool as the moonlight." (39)

kṛṣṇasyanupamāṅga srīḥ aṅga srīḥ iva madhuri
madhuriva guṇālyasya guṇāḥ susitāla

"The beauty of Kṛṣṇa's body is incomparable, His sweetness is like His sweetness, His qualities are like His qualities in coolness." (40)

"Hari's lovers are overwhelmed with feelings of love for Him and He has as many clever tricks as He has lovers. His humour is as incomparable as His cleverness and His playfulness is as unlimited as His humour." (41)

"Subala and Kṛṣṇa's dear friends know His thirst for intimate play, so they make a nice bed for Him in the *nikunja* and carefully bring His ladylove there to make love with Him. How amazing they are!" (42)

dhanyam vṛndaranyam yasmin vilasati sadaiva ramanibhili
prati kunjam prati pulinam prati gīrkandram asau kṛṣṇaḥ

"Blessed is Vṛndavana, where Kṛṣṇa always enjoys with the *gopis* in every *kunja*, on every bank of the Yamuna and in every mountain-cave!" (43)

"The Pulinda-girls became lusty from seeing Kṛṣṇa and hearing His flutesong and they smeared the *kunkuma* from Kṛṣṇa's feet, that came from Rādhikā's body and that stuck on the grass of Vraja, on their breasts to please their hearts and to extinguish their lusty feelings." (44)

"The vines of Vṛndavana are very fortunate, since they please Kṛṣṇa with their flowerlike smiles, their fruitlike breasts and their sproutlike lips." (45)

"The wives of the demons that Kṛṣṇa killed angrily hid in the caves of Govardhana Hill where they were satisfied by the Pulinda's with food and sex, after which they praised Sri Hari's spotless qualities." (46)

Kaṁsa was told by his friends: "There is nothing to fear from Kṛṣṇa! He is soft as flat-rice! We have defeated even the king of the demigods!" Hearing these words from the demons Kaṁsa became proud. But where is their pride now that Kṛṣṇa killed them all, I don't know!" (47)

"In this way Kṛṣṇa's qualities are unlimited, His pastimes are unlimited and His glories are unlimited! I wanted to purify my voice with even a drop of this, but my hopes for counting Kṛṣṇa's qualities are in vain!" (48)

In this way the *suka* and *sarika*-parrots immerse in an ocean of descriptions of Hari's qualities and come up again with blossoming minds. Then again they prayed to their king and queen with descriptions of Their qualities:

SRI KṚṢṆA CANDRASTAKAM

(Eight prayers to Sri Kṛṣṇa)

*ambudājanendranila nindī kanti-dāmbarah
kunkumodyad arka vidyud amsu divyad ambarah
śrīmad āṅga careṇīendu pīta naktā candanah
svaṅghrī dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra nandana (prince of Vraja), whose luster defeats that of the clouds, blue collyrium and sapphires, whose divine cloth shines like *kunkuma*, the rising sun and lightning and whose body is smeared with camphor, *kunkuma* and yellow sandalpaste, give me the service of His lotusfeet!" (50)

*gandā tandavati paṇḍitaṇḍajesa kuṇḍalas
candra padma sanda garva khaṇḍanasya maṇḍalāḥ
ballaviśu vārḍhitātma guḍhā bhava baṇḍhanah
svaṅghrī dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra nandana, whose Makara-earrings expertly swing on His cheeks, whose face eclipses the pride of the moon and a cluster of lotusflowers, and who binds the *gopīs* with His ever-increasing intimate love, give me the service of His lotusfeet!" (51)

*nitya navya rūpa vesa harḍa kelī cecitāḥ
kelī narma sarma dayī mītra vrṇḍa vēsitāḥ
svīya kelī kaṇaṇamsu nīrjīteṇḍra nandana
svaṅghrī dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra nandana, whose enchanting form, dress and play are ever fresh, who is surrounded by playful joking blissful friends and the splendour of whose playforest defeats that of Indra's Nandana-forest, give me the service of His lotusfeet!" (52)

*prema hema maṇḍitātma baṇḍhutaṇḍī nanditāḥ
kṣaṇmī lagna bhāḷo loka-pālī vāṇḍitāḥ*

*nitya kala srsta vipra gauravali vandanah
svanghri dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra-nandana, who is praised by His friends that are decorated with the golden ornaments of love, who is worshipped by the demigods, who bow their foreheads down for Him on the earth and who personally bows down to His superiors like the *brahmana's*, every day, give me the service of His lotusfeet!" (53)

*lilayendra kalitosna kamsa vatsa ghatakas
tat tad atma keli vrsti pusta bhakta catakah
virya sila lilayatma ghosa vasi nandanah
svanghri dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra nandana, who curved the pride of Indra and Kaliya as a mere sport, who killed Kamsa and Vatsasura, who maintains His devotees, that are like Cataka-birds, with the rainfall of His pastimes, and who gave joy to the people of Vraja with His prowess, His behaviour and His playful sports, give me the service of His lotusfeet!" (54)

*kunja rasa keli sidhu radhikadi tosanah
tat tad atma keli narma tat tad ali posanah
prema sila keli kirti visva citta nandanah
svanghri dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra-nandana, who satisfied Radhika and Her friends with His joking, ambrosial Rasa-play in the *kunja* and who gives joy to the world with His love, His character, His pastimes and His glories, give me the service of His lotusfeet." (55)

*rasa keli darsitatma suddha bhakti sat pathah
sviya citra rupa vesa manmathali manmathali
gopikasu netra kona bhava vrnda gandhanah
svanghri dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra nandana, who shows the pure righteous path to His devotees with His Rasa-play, who stirs the mind of even Cupid with His wonderful form and dress and who shows His feelings to the *gopis* from the corners of His eyes, give me the service of His lotusfeet." (56)

*puspacayi radhikabhimarsa labdhi tarsitah
prema varnya ramya radhikasya drsti harsitah
radhikorasiha lepa esa hari candanah
svanghri dasyado'stu me sa ballavendra nandanah*

"May that Ballavendra nandana, who is eager to touch Radhika when She picks flowers, who becomes happy to see Her face expressing loving unwillingness and who is like Hari-sandalpaste smeared on Her breasts, give me the service of His lotusfeet!" (57)

astakena yas tv anena radhika'suballabham

*saṁstaviti darsane'pi sindhujadī durlabham
tam yunakti tusta citta eṣa ghosa kanane
radhikāṅga saṅga nanditatma pada sevane*

"Anyone who praises Radhika's lover with these eight prayers, will please that Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who is hardly seen even by Lakṣmī-

devī and will attain the service of His feet while He enjoys Śrī Radhika's company in the forest of Vraja."
(58)

SRI RADHIKASTAKAM

*kunkumakta kancanabja garvahari gaurabha
pitanancitabja gandha kīrti nindī saurabha
ballaveśa sunu sarva vācchītartha sadhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, whose luster and fragrance steals the pride of a golden lotusflower smeared with vermilion, and who fulfills all of Ballaveśa suta's (the prince of Vraja's) desires, give me the service of Her lotusfeet."
(59)

*kauravinda kanti nindī citra patta satika
kṛṣṇa matā bhrṅga kelī phulla puṣpa batika
kṛṣṇa nitya saṅgam artha padmabandhu radhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, whose wonderful silken sari eclipses the beauty of coral, who is the blooming flowergarden where the mad Kṛṣṇa-bee plays, and who worships the sun, the friend of the lotusflowers, to get Kṛṣṇa's eternal association, give me the service of Her lotusfeet!" (60)

*saukumārya srsta pallavali kīrti nigraha
candra candanotpāṇendu sevya sītā vīgraha
svabhīmārsa ballaviśa kama tapa vadhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, whose tenderness defeats that of the fresh blossoms, whose body is served by cool items as camphor, sandalpaste and lotusflowers and who soothes Ballaviśa's (Kṛṣṇa, the lord of the gopīs) burning of lust, give me the service of Her lotusfeet!" (61)

*viśva vāndya yāuvatabhī vanditapi ya rama
rupa navya yāuvanadi sampada na yat sama
sītā harda līlāya eṣa sa yato'sti nadhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, whose youthful beauty is praised by all the girls in the world, who is worshipped even by the

goddess of fortune, the wealth of whose youthful form is unrivalled and whose pastimes, qualities and character are matchless, give me the service of Her lotusfeet!" (62)

*rasa lasya gita narma sat kalali pandita
prema ramya rupa vesa sad gunali mandita
visva navya gopa yosid alito'pi yadhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, who is expert in dancing the Rasa, singing, joking and other arts, who is adorned with a loving and charming form, dress and qualities, and who is the greatest of all the world's young gopis, give me the service of Her lotusfeet!" (63)

*nitya navya rupa keli kṛṣṇa bhava sampada
kṛṣṇa raga bandha gopa yauvatesu kampada
kṛṣṇa rupa vesa keli lagna sat samadhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, whose form is ever-fresh, who makes the gopis shiver with Her wealth of love for Kṛṣṇa (Her rivals shiver of sorrow and Her friends of bliss), and whose mind is always fixed on Kṛṣṇa's form, dress and play, give me the service of Her lotusfeet." (64)

*sveda kampa kantakasru gadgadadi sancita
marsa harsa varnatadi bhava bhusitancita
kṛṣṇa netra tosi ratna mandanalidadhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, who is ornamented with moods of joy, envy and unwillingness and signs of ecstasy like perspiration, shivering, goosebumps and choking voice, and who wears the ornaments of attraction that give joy to Kṛṣṇa's eyes, give me the service of Her lotusfeet." (65)

*ya kṣanardhya kṛṣṇa viprayoga santatodita
neka dainya capaladi bhava vrnda modita
yatna labdha kṛṣṇa sanga nirgatakhiladhika
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"May Radhika, who is very distressed when She is separate from Kṛṣṇa for even half a second, who is gladdened by many moods like humility and restlessness, and who is freed from pain when She attains Kṛṣṇa's company after great efforts, give me the service of Her lotusfeet." (66)

*astakena yas tv anena nauti kṛṣṇa vallabham
darsane'pi sañjalajadi ghositadi durlabham
kṛṣṇa sanga nanditatma dasya sidhu bhajanam
mahyam atma padapadma dasyadastu radhika*

"To anyone who prays to Kṛṣṇa's beloved with these prayers, Radha, whose audience is rarely attained even by Parvatī and other goddesses, and who is happy in Kṛṣṇa's company, will swiftly make that person the

heir to Her ambrosial service!" (67)

Drinking the *suka* and *sari*'s nectarean descriptions of Kṛṣṇa's qualities, all the assembled *sakhis* drowned in a shoreless ocean of bliss. (68)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Śrī Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Śrī Jīva Gosvami and the blessing of Śrī Raghunatha Bhaṭṭa Gosvami, this was the seventeenth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMRITA * CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

"More poems of the parrots, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's dice-game and worship of the sun god."

Then Isvārī Rādhikā lovingly took one *suka*- parrot on Her hand and induced him to sing more. Kṛṣṇa did the same with a *sarika* parrot. (1)

*stuhi kirabhira viram niradabha sarirabham
girindra dharinam dhiram saras tira kutiragam*

Rādhikā told the *suka*: "O Kira, praise the hero of the cowherders, whose body shines like a monsooncloud, who calmly held Govardhana Hill and who has come to a cottage on the bank of My lake!" (2)

*vada suka sad gunamani nikarakara taruni madaka madhu madhuradhara
sundara sekhara suci rasa sagara
vraja kula nandana jaya vara nagara*

"O *Suka*, tell Kṛṣṇa: "O Mine of all jewel-like good qualities, whose lips are the sweet honeywine for all the young girls! O Most beautiful One! O Ocean of erotic mellows! O Son of the tribe of Vraja! O-Best of heroes! Glories to You!" (3)

*agha baka sakataka dava bhaya harana
nava dala kamalaja madahara carana
carana jalaja nata jana caya sarana
patha khaga jaya jaya dhara vara dharana*

"O Bird, recite: "Glory, glory to the holder of the best of mountains, the remover of fear of the Agh-, Baka-Sakata-demons and of the forestfire, glory to Him whose feet steal the pride of the fresh lotuspetals and whose lotusfeet are the shelter for all the humble souls!" (4)

*manjula kamala manjiram guna gambhiram surari rangam viram
girivara dharana dhiram bhana dhirta hiram harim kira*

"O Kira, praise Hari, whose lotuslike anklebells make sweet, unclear sounds, whose qualities are grave and who heroically combats the demons, who calmly lifts the best of mountains and who wears diamonds and Kunda-flowers!" (5)

*kalindi jala kallola vilasa vara varanani
ramani karini sangam giri kandara mandiram
vilasa lahari sindhum capalodara kundalam
kira cintaya govindam sarasam bhasurangadam*

"O Kṛṣṇa, remember Govinda, who plays in the water of the Yamuna, who plays with the elephant-like gopīs, who has His palaces in the caves of Govardhana Hill, who is an ocean full of waves of playfulness and who wears restless earrings and splendid armlets!" (6-7)

*stulhi sari manohari varijali jid ananam
jagan nari garva hari gunodaram mama priyam*

Kṛṣṇa then said: "O sari, praise My beloved, whose face enchants the waterlotuses and whose generous qualities eclipse the pride of all the ladies of the world!" (8)

*nagari nagadhara nagara hrdaya marali asi radhike dhanya
trijagat taruni sreni kalasu sisayate yat te*

"O Charming heroine Radhike! Blessed You are! You are like a swan in the pond of Giridhari's heart and all the young girls are Your disciples in the art of love!" (9)

*gunamani khanir udyat prema sanpat sudhabdhis
tribhuvana vara sadhivi vrnda vandychita srih
bhuvana mahita vrndaranya rajyadhi rajni
vilasati kila sa sri radhikeha svayam srih (10)*

*sal laksanaih sad guna sancayaih parair
ananyagaih sat pranayais ca nirmalaih
vasam vidhaya jitam apy anena ya
lasaty atavyam ila sa svayam rama (11)*

"That Sri Radhika, who is a mine of jewel-like qualities and a swelling nectar-ocean of love, who is praised by all the chaste girls of the three worlds for Her beauty, and who is the empress of the worldfamous Vrndavana appears here as the original goddess of fortune. She appears to control even Ajita, the invincible Kṛṣṇa with Her attributes and characteristics and Her pure, exclusive love. In this forest (Vrndavana) She appears as the original goddess of fortune." (10-11)

*dharadhara dharam dhiram dharoddhara dhuram dharam
dharam dharam rurodhara radha dhiradhare dharam*

"Calm Radhika repeatedly keeps Her lips on Giridhari's lips, quickly and calmly embracing and checking Him." (This *śloka* consists of only the syllables *ra* and *dha*) (12)

*tire tire tatatarau tairarat taittiri tatih
rity atite rutair atra tarair atitaram ratim*

"There are many young partridges under the big trees on every bank of the Yamuna, singing loudly and beautifully, giving great pleasure, attraction and enchantment to the mind." (This *śloka* consists of only the syllables *ta* and *ra*) (13)

*athoddiyapatat sari svesvaryah pani pallave
suko'pisasya taveta mudapipathalam punah*

Then the *sari* flew up and alighted on the flower-like hand of her mistress Sri Radhika, and the *suka* also alighted on Kṛṣṇa's hand. Again they blissfully recited more poems. (14)

*lilali mali bhana sari patira hira kundendu candra karaṇa vimalam agharch
rolamba nirada tamala samanga bhasah
samphulla sarasa makaranda rasati manjum*

"O *Sari*!", the Kira said, "praise Kṛṣṇa's pure glories that are as bright as the hailstone, sandalwood pulp, Kunda flowers, the moon and diamonds. His luster defeats that of the Tāmala-tree, the cloud and the bumblebees, and His play is sweeter than the nectar from the blooming lotusflowers!" (15)

*gokulend'or narinartti kirtir yasya gunair ghunaih
jarjari kriyate visva nari hrd vamsa santatih*

"The fame of the moon of Gokula (Kṛṣṇa) dances without cessation. The termites of His transcendental qualities have bored their way into the hearts of all the ladies of the world." (16)

*sarari sarasaih saraih sarasam sarasairasaih
so'surari sasaram sari rasa rasi sarah*

"O *Sari*! *Asurari* (Kṛṣṇa, the enemy of the demons), the enjoyer of the Rasadance, quickly comes here, for the water of Radhakunda is beautified with lotusflowers, bumblebees and crane-birds." (This *śloka* consists of only the syllables *ra* and *sa*) (17)

*etc duhsila vanita murali dhanayo ratim
nivi visramsanaḍ yasya gopibhyah sari tam stulhi*

"O *Sari*! Praise Kṛṣṇa, whose Murali brings forth naughty girl-like sounds that attract the *gopis* to Kṛṣṇa and loosens their girdles!" (18)

*ma dhavasya puronasaḥ sadhvinam gopa subhruvam
rajate vadane tanvam api sva priya cetasaḥ*

"The minds of the chaste, fairbrowed, slender *gopis* always dwell in their dear Madhava, so they are not very happy to see their husbands' face." (19)

*gambhira nira kana saroja raji sancari manjula samira vilasa lole
dola vilasa sarasam sarasi kutire
govinda keli ramanim bhana kira dhiram*

"O Kira (male parrot)! Always glorify the grave Radhika, Govinda's playful lover! In a cottage that gently trembles with the pleasant breezes carrying the enchanting aroma of the lotusflowers growing in

Radhakunda's deep water, She plays with Govinda, sitting with Him on the rocking swing." (20)

sakam sakhibhir agatya kanane'smīn dīne dīne
utkapy utkaya me rati radhā vamataya bata

"Every day this Radha comes to the forest with Her girlfriends to see Me, but despite Her eagerness She also gives Me great sorrow by showing aversion. Alas!" (21)

"O Radhike! My mouth is as eager to kiss Your lips as Your mouth is to kiss Mine!" (22)

"If I ask Your friend: "Where is Radhika?", trembling with desire, their angry words and glances give joy to My eyes and ears and they increase the desires in My heart." (23)

"Very affectionately Radha and Kṛṣṇa fed the parrots pomegranate seeds and grapes brought by Vṛnda, with Their own hands. After rewarding the *suka* and *sarika*, They wanted to play dice, so They went to the green *kunja* of Sudevi-sakhī, named Sudevi sukhada (giving joy to Sudevi). Hari entered the wonderful cottage in the *kunja* and sat down on a seat with His friends while Radhika and Her girlfriends sat down on the other side. (24-26)

Madhumangala and Lalita became Kṛṣṇa's and Radhika's respective advisers, Sudevi and Subala sat on Their sides to throw the dice, Nandimukhi and Vṛnda were the referees and Kundalata was the leader of the audience. Syama took golden (*gaura*) and Gauri (Radhika) took *syama* (bluish) dice to play with. (27-28)

For the first throw Kṛṣṇa's pet-deer Suranga and Radhika's pet-doe Rangini were wagered. Kṛṣṇa won, so Madhumangala joyfully bound the doe up and took her along. (29)

For the second throw Kṛṣṇa's flute Murali and Radhika's *vina* Pavika were wagered. Radhika won, so Lalita snatched the flute away, although Kṛṣṇa tried to hide it. (30)

For the third throw Radha and Kṛṣṇa's necklace were wagered. Thinking that Radhika had cheated, Madhumangala said: "Kṛṣṇa, put an end to this game (*sari*)!" Thinking Madhumangala meant: "Kill that *sarika* (*sarim tam maraya*), the *sarika* named Kalokti chirped pitifully and fearfully flew up into the nearest treebranch. Seeing this, the assembled *sakhis* laughed. Seeing that everyone was laughing and making noise, deceitful Hari said: "See, I've killed that *sarika*!" (meaning to say: I did not score enough, but I threw), even though He had not scored enough. (31-33)

Then Radhika threw a sufficient score to equal Hari's score and She laughed with Her *sari*'s, saying: "I have won!" (34)

Then They both fought hand to hand over the necklaces and Madhumangala, Kundalata and all the *gopas* and *gopis* also quarreled with each other. (35)

When They consulted Their referees, Nandimukhi and Vṛnda said: "Our minds were elsewhere, we didn't hear what was said, so we decide that Your positions are tied. Whoever has won or lost, just throw again and keep Your necklaces on Your necks!" (36-37)

Radha and Kṛṣṇa then threw a fourth dice, now putting Their own friends at stake, and Radhika won.

Madhumangala became afraid, thinking: "Now they will take me away!" He threw the dice around over the table and Radha and Kṛṣṇa began to quarrel: "I have won! I have won!" Then the *sakhis* came and bound Madhumangala up. Thus a great quarrel arose between the *gopas* and *gopis*. (38-39)

Then Kṛṣṇa told Radhika: "There will be some dispute. Let's forget the last throw and begin another time, showing Each other the signs of Our dice! Let's throw more, seeing by the signs on Our dice who has won and who lost. If I throw ten, that will equal Your four! Six will remain for You. From these, five Yamameca are the same, all for You. In this way We Both have five points and thus We Both won. When amongst these six, five meet with the Yamameca, then We're tied, but if You throw five with another odd, then You win. We can Both take as many parts of Each other's limbs as We score when We win. The defeated One must embrace the victor, that must be the stake this time!" (40-43)

Then Radhika threw and scored ten. Seeing this, the *sakhis* blissfully laughed. Kṛṣṇa became morose and said: "Now You can take ten of My limbs, namely My arms on Your arms, My chest on Your breasts, My hands in Your hands, My lips on Your lips, My cheek on Your cheek and My mouth on Your mouth." (44-45)

Radha told Kundalata: "O referee! Kundalata! I won today, now you take the reward with Your limbs (I placed My limbs in yours)!" (46)

Hari threw and scored four plus five. He was very happy to see this and Kundalata said: "O Kṛṣṇa! Take nine of Radha's limbs - Her eyes, cheek, forehead, lips, face and breasts! She has become very proud by somehow winning even a little. Forcibly kiss Her in front of Her friends!" (47-48)

Lalita said: "O Hare! Kundalata has accepted Radhika's ten limbs, so take her or Radhika's ten limbs with Your lips!" (49)

Kundalata said: "I have placed all these limbs in Lalita's left cheek, so place Your lips there!" Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa eagerly came up to Lalita to kiss her." (50)

Kundalata said: "When Radhika threw ten, I took Her prize and placed it on Lalita's cheek." Kṛṣṇa said: "As You order", and went to kiss Lalita's left cheek. Lalita became angry and became averse to the game, chastising Kṛṣṇa and Kundalata. Kṛṣṇa told Radha: "You always win! Now take My limbs!", so Kṛṣṇa began to kiss all of Radha's limbs, causing Her to rebuke Him with crooked, restless eyes and unclear words, giving Him great joy with Her crying mixed with laughter and Her knitted eyebrows as She restrained Him with both hands. (51-53)

While They played dice like this, a *sarika* named Suksmadhi suddenly came and said: "Jatila is coming from Vraja!" Hearing this, Radhika and Acyuta became scared and quickly took everyone along to a *kunja* named Kunjenara (a few miles north-west of Radhakunda). Kundalata kept Kṛṣṇa there and went with Radha to the Sun-temple. When they came there, Jatila asked Radha: "Why are You so late?" Kundalata said: "I could not find any *brahmana* to do the *puja*, although I looked everywhere. The young *gopis* had already taken away all the young *brahmana*-boys! One young *brahmana* from Mathura, a disciple of Sri Garga Muni, could come. He is expert in worshipping the Sungod and his name is Visva Sarma. He met Kṛṣṇa in Kamyavana (26 miles north-west from Radhakunda), where He was herding His cows, then he came to bathe in Aristakunda (Syamakunda). There we asked him to come with us to do *surya puja*, but Madhumangala, who knows your faults, became angry at your bitter words and forbade this boy to go to see you." (54-60)

Jatila said: "Now where is this boy?" Kundalata said: "He is looking at the beauty of the forest." Jatila said: "Bring him here carefully!" Kundalata said: "Knowing your character, He does not want to come." Jatila

said: "Go there with Dhanistha and tell this boy that if he doesn't want to come I will give him nice sweets and a big reward and He can take Madhumangala along with him too!" (61-62)

Being thus repeatedly petitioned by Jatila, Kundalata and Dhanistha quickly went to get Kṛṣṇa, who came along with them and Madhumangala, dressed as a *brahmana* as the Veda's personified. Jatila honoured Kṛṣṇa when He came and Kṛṣṇa happily blessed her, saying: "May your son have many cows and may your daughter-in-law be all-auspicious!" (63-64)

When He began the worship, Kṛṣṇa said: "What is the name of your daughter-in-law?" Jatila said: "Radha", upon which Kṛṣṇa became astonished and said: "This is the that qualified girl, whose chastity is known even in Mathura! You are blessed to have such a daughter-in-law!" Then He said to Radhika: "I never do *puja* to the shining, incorporeal god (the sun or Cupid) without being accepted as priest (or lover) so You must accept Me! You see, I never touch women, so touch this Kusa-grass and repeat after Me:"

*jagan mangala kṛd gotram suci viṭ pravaram suvīm
bhavantam visva sarmanam purohitataya vrne*

"I accept Visva Sarma, whose dynasty bestows fortune on the world, and who is most pure and learned, as my priest." (Second meaning: I accept Kṛṣṇa, whose name (*gotra*) purifies the world, who is most learned in the art of erotics (*suci viṭ*) and who gives joy to the world (*Visva sarma*) as Mine.) (65-68)

*sṛi bhasvate'tanu tamali samhartre'ty anuragine
parah sate'smai mitraya padmini bandhave namah*

"I offer my obeisances to the sungod (Mitra) who is the friend of the lotuses (*padmini bandhu*) who appeared before me, destroying the darkness (*atanu*) with his splendour (*bhasva*) and who is bright red (*aty anuragi*) in the morning and evening." (Second meaning: I offer myself to *bhasvan* (Kṛṣṇa, who has the golden stripe on His chest), who destroys the affliction of lust (*atanutama*) who is the friend (*mitra*) of the lotuslike *gopis* (*padmini bandhu*) and who is very attractive (*aty anuragi*). (69)

*mantrenanena padyadin mitraya tvam samarpaya
svam ca gauramsukah syat te yatha kama prado vasaḥ*

"With this *mantra* You offer *arghya* (handwater) and *padya* (footwater) to the golden-dressed sun, who will fulfill Your desires." (Second meaning: Now You offer Yourself to the golden-dressed Kṛṣṇa; who will fulfill Your desires." (70)

*tatra svasti ream sasvat papatha madhumangalah
pujayan atha purnayan radham upadidesah sah
gopater yaga purty artham radhe tvam nija go tatim
purohitaya dchy asmai daksinam go samrddhaye*

Then Madhumangala recited: *svasti ream sasvat* (be ever-blessed) and told Radha: "Radhe! To complete the worship of the sun (*gopati*) and to increase Your wealth of cows (*go samrddhi*) You must now offer some cows (*go tati*) to Him." (Second meaning: Radhe! Now You must offer Your senses (*go tati*) to the cowherd-king (*gopati* Kṛṣṇa) to fulfill His erotic sacrifice (*yuga purti*). (71-72)

With devotion Jatila offered the priest (Kṛṣṇa) the sweets and Radha's golden fingerring, but Madhava

smiled and said: "We don't accept *prasada* from demigods, we are exclusive Vaisnava's. And I am a pure celibate *brahmana*, so I don't accept gifts from other castes. I am the disciple of the omniscient Garga Muni and I know the astrological and the marine scriptures. My greatest reward is the love of the people of Vraja, like you!" (73-75)

Jatila whispered something in Kundalata's ear and Kundalata told Hari: "The revered Jatila wants You to read the hand of her daughter-in-law to see what is Her future." (76)

Hari told her: "We do not touch women, but because I love you, I will still look at Radha from a distance. Spread the hands of this chaste girl out before Me." Kundalata did this and when He saw Radha's hands He began to cry, horripilate and shiver of ecstasy. Kṛṣṇa concealed His ecstasy with His astonishment and said: "Aha! How amazing! I can see from the auspicious signs on Her hand that this girl is the goddess of fortune Herself! If She casts Her merciful glance we have our desires for wealth fulfilled and wherever She lives, all is auspicious and opulent." (77-80)

Then Kṛṣṇa asked Jatila: "What is the name of your son?" When Jatila told Him and Hari saw his horoscope He was amazed and said: "O Old One! This boy has many difficulties in life, but they are nullified by the influence of this chaste girl!" (81-82)

Hearing this, Jatila was very happy and placed Radhika's two valuable jeweled rings before Kṛṣṇa as a reward. Then Subala came and said: "O Viṣva Sarman! Hari waits for you to come with Madhumangala and eat fruits and milk from Him (fruits and milk is all that *brahmana*'s accept from lower castes)!" (83-84)

Kṛṣṇa said: "I don't accept food cooked by non-*brahmanas*! Gargi (a *brahmana*-girl, the daughter of Garga Muni) has invited Me today and I'm going there quickly! Madhumangala, you can take the food!" (85)

Madhumangala said: "O Old woman! Give me the reward for my blessings!", and Jatila gave him the golden ring from her own finger. (86)

Getting this, Madhumangala was very happy and repeatedly slapped his armpits. He bound the food in his cloth and danced, praising Jatila. Then, urged by Jatila, he told Kṛṣṇa: "Accept her reward, otherwise her sacrifice is not complete! Please take the reward. If You don't need it, then give it to another *brahmana*! It will be for the benefit of this avowed lady!" (87-89)

Although Kṛṣṇa repeatedly refused, Madhumangala said: "I will accept the result of Your shortcoming!", bound the two rings in his cloth and laughed. (90)

Jatila told Kṛṣṇa: "O *brahmana*! I will be so fortunate if You come to my house! I will accept You as my priest of the sungod and give You a big fee!" (91)

Saying this, Jatila bowed down to the two *brahmanas*. Feeling satisfied, she returned home with Radhika and Her friends. (92)

*yanti vivartya sahasakapanac charena
grivam muhur lalitayanugaya murareḥ
vaktrabja saragham apanga taranga bhangya
radha pibanty api na trptim avapa dina*

While Rādhā went home with Jātilā She repeatedly turned Her neck, looking behind Her on the pretext of speaking with Lalitā and the others, just to look back at Mūrārī, who was going out of sight now. Although Rādhā drank the nectar of Hari's lotuslike face like a honeybee with the waves of Her glances, She could still not be satiated. This made Her suffer. (93)

*hrdaya dayitā līlā snigdha dughdhaiḥ prapūrṇa
tanu kanakā ghaṭī ya subhruvā'syaḥ sakhinam
nayanā mudam ātanit saśu vairasyam apta
virahā viśa vivarna netra santaptaye'bhut*

The jug of fairbrowed Rādhikā's golden body was filled with the pleasing milk of Her heart's beloved's playful sports. This gave great joy to the eyes of Her girlfriends, but now this jug lost its colour since the poison of Her separation from Kṛṣṇa turned the milk sour and their eyes began to burn of it. (94)

*kanta sangendu samphulla kṛṣṇo nilotpala prabhātī
vicchedarkodaye mlayan kṣaṇad anyā ivābhavat*

And the blue lotus of Kṛṣṇa's body, that was blooming in the moonlight of His union with His beloved, at once withered away when the sun of His separation from Her began to shine, and He looked like another person. (95)

When Kṛṣṇa, with Subalā and Madhumangalā, joined His friends in this unhappy mood, they all came running up to Him, wanting to be first to touch Him and embrace Him. They told Him: "Dear friend! After You left us we suffered intolerable separation from You. This was very cruel of You. We know that You are most softened out of love because when we looked for You with anxious, distressed minds, You returned to us within half a second!" (96-

97)

Such is the great, beautiful and boundless nectar-ocean of Śrī Hari's midday-pastimes with Śrī Rādhā and Her friends that is inaccessible to outsiders. Only because the wind of Śrī Rupa Gosvami's grace blew over it I was blessed with the touch of some drops of it, as I'm just confined to the shore. (98)

In the great poem Govinda Līlāmṛta, which was the result of service to Śrī Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvami, the association of Śrī Jīva Gosvami and the blessing of Śrī Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvami, this was the eighteenth chapter, dealing with the midday pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER NINETEEN

"Afternoon-pastimes" (15.36 - 18. p.m.)

(Summary description of the afternoon pastimes)

I remember Sri Rādhā in the afternoon, cooking different dishes for Her lover after She returns home. She bathes and dresses nicely and is filled with joy from seeing Her lover's lotuslike face. I also remember Sri Kṛṣṇa in the afternoon, returning home, followed by His cows and His friends. He is satisfied when He sees Sri Rādhā and is fondled by His mother when He meets His parents. (1)

Lotusfaced Hari was very happy when He was served by all His friends who were expert in playing horns, flutes and vīṇas and that were eager to be with Him and to play with Him. They all showed their beautiful natures to please Kṛṣṇa. (2)

These friends made Balarāma and Kṛṣṇa laugh with their *alapa* (various talks), *anulapa* (repeated topics), *pralapa* (nonsense talks), *vipralapa* (contradictory talks), *samlapa* (discussions with each other), *supralapa* (beautiful words), *vilapa* (lamentations), *apalapa* (hidden talks), *grasta vakya* (talks with some syllables omitted), *avispaṣṭa* (unclear words), *nirasta* (rapid talks), *arajna* (meaningless words), *vitatha* (lies), *sangata* (You should not have left us for so long!), *sunṛta* (dear words), *tiraskara* (rebukes), *sahasā* (laughter), *stuti garbha* (praise on the pretext of criticism), *ninda* (criticism), *narma* (jokes), *gudha kavya* (secret poetry), *praheli* (riddles), *dana bhāṣa* (beautiful words), *citra kavya* (amazing poetry), and *saṁasya purna* (speaking with compound syllables or words). (3-6)

Madhumangalā kept his eatables hidden from his friends in a scarf, like goods hidden by a thief, so Balarāma asked him: "What do you have in that cloth?" Madhumangalā said: "Prasāda of the sungod!" Balarāma: "Where did you get it?" Madhumangalā: "From sacrificing people". Balarāma: "Who were they?" Madhumangalā: "All the people of Vraja! Today is Sunday, a very auspicious day for this kind of worship." Balarāma: "Open it, let Me see what it is!" Madhumangalā: "No! You and Your friends are greedy!" Balarāma: "Give some to your friends! Divide it and eat some yourself too!" Madhumangalā: "I don't feel like giving or eating now!" Balarāma: "The boys want to take it by force!" Madhumangalā: "I don't consider Your friends to be more important than blades of grass, nor do I think highly of You! I am a *brahmana*, a god on earth! Don't You know the power of celibate *brahmanas* like me?" (7-9)

Then, on Balarāma's indication, the cowherdboys humbly surrounded Madhumangalā and begged him for the *prasāda*. But Madhumangalā stayed silent and hid his loot. Then one boy came up to him from behind and covered his eyes with his hands, while another boy quickly took his scarf with the *prasāda* away. They looted the *prasāda* and Subalā took Jātilā's golden ring away. Another boy came up from behind Madhumangalā and opened the backfold of his *dhōṭi*. Someone came up in front of him, laughed and opened the front fold of his *dhōṭi* also. Another boy came up to his side, knocked off his turban and loosened his hairknot, while other boys took away his flute and his stick. Madhumangalā laughed, cried loudly, growled, scolded and cursed the boys. He took Kṛṣṇa's stick and began to run after the boys. (10-15)

For some time they fought with sticks. Then Kṛṣṇa stopped his friends from further mischief and embrace Madhumangalā. Kṛṣṇa took his stick and flute back from the boys and gave them to Madhumangalā. Seeing that he didn't get his golden ring back, Madhumangalā angrily cursed the boys, saying: "You're enjoying the property of a *brahmana* by force and you stole my ring! You are impure in all respects! Don't touch me, you whimsical lads! I'm going to Vraja and I'll tell everyone about this!" But when Madhumangalā wanted to leave, Balarāma quickly stopped him. (16-

19)

Madhumangala told Balarama: "You are the instigator of these boys' sins! I will not speak with You until they have atoned for their sin!" (20)

In this way Śrī Govinda played with His friends in the afternoon, being surrounded by His cows, at the foot of every tree and vine, giving joy to all the moving and nonmoving creatures of Vṛndavana. Then He became eager to make all the people of Vraja happy by returning to His village. (21)

Hari saw that His cows had wandered off far away and He began to play His flute, calling them by name, eager to gather them together. With love Lord Kṛṣṇa called all His cows by name: "Padme! Hee hee! Harini! Rangini! Kanjagandhe! Rambhe! Hee hee! Camari! Khanjani! Kajjalaksi! Sande! Hee hee! Bhramarike! Sunade! Sunande! Dhumre! Hee hee! Sarali! Kali! Marali! Pali! Gange! Tungi! Hee hee! Pisangi! Dhavale! Kalindi! Vamsi priye! Syame! Hamsi! Hee hee! Kurangi! Kapile! Godavari! Induprabhe! Sone! Syeni! Hee hee! Triveni! Yamune! Candralike! Narmade!" (*hee hee* is the sound Govinda uses to call His cows). (22-24)

Deluded by their divine love, each cow thought: "Kṛṣṇa is walking behind us with His friends." Although they were satisfied with their grass, they kept on grazing. From hearing Kṛṣṇa's flute, they thought that He must be far away. Although they moved slowly because of their full udders and their love for Kṛṣṇa, the cows moved quickly when Kṛṣṇa shouted at them. Their faces, tails and ears were raised, they kept bunches of grass in their mouths, and the blankets on their necks rocked when they ran towards Govinda. The cows, headed by Ganga, always drank the nectar of Hari's beauty with their eyes and smelled the fragrance of this beauty with their noses. It was as if they embraced Govinda with their bodies and licked Him with their tongues. Mooing in great joy they surrounded Him. Overwhelmed by affection, Kesava scratched and caressed His cows with His nectarcan hand and said: "Now You are satisfied with grazing, the day in Vraja is almost over now. O Mothers! Your calves are suffering from hunger! Let's go back to Vraja!" (25-30)

The cowherdboys carefully separated the cows, that were overwhelmed by love for Kṛṣṇa and drove them back to Vraja. The cows had bells with different shapes and sounds around their necks and feet. Headed by their group leaders, they went back to Vraja. The cows walked on Kṛṣṇa's right side and the buffaloes on His left side. The residents of heaven mistook them for the white Ganga (the cows) and the black Yamuna (buffaloes) stream. Who will not be happy to see Kṛṣṇa slowly walking behind His cows, showering them with nectarcan flutesongs, His restless locks turned grey by the dust thrown up by their hooves?" (31-34)

There was no road that was not decorated by cowherdboys, there was no cowherdboy that did not play, there was no play without humour and there was no humour that did not give joy to Kṛṣṇa. (35)

Kṛṣṇa moved along with His friends, singing and playing His flute, waiting by every tree, happily playing and then moving on again. (36)

Brahma, Siva, all the demigods and sages praised Kṛṣṇa with songs, dance, prayers, showers of flowers and music. Some worshipped Him while He moved freely and playfully down the paths. They shyly eulogised Him with humility and devotion and He mercifully looked and smiled at them. (37)

*numas tvam suharam yasoda kumaram gunanam agaram kṛpoghair aparam
virajad viharam pradane'ty udaram khala sreni maram sada nirvikaram*

They prayed: "O son of Yasoda with Your nice necklace! O abode of all qualities! O endless ocean of mercy, who is enjoying here! O most generous giver! O Killer of the wicked, who is always devoid of transformation! We praise You!" (38)

numas tvam anantam nikunje vasantam prakasam vrajantam vasantam bhajantam

*sakhin prīṇayantam sukundat sudantam
tad asye drg antam nudantam hasantam*

"O Unlimited One! O resident of the *nikunja*, who shows innumerable forms in the Rāsa-dance, who always serves (enjoys) the spring-season, who is loved by His friends, whose teeth shine like Kunda-flowers, whose beautiful face always smiles from the corners of the eyes! We praise You!"

*numas tvam sudhenum suvenum sulilam suhasam suvasam subhasam susilam
suyesam sukesam suresam sucitram
sunrtyam subhrtyam sukrtyam sumitram*

"We praise You with Your nice cows, nice flute, nice plays, nice smile, nice dress, nice words, nice behaviour, nice moods, nice hair, nice dancing, nice servants, nice activities and nice friends! You are the Lord of the demigods, so wonderful!" (40)

*numas tvam prasantam sudantam sukantam
dinante nisante vanantat prayantam
samastan mahantam nitantam vibhantam
khalali krtantam sramaughe'py atantam*

"We praise You, O peaceful, self-controlled, beautiful One! You go out of the forest at the end of the day and the end of the night, returning home after Your love-pastimes! You are the greatest of the great and You are very effulgent! O destroyer of the wicked! Although You do so much work, You are inexhaustible!" (41)

*numas tvam aghare bakare murare sudhīram balarer nikaro'dri dhare
nidanam purarer apare vihare pravinam surarer udare vidare*

"O enemy of Aghasura, Bakasura, and Mura! O calm subducer of king Indra! O holder of the mountain, O shelter of Śiva with Your innumerable pastimes! O greatest One! O ripper of Hiranyakasipu's belly! We praise You!" (42)

*numas tvam garistham mahimna mahistham visari pratistham suranam varistham
asad dhṛd davistham sumeror garistham
balibhyo balistham patubhyah patistham*

"We praise You, who are heavier than the heavy, the greatest of the great! Your glories are great! You are the be- of gods, far removed from the wicked! You are heavier than the Sumeru- mountain, the stronest of the strong and the smartest of the smart!" (43)

*numas te caritram sutirthat pavitram
khalali lavitram bhavabdher vahitram
satam hṛt sucitram dvisam hṛt khanitram
natanam sumitram prabhavair vicitram*

"We praise Your character, that is purer than the holiest water! O destroyer of the wicked, You are the boat cross the ocean of birth and death! You wonderfully dwell in the hearts of the pious and destroy the hearts of : wicked! You are the good friend of the surrendered souls and Your power is wonderful!" (44)

*svagas carayantam sulilam srjantam
khalan marayantam trilokim avantam
aho nahi sudistam bhavantam sad istam
sadalokayamahi stumahi samnamamahi*

"You herd Your cows as a nice pastime and You protect the three worlds by destroying the wicked. O! We are so fortunate that we can always see Your lotusfeet! We offer our humble obeisances unto You!" (45)

In this way the demigods prayed and Kṛṣṇa, being pleased, looked mercifully upon them. Being blessed like this, the demigods bowed down at Kṛṣṇa's feet and disappeared, afraid that they may disturb His pastimes, returning to heaven. (46)

The cowherdboys said: "Look at these foolish demigods, praising Kṛṣṇa like that! They don't know that Lord Viṣṇu gave the strength to Hari to kill those demons, being pleased with Nanda Maharaja's worship of Him!" (47)

In this way the cowherdboys ridiculed the forms and the activities of the demigods, and imitated them for fun. Then they went back to Hari to play with Him. (48)

Meanwhile, Haripriya Rādhikā returned home and took some rest, attended by Her maidservants for a while. Then She went to cook Her Lord's supper and to prepare His *pan* with Her girlfriends. (49)

She cooked banana-flowers, *urad dal*, squashed coconuts, black pepper, condensed milk, cardamom, cloves, nutmeg, sugar and camphor in *ghī* with sugar candy to make the Amṛta Keli-pies that Kṛṣṇa is so fond of. She made Karpura Keli pies with ground Sali-

rice, yoghurt, black pepper, sugar, half squashed coconuts, nutmeg, cardamom, cloves, nectar-bananas and ground *dal* cooked in *ghī* and mixed afterwards with condensed milk and camphor. Kṛṣṇa is very fond of this. (50-51)

She made Piyusa granthi palika-pie with the aforementioned ingredients and *pancamṛta* (*ghī*, honey, milk, sugar water and yoghurt). Then She made Ananga gulika with milk-cream, camphor, rice, coconut, nutmeg, cloves, black pepper, sugar and banas, fried in *ghī*. This preparation is very dear to Kṛṣṇa. (52-53)

Then She made Sidhu Vilasa pie with banas, black pepper, milk and sugar in semolina with lots of nutmeg, adding fresh camphor and honey afterwards. Sri Rādhā intelligently made these five dishes that defeat the taste of nectar and that Kṛṣṇa will eat with loving eagerness. The first three are known to everyone in Vraja, but the other two are meant for the night pastimes as snacks after drinking the honeywine. (54-56)

Then Rādhikā made Gangajala-laddus with cloves, cardamom, black pepper and sugar, and pancakes with cream, squashed coconuts and sugar and *ghī*. (57-58)

Then Rādhā was bathed, smeared with musk and dressed in a crimson *sari*. Her maidservants tied Her braid nicely, drew pictures on Her body, marked Her forehead with beautiful *tilaka* like a full moon of *sindura*, put a muskdrop on Her chin, hung a garland around Her neck, placed a playlotus in Her hand, hung a swinging pearl under Her nose, smeared Her eyelids with collyrium, hung a sash around Her waist, placed a jeweled crown on Her forehead, ornamented Her ears, tied Her braid with a ribbon, beautified Her lips with red *pan*, put flowers in Her hair, smeared brilliant lac on Her feet, hung bangles on Her wrists, adorned Her temples with hoop-earrings, hung earrings on Her ears, armlets on Her arms and anklebells on Her feet, put toe-rings on Her toes, hung a *grāiveya*-necklace, an amulet and different necklaces on Her neck, put rings on Her fingers and the rest of Her body with other jewel-ornaments. (59-60)

After She was thus bathed and ornamented by Her maidservants Śrī Rādhikā climbed on the watchtower, or moontower, to look down the road if Kṛṣṇa was coming. (61)

*sva rudhotkanthi gopālī vrnda vaktrendu mandalāih
asan yathārtha namnyas ta vrajasthas candra salikāh* (63)

The Catākibird-like eyes of the *gopīs* that climbed on this moontower were eagerly looking down the road, waiting for the time the Kṛṣṇa-cloud would come. This watchtower in Vraja is justly called Candrasalikā (moontower), because the anxious faces of the *gopīs* that climbed it shone like moonglobes. (62-63)

Meanwhile mother Yaśoda, seeing that the afternoon had come, become anxious for her son to return home. Her heart drowned in motherly love when she engaged her friend Rohini in cooking for Kṛṣṇa. She called the wife of Nanda's younger brother Nandana, named Atulā, to help Rohini with cooking. They prepared fruits, salad and vegetables from all the six seasons to complete Kṛṣṇa's meal. (64-66)

Eagerly Nanda and Yaśoda engaged gardeners in growing vegetables in gardens where all the six seasons were present. These gardeners expertly irrigated these gardens. The Vrajavāsīs know these gardens, whose fruits grow in all the six seasons. (67-68)

These gardeners brought mother Yaśoda the vegetables, fruits and roots in big baskets. She prepared half of this for the evening and had the other half kept apart by her maidservants for the next morning. The servants clipped the coconuts, peeled the ripe mangoes and all that was brought in for Kṛṣṇa's and Balarāma's supper. Hari's mother constantly walked around to quickly engage her servants and her sisters-in-law in their cooking-service. Mother Yaśoda was surrounded by her sisters-in-law, but she was very anxious out of separation from her son. Her dress was moistened with milk from her breasts and tears from her eyes. Then she went to the city gate with a happy face to look out for Kṛṣṇa. (69-73)

Seeing that the sun was setting, Nanda Mahārāja became eager to see his son. He looked out if he could see Kṛṣṇa's face in between the cloud of dust thrown up by the hooves of the cows and listened if he could hear His flute, happily going to the barn with his relatives. The cowherders were eager to see the clouds of dust thrown up by the cows, so they went to a high place to look out for Him, like planets glittering in the evening sky. (74-75)

Hari blissfully decorated His friends with flowers, and, pleasing them with nice words, He came to the fore near Vraja, His home. There was a nice lake where Hari stopped His cows by playing His Murali-flute. There He divided them and made them drink. He playfully counted the cows' parties according to the colour of the different jewelstrings around their necks. When He had counted all His cows and His friends' cows without missing any, He was happy, and if any were missing He called them with His flutesong. When the cows heard their individual names they quickly rejoined their own groups. Then Kṛṣṇa drove them all along, back to Vraja. (76-78)

Kṛṣṇa entered the village with His close friends, attracting the young girls, making them dizzy with the sound of His flute, sprinkling the eyes of the Vrajavāsīs, that were like Cakorabirds, with the nectarean luster of His body, that was tired of wandering in the forest. His body, His *guṇjā*- and forestflower garland, His dress, His curly locks of hair, His peacock feathers, His rope for binding the rearlegs of the cows, His Murali, His stick, His horn and the extended eyelids of His playful reddish eyes were all colored by the beautiful dust thrown up by the cows' hooves. Kṛṣṇa showered the people of Vraja, that were burning in a forestfire of separation from Him with the sweet cooling nectar-songs of His flute and illuminated the whole of Vraja with His deep cloudblue luster. (79-81)

Kṛṣṇa was like a king who returned home with His cowherdboy-

soldiers that were blowing their horns. The cows provided the king's flag with the dust they threw up, which was visible from afar. The dacoit-king of separation became afraid when he saw this and anxiously left the village with his generals: thinness, humility, thoughtfulness, dullness and anxiety. (82)

The people of Vraja were like happy Cataka-birds, that saw Sri Hari coming like the monsoon, whose cloud was the dust of His cows, whose shower was the nectar-song of His flute and whose rumbling was the mooing of His cows, so they came close to Him with raised faces. (83)

King Nanda and his brothers and mother Yasoda and her sisters-in-law quickly came and stretched out their arms from afar to embrace their boys. When Rohini and Atula heard that Kṛṣṇa had come they left the cooking to their servants and happily came out to embrace the boys. (84-85)

When the moonfaced, fair toothed *gopis* heard Kṛṣṇa's flute, they were overcome by lust, their voices faltered and their clothes loosened. Thus their sadness disappeared and they came out of their houses. (86)

*udayati bata kṛṣṇe citra bhano purastat
vrajaivasati jananam phullataksy utpale'bhut
smita kumuda vikasah svinnatangendu kante
viraha dahana taptam jivanam sitalam ca*

When the wonderful Kṛṣṇa-sun rose, the lotuseyes of the Vrajavis bloomed up, their smiles bloomed like lilies, their bodies perspired like moonstones and made their lives cool off from the burning fire of separation. (Contrary to the normal effects of sunrise) (87)

*udayati bata kṛṣṇe nitya purne'dbhutendau
vraja yuvati jananam phullam asin mukhabjam
arati viyuti cinta ghukapali nilina
milati ca tanu koki samhatih prana kokaili*

When the wonderful, ever-full Kṛṣṇa-moon rose, the lotusfaces of the young girls of Vraja bloomed up and the owls of their painful thoughts of separation hid themselves. The swans of their bodies met again with the geese of their life-airs (they came back to life again). (Contrary to the normal effects of moonrise) (88)

*vrajangana drk trsitali mala vilanghya lajja pratikula vatyani
samucchalat kanti maranda lubdham papata kṛṣṇasya mukharavinde*

The bee-like eyes of the *gopis* were thirsty for the honey of Kṛṣṇa's lustre, and, ignoring the unfavorable wind of their shyness, these bees fell on Kṛṣṇa's lotusface. (89)

*latantarala sthita vallabinam vaktrani matva vikacambujani
hri vatyaya vambhramitapi lubdha papata saurer drg alidvayila*

The faces of the *gopis* were like blooming lotuses in a vine swinging in the wind of shyness until the greedy, bee-like eyes of Sauri (Kṛṣṇa) fell on them. (90)

*darsam darsam vadana kamalam tad vapuli sangi vatani
sparsam sparsam tanu parimalam sri harer gopikalyah*

*ghrayam ghrayam tad adhara madhu sphila vamsi nindāṇam
svadam svadam pupusur adhikam svani pancendriyani*

The *gopis* repeatedly gazed at Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike face. Their bodies repeatedly touched the breeze that had touched His body, their noses repeatedly smelled His bodily fragrance, their ears heard the sound of His flute and their lips tasted the nectar of His lips as He played this flute. In this way the joy of their five senses increased. (91)

*sri radhikapanga vilokanesuna samsprsta marma sa yatha kulo'bhavat
nanyangana sreni kataksa patribhih
sambhinna sarvavayavo'py asau tatha*

The arrow of Sri Radhika's glance pierced Kṛṣṇa's heart much more than the arrows of all the other *gopis'* eyes would be able to afflict His whole body. (92)

*yadvat sunirvrtim avapa sa radhikaya
vaktrendu manda hasitamṛta kṣa sekat
tadvan na gopa sudṛṣam vadanendu vrnda
prodyat smita bhṛta jhara prakaravagahat*

Nor could the nectarstream from all the *gopis'* nice brightly smiling moonfaces quench Kṛṣṇa's thirst for nectar as much as a mere ray of Radhika's slight nectarean smile could. (93)

*gokulair gokulam ninye gokulam gokulair haran
gokulam gokula strinam gokulair gokulesvarah*

The Lord of Gokula drove His cows (*go kula*) as He entered Gokula, stealing the senses (*go kula*) of the young girls of Gokula and the eyes of the people of Gokula. (94)

Nandaraja and Yasoda felt as if they had found the lost jewel of the life of their lives back when Kṛṣṇa returned from the distant forest. They kissed Him, held Him to their chests, joyfully looked at His lotusface and smelled His head, having all their desires fulfilled. Seeing Kṛṣṇa's peacockfeather-crown and His locks greyed in cowdust, they happily swept it off with their scarves and moistened Him with their tears and (Yasoda's) breastmilk of love. (95-96)

Kṛṣṇa's meeting with His parents is like His meeting with them in the morning, but it is devoid of the fear they have in the morning for His sojourn at midday. (97)

Kesava collected His cows and brought them in the barn, like the sun taking its net of rays (*go*) when it sets, separated the cows that had newly calved, the older ones, those that were in season, those that had young calves and those that had many calves, the bullocks and their calves, the bulls and the buffaloes and He kept the calves that were to drink milk again elsewhere. (98-100)

Nanda and Yasoda were eager to take Kṛṣṇa home to fondle Him, but despite their repeated requests, He did not want to go without milking the cows, so father said: "Let the cows rest for a while and let the calves drink milk here and the cowherdboys are eager to milk the cows themselves! Boys (Kṛṣṇa-Balarama)! Go home! You're tired! Mother will fondle You by bathing You and so on. After You have rested You may come back to help milking the cows!" (101-103)

Madhumangalā pulled at Kṛṣṇa and said: "We're hungry and thirsty! Kṛṣṇa, come! Let's go home! Save our lives with food and drink!" Being lovingly urged by Rohini and Nanda again and again, and being taken by the hand by Yasoda, Kṛṣṇa went home with His brother and His friends. The mothers of Hari's friends met Yasoda on the way and asked her if they could take their boys home with them. The boys reluctantly went home with their mothers. Yasoda took Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma home with Madhumangalā, and Rohini and Atulā washed their feet and returned to the kitchen. (104-107)

When the moon of Gokulā (Kṛṣṇa) rose, the affliction of the *gopīs* was extinguished. They happily followed Him to Vraja for some distance. Then, when they went to their own home, Rādhikā and Her girlfriends again felt the pain of separation in their hearts.

The people of Vraja felt topmost bliss when Hari returned in their midst, as if a son was born in a sonless family, poor people were showered with gold or forest creatures trapped in forestfire were saved by a great flood of nectar. (109)

In the great poem Govinda Lilāmṛta, which is the result of service to Śrī Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Śrī Jīva Gosvāmī and the blessing of Śrī Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the nineteenth chapter, dealing with the afternoon pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER TWENTY

"Evening pastimes" (18h. - 20.24 p.m.)

(Summary description)

I remember Sri Radha in the evening, sending many eatables to Her lover's house through Her friend and then eat the remnants of the moon of Vraja's (Kṛṣṇa's) food, that was brought to Her by a girlfriend. I also remember Sri Kṛṣṇa in the evening, being nicely bathed, beautifully dressed and fondled by His mother, then goes to the barn to milk some cows and returns home again to eat something. (1)

Mother Yasoda came home and brought her sons to the bathroom where she engaged her servants in bathing Kṛṣṇa. She told Dhanistha, who stood next to Her: "O daughter, go to see Radha and take the *laddus* and other delicacies that Kṛṣṇa likes from Her, that I asked Her to make and that will increase my son's lifespan!" Dhanistha went to Radhika and told Her of mother Yasoda's order. Radhika became eager to have dishes sent to Kṛṣṇa through some girlfriends. (2-4)

Then a *duti* named Malati came, being sent by Vrnda, and told Radhika: "Tonight Vrnda has arranged Your place of meeting with Kṛṣṇa at Govinda Sthali (this place is called the *yoga pitha* and is by the present Govind temple in Vrndavana)." (5)

Sri Radhika gave her separate fresh claypots with food, covered by sheets. She gave Tulasi *manjari* and Kasturi *manjari* a wonderful wooden basket with the food, covered by white sheets. She gave betel-leaves along with Tulasi and sent her along to Dhanistha, who had understood the hint about the *rendez vous* in the forest. Dhanistha took all these articles and brought them to mother Yasoda, who had them placed in different plates by Tulasi and Kasturi. Mother Yasoda mixed a little of her own preparations in each pot and had her *brahman* boys offer this to their Narayana-deity (6-10)

Meanwhile servants began to sprinkle Hari's and Balarama's bodies, massaging Them with oil. They bathed Them, dressed Them in fresh clothes, arranged Their hair, adorned Them with *tilaka*, garlands, pastes and ornaments before they brought Them to the dining room. Their mother Yasoda served Them mash, coconuts, drinks, savouries, various fruits, Piyusa granthi, Karpura Keli, Amṛta Keli, *laddus* and rice cooked *ghī*. Kṛṣṇa and His friends laughed when Madhumangala joked and after drinking, eating and joyfully washing their mouths, they took rest on beds, where they were served with betel-leaves and chowries by Their servants. After some time They returned to the barn to milk the cows there. (11-16)

Dhanisthika collected the remnants of Kṛṣṇa's meal and secretly gave it to her friend Gunamala to bring to Sri Radha. After Radhika relished Kṛṣṇa's remnants She climbed on the moon-tower again with Her friends blissfully behold Kṛṣṇa's cowmilking-pastimes. (17-18)

Sometimes, in the summer, Kṛṣṇa doesn't go to the barn, but asks His mother: "Ma, can I go and swim in Yamuna or Pavana Sarovara with My friends?" Then mother Yasoda joyfully sends some servants along with Kṛṣṇa to carry His supper and His clothes and ornaments for bathing. After bathing and dressing there, Kṛṣṇa ate, drank and took some rest. Then He returned to the barn with His friends to milk the cows. (19-20)

At that time Radha also went to the Yamuna on the pretext of taking Her evening-bath there, to touch the w

that had touched Kṛṣṇa's body. (21)

Through Kundaḷatā Rādhikā sent Kṛṣṇa eatables, enjoyed His remnants and returned home after seeing Him. (22)

As He walked home, Kṛṣṇa was surrounded by servants who carried His waterpot, *pan*-pot, fan, stick and cowropes. On the way He blissfully saw that Nanda Mahārāja was sitting on his throne with many pots of milk before him, ordering his servants and cowherders to do their duties, looking down the road for Kṛṣṇa to come. Kṛṣṇa also saw how the cows called their thirsty and noisy calves with their mooing, looking down the road for Him to come. They were hardly able to move because of their heavy udders from which the milk dripped by itself. Some cows were already milked, others had yet to be milked and others were being milked. Kṛṣṇa saw how the cowherders called the calves like they called the cows, saying: "hee hee!". They milked the cows and filled their jugs with milk, placing them in orderly rows while looking down the road for Him to come. Kṛṣṇa saw how the servants carried the milk to the nearby storehouse and placed the empty jugs in front of Nanda Mahārāja, eager to see Kṛṣṇa. (23-27)

Again and again the bulls furrowed the ground with their hooves and horns as they fought over the cows that were in season, making loud sounds. Hari was happy to see how the calves also fought, head to head, again and again. Kṛṣṇa happily went to the barn to milk the cows after telling His father. There He pacified the cows, that surrounded Him, by fondling them. Hari pleased His cows by scratching and caressing them with His beautiful hands. He made the calves drink their milk, milked some of them and made other boys milk the other cows. The calves filled their bellies with milk and became satisfied. Even after the cowherdboys had stopped milking the cows, their udders remained full, not thin. How amazing!" (28-32)

The cows drank the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's lotusface with their eyes and mind and of love milk dripped from their udders automatically. The cowherdboys placed pots under them that were full after some time and they brought these pots before Nanda Mahārāja. (33)

Hari and Balarāma made the calves enter the barn to be fondled by their mothers. The cowherdboys then sent the cows to their own barns. Then they went to Nanda Mahārāja, who engaged the porters in bringing the milk home and kept servants by the gates of the barn. Then Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma went home with Their friends. (34-35)

Coming home, father Nanda washed his feet and entered his temple to watch *brāhmaṇa* boys perform the worship of the *Salāgrāma śilā* and the evening *arati* of Lord Viṣṇu. Mother Yaśodā then brought fruits cooked in *ghī* and cane-sugar, garlands, scents, betel-leaves and other dishes to Lord Viṣṇu and blissfully distributed them to Nanda Mahārāja and all the others present. They spoke for a while and then Nanda's friends went home. They could not keep their eyes off Kṛṣṇa, having placed their lives and senses in Him. (36-39)

Nanda always invited his nephews like Subhadrā to eat with Kṛṣṇa and sometimes he invited all his brothers also. On that day, though, he invited everyone and sent a *brāhmaṇa*-boy the order to his wife Yaśodā to arrange for their meals. Through a *brāhmaṇa* boy also mother Yaśodā had called all her sisters-in-law, like Tūṅgi, Pibara and Kuvala with their sons and daughters-in-law, inviting them to dine with Kṛṣṇa. They washed their feet before they came in and sat down with Nanda Mahārāja in their midst. Nanda's older brothers sat on his right, his younger brothers on his left and Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma faced him. Subhadrā and others sat on Kṛṣṇa's left and the *brāhmaṇas* sat on Balarāma's right. (40-44)

Subhadrā's mother Tūṅgi was expert in etiquette and serving, so on mother Yaśodā's request and with Rohini's help she served. First she served the *brāhmaṇas*, then her husband, then her brothers-in-law and then the boys.

She filled trays with fragrant golden soft stacks of rice cooked in *ghi*, surrounded by vegetables and placed them before the guests. When Nanda and his clan began to eat, Tungi gradually served the vegetables of six flavours (salty, sour, sweet, bitter, pungent etc), *dalia* (whole wheat porridge), *ksira* (sweet rice), pies, puddings in nice pots and soft *rotis* (flat bread). On Yasoda's indication Rohini again and again served everyone whatever they liked, knowing their tastes. Queen Yasoda constantly served condensed milk, *sikharini*, lemonade, thick yoghurt, savouries, different kinds of pickles and ripe mangoes. (45-49)

Although they were a little shy in front of Nanda and his clan, Yasoda and the other ladies could not help but openly show the eagerness of their minds, words and eyes to fondle Kṛṣṇa and the boys. The fathers' minds were melting with affection and their bodies were moistened with tears of love. Because they enthusiastically encouraged the boys a hundred times to eat more they happily ate again, although they were already satisfied. This made the mothers very happy. (50)

The only difference between breakfast and supper was that Madhumangala's jokes were graver and mother Yasoda's eagerness was more intense in the evening (because of the presence of so many relatives). (51)

Although Kṛṣṇa and Balarama could not joke and play freely because Nanda and his brothers were present and mother Yasoda could also not freely fondle the boys, supper was a hundred times nicer for Nanda and his companions (since they could not take breakfast with Kṛṣṇa). (52)

*vaktrendoh smita sampada vrajavidhos tad vak sudha bindubhis
tat saurabhya vimisra dhupa visarais tat tala vrntanilaih*

*tac chri sagdhyamrtabhisikta madhurair bhojyais ca samlebhire te pancendriya trptijam atitama:
sambhojaniyam mudam*

The eyes of Nanda and the elders were sprinkled with the nectar-drops from Kṛṣṇa's moonlike face, by the opulent smile of the moon of Vraja (Kṛṣṇa) and by the nectar of His words. Their noses were pleased by the fragrance of His body, mixed with incense, driven along by the breeze caused by palmleaf-fans (which please their sense of touch) and their tongues were pleased by the nectar-shower of His sweet food-remnants. In this way all the senses of the cowherders were pleased during their supper and they were very happy. (53)

After eating and drinking everyone washed their mouths and lay down to rest on beds. Nanda and the elders lay down on a platform, attended by their servants, and Kṛṣṇa lay down on the veranda, being served by his servants with betelleaves and fans. (54)

*attalodaya sailatah prasaram kṛṣṇananendu dyuti
jyotsnam sali cayeśvari sya vadabhi jaladhva dallanana
payam payam apaya sunyam apasae chri drk cakoryau nija
sarvatraiva hi sarvada phalavati sad bhagya bhajam sprha*

When the Kṛṣṇa-moon rose on the veranda, showing His brilliant beams, Rādhikā and Her girlfriends climbed on the moon-tower and beheld His beauty with their cakoribird-like eyes, again and again drinking this nectar to their full satisfaction and without hindrance. In this way they were very fortunate to have their desire fulfilled. (55)

*tasya mukhabja susamam makaranda dhara
sarad gavaksa mukhato mīlitaṁ piban sah
kṛṣṇaḥ puposa trisitaḥ nija netra bhrngav
utkanthitaiva mahatam hi phalapti hetuḥ*

Kṛṣṇa also looked at Rādhikā's beautiful lotuslike face through His window, drinking its nectar with His honeybee-like eyes to His full satisfaction. The great souls obtain this nectar only through divine eagerness. (56)

*atha vrajesa tulasī sahalikam kṛtagraha bhojayitum dhanisthaya
abhani seyam prathamam na rādhikam vinatti bhojyam na jalam pibaty api*

Mother Yaśoda told Dhanistha to make Tulasi and Kāsturi eat, but Dhanistha told her: "She will not even drink water before Rādhikā has eaten first!" (57)

*sa śrutva sneha ritim tam prītahannam sa temanam
sa sakhivrnda radhartham abhyam prasthapaya drutam*

Hearing this, mother Yaśoda was very pleased with their love for Rādhikā and lovingly said: "Then Tulasi and Kāsturi should quickly go and bring this rice and these vegetables to Rādhā and Her girlfriends!" (58)

So Dhanistha happily took the rice and vegetables along with things cooked by Rohini in a lonely place and sent them along with Tulasi in a big basket. (59)

First Yaśoda fed the servants, maidservants and cowherdboys and then she ate herself with her sisters-in-law, their daughters-in-law and daughters, sitting with them. (60)

Tulasi took the dishes and left and Dhanistha privately told Subala where Kṛṣṇa could meet Rādhikā that night, giving him a *pan* for Kṛṣṇa made by Rādhikā. (61)

Tulasi then came to Śrī Rādhā and showed Her Kṛṣṇa's meal. When Rādhikā and Her girlfriends saw this, their noses and eyes were pleased by its fragrance and colour. (62)

*tad rupa manjari nitva tulasya bhojanalayam
sa sakhivrnda radhayai prthak patresv akalpayat*

Śrī Rupa manjari took the dishes from Tulasi, took Rādhā and Her girlfriends to the diningroom and made different plates there for them. (63)

Jalila then called Visakhā and said: "My son went out to the barn, tell Rādhā to come and eat. Her husband will sleep in the barn tonight after his meal." Visakhā said: "Rādhā is tired of walking around in the forest and fell asleep. Please give me the rice and vegetables, I will give them to Her." Visakhikā happily took the meal and kept it in a corner of the dining hall. Then she went to Rādhā and happily told Her what had happened. (64-66)

Śrī Rādhā sat down on a dais with Her girlfriends to eat the remnants of Kṛṣṇa's meal, drinking from a golden goblet, like a thirsty female swan relishing nectar. (67)

Jalita sat on Rādhikā's right side and Visakhā on Her left with all Her other girlfriends sitting at Her side and before Her. Rupa manjari and Tulasi lovingly served the food, like Mohini gradually served all the nectar to the demigods. (68-69)

*nanavi inna visṛtam sri harer bhuktasesam
tad adhara madhu mistam tat karenabhimṛtam
nija nikhila ganestam radhaya netra drṣtam
mitam api ca tadasit aksayam bantane'nnam*

Although there was actually only little of it, there seemed to be no end to the rice and vegetables that were served to Rādhā and Her dear girlfriends, because they were left over by Śrī Hari, sweetened by His lips, desired for by the whole world, touched by Hari's hands and looked upon by Rādhā's eyes. (70)

*ramana kavala sistam san mṛmālam maralyaḥ
kisalaya kulam enyaḥ sri marandam bhramaryaḥ
amṛtam iva cakoryas caindavam radhikadya
mumudur adhikam annam pasya kṛṣṇavasistam*

Rādhikā found unlimited bliss in relishing Kṛṣṇa's remnants, like a swan tasting nice lotusstems left over by her husband, a doe tasting fresh sprouts, bees tasting honey or Cakori-birds tasting the nectar of the moon. (71)

After washing their mouths, Rādhikā and Her girlfriends relished the remnants of Kṛṣṇa's betelleaves and to rest on their beds, being served by their maidservants. (72)

Joyfully Tulasi and Rupa manjarī sent Rādhikā's remnants of rice and vegetables to Vrnda through Malatī. Then all the other *sakhis* and maidservants blissfully sat down to eat the remnants of Rādhikā's meal. (73-74)

*tatreṣṭa vyanjanadinam anyonya parivesane
bhojanadau tayor asid vyaṭidana kalih kṣanam*

They joyfully served each other the nectarean remnants of Rādhikā's meal, lovingly quarreling with each other for a while. (75)

After eating and washing their mouths they came to Rādhikā's lotusfeet to serve them and to accept remnants of Her chewed betelleaves. (76)

*hrd amṛta ruci ratna dravini harsa sindhum
nayana kuvalāyalim calam utphullayanti
vrajaavasati jananam sadhu sayantaniya
jayati visada lila kaumudī gokulendoh*

The eyes of the Vrajaवासīs were like blue lotusflowers (that bloom in the moonlight) and their hearts were moonstones (that melt when the moon rises. All glories to the moonbeams of Kṛṣṇacandra's evening past that made the ocean of their bliss swell!" (77)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Śrī Rupa Gosvāmī, who is a hōnē at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Śrī Gosvāmī and the blessing of Śrī Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the twentieth chapter, dealing with evening pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

"Pastimes at Nightfall" (20.24-22.48)

(Summary descriptions of the *pradosa lila*)

I remember Sri Rādhā at nightfall, being dressed by Her girlfriends in white or dark clothes according to the lunar fortnight and who goes out to meet Kṛṣṇa with Her messengers in the desire-tree-grove in Vṛndāvana, on Vṛndā's indication. I also remember Sri Kṛṣṇa, who witnesses artful games in the assembly of cowherders at that time, and is then carefully taken to His bedroom by His affectionate mother, from where He goes to the solitary grove to meet Rādhikā. (1)

Hari's father entered the outer assembly with his older brothers and his younger brothers, swimming in an ocean of bliss. All the qualified people of Vṛjā also came there, eagerly hoping to see beautiful Hari. Along with the leading *brāhmaṇa*'s and cowherders, the storytellers, clowns, dancers, singers and panegyrists, that were all expert in their arts of singing, playing, dancing and joking, blissfully came there to please Kṛṣṇa. According to their positions, Nanda honoured his superior guests, affectionately treated his equal guests and bestowed mercy on his subjects. Their minds and eyes were eager to see Kṛṣṇa. (2-4)

Nanda Maharaja thought: "My son is tired and is taking rest after taking His meal, but all the people like to see Him. What shall I do?" Just then Kṛṣṇa suddenly came in their midst with His friends. (5)

*svantambudhim netra cakora vṛndam romaśadhis ca smita kairavalim
samphullayan ghosa kṛtalayanam sabhodayadrav udito harinduh*

Suddenly the Hari-moon rose on the mountain of Nanda Maharaja's assembly, making the ocean-like hearts of the Vṛjāvāsīs swell, giving joy to the Cakora-birds of their eyes, making the herbs of their hairs stand on end (as the moon nourishes the herbs) and the lilies of their smiles blossom (as the moon does every night). (6)

Kṛṣṇa folded His hands to offer His obeisances to the *brāhmaṇas* and other superiors. Smilingly, He looked at His equals and He looked mercifully upon His subjects, speaking with them before sitting down with His friends. (7)

The artists began to sing 'jaya! jaya!', recited the Veda's, sang the glories of Kṛṣṇa's ancestors, recited poetry of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes, played many musical instruments and blissfully sang praises. In this way Vṛjā was justly called *ghosa* (pasturing fields, or where many sounds are). (8)

On Nanda Maharaja's order some doorkeepers quieted the crowd and asked everyone to sit down on their own places. After everyone sat down, Nanda Maharaja told all the qualified artists to show their own skills to please the assembly, that was eager to hear and see them. They expertly danced Chalikyā-, Alasā-, and Tandava-dances, enacted the pastimes of Lord Rāma and Lord Nṛsiṃha, taking Their forms, juggled and danced on chords or sticks. Some recited the holy Purāṇa's, some sang and some related the stories of Kṛṣṇa's ancestors, someone pleased the ears of the assembly with four kinds of musical instruments and someone recited poetry about Kṛṣṇa's birth and other pastimes. (9-14)

Nanda Maharaja rewarded all the artists with garments, wealth and many kinds of ornaments, but the artists were not interested in that. They were satisfied simply by seeing Kṛṣṇa. Their Cakora-

bird like eyes drank the ambrosial moonbeam-smiles of Kṛṣṇa's moonlike face, that came out of them in the form of their loving tears. Although they drank this nectar, they could not be satisfied. Ah! How inconceivable are the ways of love! (15-16)

Mother Yaśoda sent the servant Raktaka to Nanda Maharaja. He offered obeisances to Nanda and said: "Queen Yaśoda is eager to see her beautiful son!" (17)

*tato vrajendra kṛtagrahotkaraḥ sabhyaṇ nija-loka viyoga-kataṇa
sincan saha-dra-smita vikṣyanamṛtaiḥ kṛṣṇaḥ prapada nija-matṛ-mandiram*

Nanda Maharaja anxiously told Kṛṣṇa to go home. With sweet words Kṛṣṇa consoled the people that were afflicted by fear of separation from Him, showering them with the nectar of His affectionate smile and glance. Then He went to His mother's quarters. (18)

Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma blissfully sat down on a nicely cleansed platform with Madhumangalā and their friends, where mother Yaśoda served Them slightly warm condensed milk with camphor and sugar, being moistened by her loving tears and her breastmilk. (19)

The cowherdboys went home and loving Yaśoda and Rohini took Kṛṣṇa to the bedroom where they put Him to rest, separate from Madhumangalā and Balarāma. Yaśoda went to her own room to let Kṛṣṇa fall asleep, leaving some servants behind with Him. With her mind melting of affection, Yaśoda told her servants "Don't let any noisy people come here! My boys are tired of wandering in the forest! Stay outside! They should sleep peacefully and alone until morning comes." (20-22)

Meanwhile, Śrī Rādhikā became eager to see Her lover, seeing the bright moonlit night. She was quickly helped by Her clever girlfriends to meet Kṛṣṇa in the moonlit trysting *kunja*. (23)

*haṁsa-suka-saśaśi candanālipta-kaya mukta vibhūsanacita dhṛta-mallikā-srak
yatnena mukita-sunupura-kinkinikā
radhā-yayau-sva-saḍṛśa-yuta-nikunjaṁ*

In order not to expose Rādhikā to Her superiors when She sneaks out of the house at night, they adjusted Her ornamentation to the moonlight. They dressed Her in a swan-white *sari*, smeared Her body with white sandalpaste, hung a pearl necklace and a jasmine-

garland around Her neck and carefully stifled Her anklebells. In this way She went to the *nikunja*. (24)

*kadacit tamasyam-asita-vasana-sa-mṛgamadair
vilīptāṅgi-kalaguru-tilaka-citrotpalā-kulāiḥ
kṛtāṁsa-nanasita-maṇi-kṛtāṅkṛti-yuta
niravāḍya-radhā-priyam-abhisaraty-alī-sahitā*

And when the night is dark they dress Her in blue, smear Her limbs with musk, make *aguru tilak* on Her forehead and ornament Her with blue lotusflowers and ornaments. In this way Rādhā and Her friends can meet their beloved unhindered. (25)

*vrkṣa-oulaya-pathi-pathi-bhiyā-vancayanti-sva-gamyam
sthitāṁ vamsvīvata-vitāpināḥ-sakhīyā-laksayanti*

*nyasya sviye hṛdaya kamale sohyamana nigudham
yantrakare vrajavana bhuva prapa kṛṣṇa samipam*

Radhika feared the shades of the trees as She walked down the road, She was hardly aware where to go to meet Kṛṣṇa, but She recognised the branches of the tree called Vamsivata, so She went there. Vraja made Radhika swiftly cross the huge distance (of forty miles from Varsana to Vrndavana), thus She reached the bank of the Yamuna, travelling on the lotus of Her heart, as if walking on an electric staircase. (26)

She blissfully came to the trystingplace, which was like an island in the Yamuna where the water was kneedeep from the bank. This trystingplace (*yoga pitha*) on the spotless bank of the Yamuna is called Govinda sthali. It is on the summit of Vrndavana, which ascends gradually, like the back of a turtle, and looks like a thousand-petaled lotusflower, each petal being a *kunja*. The jeweled cottages are its whorl and the golden banana-

trees its filaments. The Yamuna flows in its north, divided in a western and an eastern current, as if it kept the Yogapitha on her lap in her arms. (27-29)

This Yogapitha was full of greatly magnanimous trees embraced by vines. There were Sasta-, Palm-, Tamala-, Banyan-, Bakula-, coconut-, Rasala-, Kuddala-, Priyala-, Dadhiphala-, Sarala-, Bael-, Ulukha-, Uddala-, Kandarala-, Lakuca-, Tilaka-, Jambhala-, Pitasala-, Plaksa-, Tula-, Palasa-, Avaluguda-, Galava-, Granthila-, Golidha-, Kantaki-, Madhusthila-, Madhulaka-, Krtamala-, pine-, Kadamba-, Asoka-, Vanjula-, Kola-, Karippipala-

, Drumotpala-, Karparala-, Kulaka-, Devavallabha-, Kalpadruma-, Mandara-, Parijata-, Rangyadara-, Santanaka-, Sammadanaka-, and sandal-trees of yellow sandal to give joy to Hari's body and mind. (30-34)

There were also Sri Vasant-, Saptala-, Golden Yuthi-, Jati-, Yuthi-, Jasmine-, Mudgaradya-, Visnukranta-, Kṛṣṇala-, Bhirubimba-, Kubjasphota-, clove-, Asoka-, Kunda- and mango-vines here and there with grapevines and betelvines. (35-36)

All the vines there are desire-vines and all the trees are desire-trees, ful filling all the desires of Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* that other vines cannot ful.fill. These beautiful vines are even purer than women, for they bloom without menstruating and are tender even after bearing children. (37-38)

Because the *gopis* enjoy with Kṛṣṇa day and night they look like black vines and thus they become Syamalatas that are immobile and stunned out of ecstasy. The *sakhis* and maidservants become ecstatic when they see Radha's Lord and stand there stunned like Kantaki- vines, their hairs erect of joy. (39-40)

The Lord's Sri-, Bhu- and Lila-potencies become very eager to serve Kṛṣṇa and through their abundant pious merit they can always live at the Yogapith as Jati-, Dhatri-, and Sri Tulasi- vines. (41)

Savitri and Parvati also become eager to see Kṛṣṇa and they become a Somavalli (lunar vine) and Haritaki (Myrobalan)-vine in the Yogapitha. (42)

There were many lotusflowers both on the land and in the water of the Yamuna, both moving and nonmoving (A padmini on the land is an elephant, a nonmoving Rajiva is a kind of fish). Aho! These lotuses bloom day and night, in both the dark and the light fortnight! (The Jyotsni vine, or light quarter of the moon, also blossoms in the dark fortnight and the Rajani, vine or night, also blooms in the day). (43-44)

The Sarali (birds) move on the water and the Sarali (reeds) stand on the land. The Jhasa (fish) move in the water and the Jhasa (deer) stand on the land. The Sala (fish) move in the water and the Sala (trees) stand on the land. The Rohita (fish) move in the water and the Rohita (tree) stands on the land. (45-46)

To please Kṛṣṇa, Kamala (Lakṣmi or Rādhā) shines in the *kunja*, the Kamala-doe stands on the Yamuna-bank and the Kamala-lotus in its waters. (47)

Although Vṛndavana is always devoid of red-eyed cruel creatures, there are red-eyed cranes, red-eyed pigeons and red-eyed Cakorabirds there. Although there are no quarrelsome (Kalikara) people in Vṛndavana, there are Kalikara-trees there and although there are no terrible (*bhima*) people there, there are Bhima-trees. Although there are no cruel Kharjura-, Arista- and Palasa-demons there, there are Arista-trees there with dates (*kharjura*) and flowers (*palasa*). (48-50)

*kanakacita bhuh kanakaih kanakaih kanakaih kanakaih kanakais ca vrta
vivabhi vihasa kramukaih kramukaih
kramukaih kramukair api ya nicita*

The golden soil is adorned with golden Campaka-, golden Kimsuka-, golden Naga Kesara-, golden Dhatura- and other golden trees. There are also Kramuka- (Lodhra), Kramuka- (Nagaramotha), Kramuka- (betel) and Kramuka (pine)-trees. (51)

*priyakair jangamair yuktam priyakaih priyakaih sthiraih
mayurair jangamais tadvan mayuraih sthavarair api*

There are moving Priyaka's (deer) and non-moving Priyaka (Kadamba-, or Piyaltrees) moving Mayura's (peacocks) and non-moving Mayura's (trees). (52)

*bakulais ca navakulais tamalair natamalakaih
sadruma vidruma ceti vrtascaryasti yan mahi*

There are new (*navakula*) Bakula-trees and bowing down (*natamala*) Tamala-trees on this amazing soil, as well as coral (*vidruma*)-

trees (*sadruma*). (53) Note: Navakula = No Bakula-tree; Natamala = no Tamala-tree; Vidruma = no tree. This is an ornament of contradiction, Virodalankara.

*kṛṣṇasarah kṛṣṇa sarai ruruḥir urubhis ca yat
sambaraih sambarair vyaptam rohisai rohisā priyāih*

There are Kṛṣṇa-sara deer, who consider Kṛṣṇa to be everything (*sara*), big (*uru*) Ruru-deer, Sambara-deer that bestow happiness (*sambara*) and Rohisa-priya deer, that are very fond (*priya*) of grass (*rohisā*). (54)

The Harita, Bharadvaja (larks), and Suka's (parrots) sing nicely, just as Harita, Bharadvaja and Suka muni's sing Kṛṣṇa's glories in their hermitages and the sages Vatsa, Galava and Sandilya beautify the Yogapitha like the Kutaja (*vatsa*), Lodhra (*galava*) and Bael (*sandilya*)-trees. (55)

The basins for irrigating the trees have square, hexagonal, octagonal and round platforms surrounded by jeweled staircases that reach up to one's neck, chest, belly, navel, hips, knees or ankles. (56)

Some platforms are made of sapphire and ruby and have moonstone basins, others are made of moonstone and have sapphire and ruby basins. The whole Yogapitha is beautified by blooming golden trees with sapphi

platforms, sapphire trees with golden platforms, lapis lazuli-trees with diamond platforms, diamond trees with ruby platforms and moonstone trees with emerald platforms. Every tree has a different platform and is entwined by blossoming vines. Golden trees grow on sapphire soil, coral trees grow on chrystal soil, chrystal trees grow on golden soil, sapphire trees grow on ruby soil and ruby trees grow on emerald soil. (57-59)

The trees had white jeweled branches and golden trunks with beautiful sapphire sub-branches, some trees had emerald leaves, ruby buds, chrystal flowers and thick pearlfruits, and there were all kinds of combinations of these features. These fruits, that were shaped like big jeweled baskets, fulfil all desires. They make fitting clothes, ornaments, fragrant powder and scents for Kṛṣṇa and His girlfriends. The flowers on these vines are naturally shaped like garlands and their fruits look like pumpkins and gourds that are all suitable for Kṛṣṇa's plays. (60-

62)

There are many jewelstudded pictures that decorate the jewel-

cottages in this *kunja* that has fragrant, ornamented flowerbeds with pillows and canopies. There are wineglasses and pots with *pan*, scents, fans, mirrors, *sindura* and colyrium. (63)

The blossoming vines are like walls and the branches and sub-

branches of the trees, that are full of leaves and fruits form the roof of this *kunja*, that looks like a jeweled house. (64)

There are jeweled swings beautified by wonderful cloth and flowers tied to the branches of the desire-trees, that are very dear to Sri Hari and Rādhikā. There are pleasant sounds and plays of the pigeons, cuckoos, Haritaka, Karpinjala, Tittibha's, peacocks, Cakora's, Casa's, Lava's, Syka's, Sari's, Cataka's, Kalinga's, Padayudha's, partridges, larks and Kaukubha's please everyone's ears and eyes. (65-67)

The middle of this golden place which is beautified by jewels is surrounded by circles of *kunja*'s with desiretrees. In the middle of this golden circle is a great jeweled temple at the foot of a desiretree, surrounded by jeweled platforms with steps on all sides and a tree on each corner. To the northeast, south-east, south-west and north-west are Santanaka and Parijata-trees. (68-

69)

In this temple is a golden lion-throne which appears to be flying like an eight-petalled lotus whose flapping wings are its luster. Its two backfeet carry its weight and the two frontfeet are turned upwards, not touching the ground. Its body is made of sunstones and its eyes are jewels. Its ears and tails are turned upwards and the whole throne is shaded by a golden umbrella. The seat looks like an eightpetaled lotus with a golden trowel and jeweled filaments, covered by a nice cotton sheet. (70-72)

On eight sides of this temple are eight *kunja*'s with desiretrees and small jeweled cottages entwined by desirevines. Outside of these desirevines are circles of other, very beautiful *kunja*'s, constantly doubling in number. All these *kunja*'s have desiretrees, entwined by vines. Outside of that is an empty golden place. There are pictures of jewels depicting mating deer, birds and other creatures. Outside of this is a circular banana-

forest with different cool leaves and fruits, whose barks produce camphor. Outside of that are flowergardens with many separate rows of flowers. Outside of that is an orchard, full of trees, that are bowing down from their heavy load of many kinds of fruits, standing in circles. On the outskirts of these gardens are many cottages full of paraphernalia for service, kept there by Vrnda and her maidservants. Outside of that are innumerable circles of different tree entwined by different vines. Outside of that are circles of betel-trees, bearing green, yellow and red fruits and clusters at hand's reach. Outside of that are irrigated coconut-trees with nice fruits and twigs, whose crests are adorned with ornaments. Outside of that is the bank of the Yamuna, where there are many flowergardens with Campaka-, Asoka-, Nipa-, mango-, Punnaga- and Bakula-trees. The Yamuna-bank is surrounded by gardens of Asoka- and Vetasatrees that are entwined by blooming Madhavi-vines and whose branches hang low over the water of the Yamuna. (73-84)

There are four jeweled paths going from this jeweled temple to the Yamuna's *ghata's* (bathingplaces), one from each direction, with rows of beautiful Bakula-trees on each side, shading them. (85)

In the north-eastern corner of the Yogapitha is the jeweled-studded bank of Brahmakunda. North-east of that is the ever blissfull Gopisvara Mahadeva. North of that is the famous Vamsi Vata-tree on the bank of the Yamuna, on whose jeweled pavilions Krsna called the *gopis* with His flute. (86)

Krsna very blissfully played in the water of the Yamuna with the *gopis*. This water sometimes reached up to one's shanks, knees, thighs, middle, navel, chest, neck or head. (87)

The Kahlara-, Kokanada (red lotus)-, Kairava-, Pundarika (white lotus)-, Indivara (blue lotus), Hallaka- and golden lotuses are blooming in the water, and their pollen scent the water, making the humming honeybee play. The swans, Cakravala's, Madgu's, Sarali's, Tittibha's, Placa's, cranes, Kadamba's, Karandava's and wagtailbirds are singing and playing on the bank and in the water of the Yamuna. (88-89)

The Gokarna-, Rohisika-, Sambara-, Krsnasara-, Nyanka-, Ena-, Ranku prsata-, Gavaya-, Sasa Gandharva-, Rohita-, Samuru-, Camuru- and Cina-deer are playing in the outskirts of the forest on the bank of the Yamuna. On the subbank is a flowergarden where Krsna dances the Rasa on a beautiful Rasa circle, which is as round as the full moon, which is surrounded one side by the Yamuna's current and on the other side by Atimukta-kunja's. (90-

91)

The sand of the Yamuna-bank defeats the cool splendour of camphor and is made twice as splendid by the rays of the full moon and the footprints of Krsna and the *gopis* when they dance there. Within the current of this beautiful Yamuna, that flows on the north of the Yogapitha with its beautiful forests and banks and many rivulets that embrace the Rasamandala in a nice way. (92-93)

*kalpadrumadliah sthita ratna mandiram
gopala simhasana yogapitham
yam agamajnah pravradanti yam hareh
priyaganah keli nikunjam aha ca*

The jeweled temple under the desiretree, where Gopala's throne stands in the place which is called Yogapitha by the knowers of the Veda's, but is known by Krsna's dear devotees as Hari's playground. (94)

Seeing this regal place, whose opulences remind one of Govinda and which was the blissfull abode of Cupid's sacrifice, Radha and Her girlfriends became very happy. (95)

Vrndadevi and her friends decorated the *kunja's* with different paraphernalia. When she looked down the road for Radha and Krsna to come she suddenly saw her mistress Radha coming. She quickly got up and went up to Her, joyfully ornamenting Her with Hallaka-

flowers that were worn before by Kesava. After showing Her the charming forests and *kunja's* she brought Radhika to Sri Krsna, the king of the *kunja's*. (96-97)

This beautiful forest was adorned with moonlight, that aroused natural feelings of love. When Radha, these *kunja's* decorated by Vrndadevi, She became very eager to meet Hari. Her mind became agitated, away by incitations of lust, like a piece of cotton blown away by the wind and thrust in a whirl of eagerness in the river of hopes for attaining Krsna. Again and again Radha entered the *kunja*, etc.

outside again when She saw anything extraordinary. Sometimes She walked ahead to look out for Kṛṣṇa, thinking that He had come, sometimes She thought Kṛṣṇa when She heard the leaves falling from the trees, and sometimes She eagerly asked Vrnda whether Kṛṣṇa had come or not. Sometimes She planned different pastimes, sometimes She lost hope that Hari would come, sometimes She imagined that He stood before Her and She spoke to Him in that absorption. Sometimes She ornamented Herself for Him or made the bed, thinking a moment to be like a millennium, being so anxious to meet Her beloved. (98-101)

Meanwhile mother Yasoda put Kṛṣṇa to sleep and went to her bedroom, leaving servants there to watch Him. A short time after that Hari got up and secretly closed the door outside of which the servants stood and went out of the side-door. He quickly went out, eager to meet Sri Radha in the *nikunja*. (102-103)

While walking along, Kṛṣṇa thought: "The city gate is uncovered and bathing in moonlight. People are constantly going there. Let Me blissfully take the road behind the house which is shaded by trees!" (104)

While Kṛṣṇa walked, the ground of Vraja kept Him on the engine of her lotusheart, so that He swiftly moved towards the *nikunja*-cottage with His mind. (105)

Kṛṣṇa quickly proceeded, anxiously thinking to Himself: "I left the moonlit path, taking the road which is shaded by trees. Has Priyaji come there yet or not?" (106)

When Srimati saw a Tamala-tree with a golden platform under it, its leaves swinging in the wind and decorated by moonlight, She happily thought that Her lover had come. Then She decided to play a trick on Kṛṣṇa and with the help of Her girlfriends She hid Herself in the grove-cottage between the golden statues attached to the wall that were carrying beautiful jeweled lamps. Sometimes She came out to see if Kṛṣṇa had come and then She hid Herself again, thinking that Kṛṣṇa had seen Her. (107-108)

When Kṛṣṇa arrived there over the road which was shaded by trees, Vrnda came up to Him to decorate Him with Karnikara-flowers. (109)

Sri Radhika and Her girlfriends were filled with ecstatic love like Madhavi-flowers when they saw Madhava (the springtime) coming. Their ecstatic goosepimples were their blossoms, their loving tears were their honeydrops, their smiles were their flowers, surrounded by the honeybees of their faltering voices, and their bodies shivered (of ecstasy) along with the Malayan breezes. (110)

Seeing them, Kṛṣṇa was also ornamented with ecstatic moods on His body. His mind and eyes became restless because He did not see Radha among them, and He asked Her girlfriends: "Where is Your friend?" The *sakhis* said: "At home." Kṛṣṇa said: "When did you come then, without Her?" The *sakhis* said: "To pick flowers for worshipping the Sungod!" Kṛṣṇa said: "Then why do I smell Her fragrance here?" The *sakhis* said: "It stuck on our bodies when we left Her!" Kṛṣṇa: "You're lying!" *Sakhis*: "Maybe!" Kṛṣṇa said: "You would never come to the forest without Radhika, as the moonrays never appear in the sky without the moon!" The *sakhis* said: "This is not the moon, but the beauty of Vṛsabhānu's daughter (or: the sun in the Taurus-sign)! Her splendour illuminates You and everything else, although She stands in one (hidden) place!" (111-114)

When they joked in this way, Vrnda gave a wink which was seen by Kṛṣṇa, following which He eagerly entered a golden temple. Hari saw that this whole temple was illuminated by Radha's golden splendour which met the all-pervading golden lustre of the temple itself. When this golden splendour mixed with Kṛṣṇa's lustre, the whole place was pervaded by an emerald-green effulgence. Sri Radhika could not see anything but that. (115-117)

Kṛṣṇa looked for Radha between the statues again and again, but He could not find Her. He became almost

stunned of joy and fear from seeing His own reflection in them. (118)

Radhika was eager to be with Kṛṣṇa and this desire forced Her forwards, but Her friend unwillingness (that mood personified) pulled Her backwards. She was obstructed by Her ecstatic inertia as She saw Hari before Her. She was touched by eagerness to see Kṛṣṇa, but Kṛṣṇa was also stunned by ecstatic inertia. His desires conquered that inertia, brought Him close to Her and placed His hand in Hers. (119-120)

When Radhika touched Govinda She shivered, horripilated, cried tears from Her wide, restless eyes, turned pale and perspired of ecstasy. Her vine-like eyebrows and Her eyes became crooked. Then She became unfavorable to Kṛṣṇa and pulled Her hand out of His. (121)

Radhika's eagerly smiling face had reddish, crooked eyes with tear-sprinkled eyelids. Although She ignored Kṛṣṇa, Her restless eyes expressed joy and slight laughter. Her throat made inarticulate sounds with shouts of admonishment. Seeing this, Hari was very happy. (122)

Radha and Kṛṣṇa's noses, tongues, ears, tear-filled eyes and skins were all greedy after their objects and They became very happy, plundering the objects of Each other's senses. Radha plundered Kṛṣṇa with different hidden (feminine) pretenses and Kṛṣṇa plundered Radhika with His masculine force. (123)

Hari's thief-like hands were like Cupid's goads that entered Radha's blouse to steal Her golden jug-like breasts. Sri Radha was unable to stop Him, although She tried to. (124)

In this way Radha and Kṛṣṇa were immersed in an ocean of sweet pastimes, that softened Their minds and bodies. Just then the *sakhis* entered the *kunja*, wanting to see the pastimes of Priya-Priyatama, and Radha went out with them, sitting down on a dais, in a feigned unfavorable mood, actually feeling great joy. (125)

Hari also approached Radha, floating on the waves of *rasa*, seeing which Radha fearfully hid Herself between Her girlfriends. Kṛṣṇa searched Her out again from among the *sakhis* that had crooked, loving eyes and He became happy from touching them. (126)

Although the desires in Radha and Kṛṣṇa's hearts increased, Radha's very strong unfavorable mood stopped Her. Nevertheless Their joy increased for one floats in an ocean of bliss when the lady is unfavorable. (127)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jī Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the twenty-first chapter, dealing with the pastimes at nightfall.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

"Night pastimes" (22.48 p.m. - 3.36 a.m.)

(Summary description)

I remember Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa at nighttime, Both very eager to meet Eachother, being attended by Vṛndā in so many ways. They play with Their dear girlfriends in the forest, singing and dancing. After many pastimes They go to sleep on a nice flowerbed, being attended by Their loving girlfriends.

Alternate reading-

I remember Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa at night, having obtained Eachother's company and being worshipped by Vṛndā with many paraphernalia and who enjoy joking riddles, nice talks, plays and Rāsa- and Lāsya- dances along with Their most beloved girlfriends. They contemplate lovemaking and drink honeywine, being masters in different kinds of erotic joy in the *nikunja*, which increases Their joy.

Vṛndā and her group prayed to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, taking Them to the veranda of the most beautiful jeweled temple, which was illuminated by the light of the full moon. There she made Them sit down on a golden flowerthrone which was covered with a fine in a pleasant spot cooled by a breeze from the Yamunā. Vṛndā and her maidservants served Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa with wonderful flower- ornaments, garlands, betelleaves, scents, fans and nice water taken from the art-studio. (2-4)

Seeing Vṛndāvana, Śrī Rādhā, the night, the Yamunā and her banks, the desire to play Rāsa arose in Kṛṣṇa's heart. (5)

One by one Kṛṣṇa began all different items of His Rāsa-festival with the *gopīs*, like the play in the forest (*vana vihāra*), wandering and dancing in a circle (*cakra bhraṇaṇa*), ladies dancing in a circle (*Hallisaka*), mixed dances of ladies and men (*yugma nr̥tya*), male dance (*ṇḍava*), female dance (*lāsya*), single dance and essay-song with erotic humours, dancing and watersports. (6-7)

*jjyotsnojjvalam manda samira vellitam
sva sangamoddipta vasanta jṛmbhitam
nr̥tyan mayuram pika bhīma naditam
vanam samiksyatra vihartum aicchat*

The soft breeze caused the vines on the trees, that were illuminated by the full moon, to tremble. Kṛṣṇa's presence and the spring season beautified the forest more and Kṛṣṇa's desires for enjoyment were aroused by seeing the nice forest with its dancing peacocks and singing bees and Pika-birds. (8)

Then Kṛṣṇa made His desires known to the *gopīs* by playing His Flute and the *gopīs* consented in their reply by singing His names. (9)

kanane sudhamsu kanti subhira manju vighrahe

*puspita samantvayadya me priyali varga he
rantum atra vanchitani citta vrttir udvaha
devam astu kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa kanta he*

Kṛṣṇa said: "The lustre of the white moon is beautifying the forest and its flowers, carrying My desires to enjoy with you!" The *gopis* replied: "O Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa! O Lover! Let it be so!" (10)

Kṛṣṇa got up with the *gopis* and Vṛnda and softly sang, wandering around with them, circumambulating all the vines, trees and *kunja's*. (11)

*mrdu malayanilaijita lata taru patracayam
sumadhura pancama dhvani kalacana kokilam
dhvanad ali barhinam pranayini gana gita guno
vanam avagahya tat saramate harir atra muda*

Joyfully Hari rambled in the forest, where the leaves of the trees and the vines were moved by the soft Malayan breezes, where the cuckoos sweetly sang in the fifth note and where the bees hummed, peacocks meowed and the loving *gopis* sang songs. (12)

*murcchothhita iva punar navatam ivapta
snata ivamṛta rasair madhu citrita va
vrndavane taru lata mrga paksi bhṛnga
asan harer vana vilasa viloka harsat*

The trees, vines, bees, deer and birds of Vṛndavana revived from their inertia, as if being showered by the nectarean vision of Hari's enjoyment in the spring, which made them very happy, as if they had new life again. (13)

*kṛtvagre dvija mrga cancarika vrndam
kṛṣṇeksutsukam atavi praharsiniyam
candramsun karavalita maruccalarad
ayantam tvaritam ivabhyupaiti kṛṣṇam*

Vṛndavana quickly came ahead to greet Kṛṣṇa, bathing in moonrays, moved by the wind and keeping her deer, birds and bees in front of her in great joy. (14)

*gauranginam vapuh kanti militendu ruca vanam
viliptam bhāti dhautam va jalena kala dhautayoh*

The forest was washed by the golden water of the *gopis'* splendour and the silver water of the moonlight. The mixtures of these colours was smeared on the scenery of Vṛndavana. (15)

*sri radhikanga dyuti vrnda sangama
kṛṣṇanga cancat dyutayo virejire
sudhamsu miter dyuti punja ranjitas
calat tamalagad alalayo yatha*

The splendour of Sri Rādhikā's body, mixing with Kṛṣṇa's sparkling luster, was like the many moonbeams illuminating the restless leaves of a Tamala-tree. (16)

*svagataḥ sthahī sukhinah khaga nirga
sarma vo lasati kim naga lataḥ
bhavyam avyavahitam madhupavastan
aprecchad akhilan iti kṛṣṇaḥ*

Kṛṣṇa asked all the forest creatures: "Welcome, O birds and deer! Are you all happy?" O Naga vines! Is all well? O Bumblebees! Is everything O.K.?" (17)

*kisalaya kara bhak supuspitagre madhupa pikali ninada manju gana
pavana guru vicalataviyam harim avalokya nanarta nanartakiva*

The blooming branches of the trees in the forest danced with the wind as their teacher, the budding twigs were its hands and the flowers were its fingertips. The bees and cuckoos sang charming songs when they saw Hari. (18)

*radha kṛṣṇav anv anucalato'sankhyān bhṛṅgan
srantan matva payayitum iva svam madhvikam
vatali vellat kisalaya hastenotphulla
sasvat premardrahvayati muda vasantiyam*

The Madhavi-vines thought that the innumerable greedy honeybees were very tired of following Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's fragrance, so they called them to drink their honey with their hand-like blooming buds, that swun in the wind with great joy, melting of love. (19)

*nija kula dharmam apohya gopika sukhayati kṛṣṇam itiva siksaya
api surabhau sphutitatha tan mude tam ali rutair iha nauti malati*

The blooming Malati-vines praised Kṛṣṇa with the humming of their honeybees in the springtime with the following teaching: "The gopīs make Kṛṣṇa happy by neglecting their household duties." (20)

*cancan matta bhramara vilasitapangaloka kusuma vihasita
nrtyantivanila cala vapusa malli valli hari mudam tanoti*

The Malli-vines that danced in the wind with their smiling flowers and restless intoxicated honeybees gave great joy to Hari with their glances and their moving bodies. (21)

*sva savidham ayitam vikṣya kṛṣṇam latali
pramudita vihagadhvana nandinukhiyam
malayaja pavanollalasat pallavaijat
kavari vṛtanayair nrtyatīva pramodat*

Seeing Kṛṣṇa approaching, all the birds in the vines recited auspicious welcome to Him. These happy vines

danced in the wind, that made their blossom-like hands shiver. (22)

*pranayati kunjavalir api gunja- tati kṛta citra kusuma vicitra
nava dala talpa'ty ali pika jalpa
sadayita kṛṣṇadika hr̥di tr̥ṣṇah*

The *kunjas* made playbeds with fresh flowerpetals and various wonderful *gunja*-beads where the bees and Pika-birds sweetly sang to increase Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's eagerness for love. (23)

*radha sampalingita dehe'mṛta varṣe mandradhivane kṛṣṇa payode sphurite'gre
keka dhvanair unnata pinchaili sikhinibhi nṛtyaty aram mutta mayuravalir uccaili*

The Kṛṣṇa-cloud embraced the Rādhā-lightning, showering nectar and making deep rumbling sounds. Seeing this, the intoxicated peacocks danced with their peahens, spreading out their feathers and singing 'ke ka' out loud. (24)

*dhvanad ali vihagam sitavater itam parinata phala yuk candrika rusitam
vikaca kusuma sat saurabham sri harer
vanam idam atanod indriyanam mudam*

Vṛndavana pleased all of Hari's senses. His ears with her singing birds and bees, His skin with her cool breeze, His tongue with her ripe fruits, His eyes with her moonbeams and His nose with the fragrance of Her blooming flowers. (25)

*atha dara phullam asoka lata stavaka yugam vṛṣabhanu suta
svayam avacitya hareḥ sravasos capala kareṇa dadhau sumukhi*

Vṛṣabhanu's fairfaced daughter personally picked two slightly blooming Asoka-clusters and placed them in Hari's ears with shivering hand. (26)

*tad anu ca calita svayam harina'py asau pranaya kalahe sada'py aparajita
tad api sa ca tat karad apahr̥tya tat
stavaka yugalam priya sravasor nyadhāt*

Hari went out to pick some flowers Himself, wanting to adorn Her ears with them. Although Rādhikā usually wins loving quarrels, this time She was defeated and Hari put the clusters in Her ears. (27)

The *sakhis*, whose waists are as thin as those of lions, sang Kṛṣṇa's glories with clear sweet voices and Kṛṣṇa increased their lusty desires for Him by touching them on the pretext of adorning them with flowers in a lonely place, ornamenting them with moods like *vivṛoka*, *kila kinchita*, *vilasa* and *lalita* (see chapter nine). (28-29)

*sva varṇitabhir vallibhir alidhvani misad asau
anugito'nandayat taḥ puspādama nṛṣat spr̥ṣṇā*

The vines sang Kṛṣṇa's glories through their honeybees and Kṛṣṇa pleased them by touching them as if He wanted to pick their flowers. (30)

Kṛṣṇa sang very attractive songs about the moon and the vines, and the *gopīs* sang these songs again, now interpreting them to be about Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa:

*jagad ahladaka silah pramada hr̥dī varddhita manasijā pilālī
radhanuradhikantar vilasat susubhe kalanidhīh so'yaṁ*

Kṛṣṇa sang: "The beautiful moon (*kalanidhī*) pleases the world with his character and increases the girls' lusty desires, taking the Rādhā and Anurādhā stars with him." (32)

*jagad ahladaka silah pramada hr̥dī varddhita manasijā pilālī
radhanuradhikantar vilasat susubhe kalanidhīh so'yaṁ*

The *gopīs* sang: "Beautiful, artful Kṛṣṇa (*kalanidhī*) pleases the world with His character and increases the girls' lusty desires, taking Rādhā and Anurādhā (Lalita) with Him." (33)

*san malatyam asyam malatyam malatibhiḥ phullabhiḥ
samvestita iha paritah punnago'yaṁ virajate gāhaṇe*

Kṛṣṇa sang: "The Punnagatree is embraced by the blooming Malatī-vines in the moonlit (*malatī*) nights (*malatī*)." (34)

*san malatyam asyam malatyam malatibhiḥ phullabhiḥ
samvestita iha paritah punnago'yaṁ virajate gāhaṇe*

The *gopīs* sang: "Kṛṣṇa (who is Punnaga, the best of men) is embraced by the blooming Rādhā (*malatī*) vine in the moonlit nights!" (35)

*madhavalīngita madhavi bhrajate madhavas canaya phullaya rajate visvam apyēt tayoh sangamanandatas
caksusi nandayan modate sarvataḥ*

Kṛṣṇa sang: "The Madhavi-vine blooms up when she is embraced by the spring season and the spring is also beautified by the Madhavi-vine. The eyes of everyone in the world are pleased by this!" (36)

*madhavalīngita madhavi bhrajate
madhavas canaya phullaya rajate
visvam apyēt tayoh sangamanandatas
caksusi nandayan modate sarvataḥ*

The *gopīs* sang: "Madhavi Rādhikā blooms up when She is embraced by Madhava Kṛṣṇa and the eyes of everyone in the whole world are pleased by it!" (37)

*samphulla samphullo milanaṁ mitha iha vane sadalinam
kancana valli caśau sukhada tapincha māulīś ca*

Kṛṣṇa sang: "The blooming Tāmala-tree (*tapincha māulī*) and the blooming golden vine (*kancana valli*) are always pleasing the honeybees (*śli*) with their meeting." (38)

*samphulla samphullo milanan mitha iha vane sudalinam
kancana valli casau sukhada tapincha maulis ca*

The *gopis* sang: "Kṛṣṇa, who wears the crown of peacockfeathers (*apincha mauli*) and Rādhikā, who is like a golden vine (*kancana valli*), please their girlfriends (*ali*) with their meeting." (39)

*samsann iva madanajnam madayan hṛdayam kalam gayan
nava padminisu ratrau vilasati madhusudanas citram*

Kṛṣṇa sang: "In the night, the bumblebee (*madhusudana*) sings on the fresh lotusflowers (*padmini*), pleasing the hearts of those who hear it, on Cupid's order. How amazing!" (40)

*samsann iva madanajnam madayan hṛdayam kalam gayan
nava padminisu ratrau vilasati madhusudanas citram*

The *gopis* sang: "At nighttime, the bumblebee (*madhusudana*) Kṛṣṇa sings with the young lotus-like *gopis* ... , pleasing the hearts of those who hear it, on Cupid's order. How amazing!" (41)

(Now follows a couple of verses that differ only in a few syllables:)

*rajani ramanas tamasam samano nalini kulam unmahasamapanut
sitigur gagane sitibhe vighane suvabhau kumudavaka esa muda*

Kṛṣṇa sang: "The moon, who is the lover of the night (*rajani ramana*) destroys the darkness and the joy of the lotusflowers (*nalini kula*). He is good fortune for the lilies (*kumudavaka*) in the cloudless (*vighana*) nights with its pleasing rays (*sitigur gagane*)." (42)

*ramani ramanas tamasam samanah khalini kulam unmahasamapanut
sitigur gahane sitibhe vighane vivabhau kumudakara esa muda*

The *sakhis* sang: "The lover of the *gopis*, Kṛṣṇa (*ramani ramanah*) destroys the darkness and the joy of the wicked (*khalini kula*). In the blue forest (*sitigur gahane*) where there are no birds (*vighana*) He gives joy to all people (*kumudakara*)." (43)

*kamalini malini karane patur vidhurita dhuritaniha cakravan
nivi dadhad vidadhad bhagane dhrtim na sa mude samudeti vidhur mama*

Kṛṣṇa said: "The rising of the sweet moon gives Me no joy. It gives great sorrow to the Cakravakas, it closes up the lotusflowers and grasps the stars." (44)

*sa sudrsam sudrasam rucikrd rucir virahita rahita nija tarakali
suvidadhad vidadhat kumuda vanam vara mude sa mudeti vidhur hi nah*

The *gopis* said: "That joy-giving Kṛṣṇa, who relieves the pain of the fair-eyed *gopis*' separation from Him, giving pleasure to their eyes with His lustre and to the world destroying the demons, is just like the moon who rises to destroy all sorrow and bestows bliss to the world." (45)

While Kṛṣṇa sang He was pleased with the sweetness of the forest and made the vines and the *gopis* bloom with the touch of His hands. Followed by the humming honeybees and *gopis* He came to a dais under the Vamsi vata tree. When He sat down there He saw that the Yamuna's desires increased by having His blissful audience. She smiled at Him with the foam on her surface and sang with her birds, her senses becoming eager to unite with Kṛṣṇa. (46-47)

*sparsotsavayocchalad urmi hastam lolablija raktotpala phulla netram
samucchhalanna kramukoccha nasam
avarta gartotsuka karnapalini*

She stretched out the arms of her waves out of eagerness to touch Kṛṣṇa with restless red blooming lotus-eyes, her nose being the crocodiles that stick their noses out of the water and her ears being the spinning whirlpools that yearned to hear His music and His words. (48)

*puṇinani samiksy asau tatra rantu mana harih
kṛṣṇaparam gantu kamah samutthasthau priya ganai*

Seeing the bank of the Yamuna, Hari became eager to enjoy there and wanted to go there with His beloved *gopis*. (49)

*athagatanam sva jalantikam sa tesam padabjesu taranga hastaih
samarpya padmany atha tani kṛṣṇa tais taih sprsantiva muhur vavande*

When Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* came to her bank, Yamuna offered lotusflowers to their lotusfeet with her waves, repeatedly praising them as if touching them with these lotusflowers and waves. (50)

*gati sinjile mura ripor vanitanam drutam abhyasann iva nijair gati nadaih
tam ihabhyupaiti puratas tata kacchat
kalahamsikali valita kalahamsali*

The swans and geese came from the shore of the Yamuna to learn from the swift movements of Murari's and the *gopis*' jingling anklebells how to coo. (51)

Seeing Kṛṣṇa coming, Yamuna became very happy, stopped her current and increased her volume unlimitedly. But when she saw that Kṛṣṇa was eager to cross her, she made her waters very shallow again. For Kṛṣṇa's pleasure Yamuna became just knee-deep and the rivulets by her banks were just ankle-deep. Hari crossed one rivulet after the other, enjoying on the banks with His dear ones, increasing their lusty desires by eagerly smiling and looking at them, speaking and joking with them, embracing them, scratching their breasts with His nails and kissing them. (52-55)

Coming on the bank, Kṛṣṇa danced a circle dance (*cakra bhramana*) with the *gopis*, eager to enjoy with them. This Rasa-circle was just one hand high, standing on a disc on a stake stuck in the ground. Kṛṣṇa stood in the middle with Rādhā, and three circles of *gopis* surrounded Them. In this way He looked like a Yamala tree entwined by a golden vine (Rādhikā's arms) and watered by three golden irrigation-canals (the concentric circles of *gopis*). (56-58)

On Rādhā and Mukunda's order Lalitā and the other *sakhis* began the Hallisaka and Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa danced in their midst; holding Their arms on Each other's shoulders. (59)

This Rasa-circle rotated like a potter's wheel turned by the clever dancing steps of the Divine Couple and the *gopis*, that had nice buttocks. Acyuta placed Rādhā between Lalitā and Viśakhā, placing Her arms around their shoulders. The *gopis* all sang and danced around them, with Kṛṣṇa sometimes joining them. The *gopis* in this Rasa-circle sometimes moved slowly and sometimes quickly with light steps along with Hari's pace. Then Kṛṣṇa expanded Himself and came inbetween each two *gopis*, placing His arms on their shoulders, like a Tāmala-tree dancing with golden vines. (60-63)

*so'lata cakravat kvapi laghu gaty abhramat tatha
hilva mam kvapy asau nagad iti ta menire yatha*

Sometimes Kṛṣṇa swiftly circled around the *gopis* like a firebrand, using light steps, and making each *gopi* think: "Kṛṣṇa has not left me to go anywhere!" (64)

*sa ekam mandali kriva prante sarva priya ganaiḥ
tasam madhye sphuran nṛtyan cakram ca bhramayan vabhau*

Then the *gopis* formed one outer circle (the three circles merged into one) and Kṛṣṇa did a rotating dance in their midst. (65)

*sva saktim darsayan cakrad yugapad va kramac calat
avaruhya muhus tat tat sthanam asvaruroha sah*

Kṛṣṇa showed His own capacity by bending down and getting up while dancing or repeatedly going down on the floor and then quickly getting up again while rotating. (66)

*gopyas ca yugapat sarvāḥ kadapy ekaikasah kvacit
avaruhyamaruhya cakrur mandala bandhanam*

The *gopis* would also stoop down and get up again, sometimes one alone and sometimes all together remaining in a circle. (67)

After enjoying the circle-dance with the *gopis* in this way Hari came down from the dancingstage-disk to other, special Rasa dances. He took all the *gopis* to the Yamuna-bank named Anangollasa ranga (the arena of blissful erotic sports) which was cleansed by Yamuna's soft, wave-like hands scented with lilies and sprinkled and anointed by the nectaran moonrays. (68-69)

The *gopis* surrounded Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, holding hands in a circle, like the full moon and the Viśakt constellation (here Sri Rādhā) surrounded by their corona (the *sakhis*). (70)

The Rasa-circle looked just like a golden disc of rotating ladies turned around by Hari's axle, directed to the pots for the potter-king Cupid on the potter's disc of the Rasa mandala. (71)

*tan mandalam bhati vilasa sagare roddhum mano minam ihaiva kim hareḥ
kandarpa kaivartu vara prasaritani haimani maha jalani uroja tumbikani*

Just as the fisherman spreads out his net in an ocean of play to catch fishes, attaching gourd to his net as a

similarly the fisherman Cupid spread a golden net of *gopis* with gourd-like breasts as a bait attached to them to catch the Hari-fish. (72)

The *gopis* held each others hands and Kṛṣṇa held His arms on each of their shoulders, blissfully wandering around and dancing different dances. (73)

In this Rasa circle Kṛṣṇa's forms all placed their arms on the *gopis'* shoulders. This vision defeated the beauty of a rotating cloud in a whirlwind (Kṛṣṇa's dance) with steady streaks of lightning around it. (74)

*kadacid eka evayam sviyabhiramana laghavaḥ
bhramanā alata cakrabhaḥ sarvasam parsvago'sphurāt*

Sometimes Kṛṣṇa danced alone, moving fast like a firebrand, showing Himself at each *gopis'* side. (75)

*hari hari dayitanam vanisika kantha ganair
milita valaya kanci nupurali svanaughah
natana gati virajad pada talanugami
nija vara madhurimna vyanase'sau jaganti*

The sweetness of Hari's flutesong and the voices of the *gopis*, mixing with the jingling of their anklebells, bangles and waistbells, going along with the rhythms of their dancing feet, pervaded the world. (76)

They sang unaffixed and affixed tunes, separately with the *sa ri ga ma pa dha ni* notes. They blissfully sang both pure and undistorted tunes. The pure tunes had seven divisions and the distorted had eleven. (77-78)

There are three kinds of scales that are not perceived by mortals - *sadja*, *madhyama* and *gandhara*. They loudly sang the Gandhara-

scale. Casually they sang the twenty-two *srutis* (marginal notes), the seven main notes, the forty-nine keynotes and the twenty-one kinds of *murechana sancara* (fading voices). They sweetly sang the fifteen kinds of thrills like the Tiripa and many kinds of fixed notes like the Dhala. They sang the two kinds of affixed tunes: *Suddha* and *Alaga*. This *suddha* is again three-fold: *rupaka*, *vastu* and *prabaddha*. There are many kinds of voice and recitation in sequence (*prabandha*) and *ragas* like *nyasa*, *amsa* and *graha*. They sang with seven kinds of full (*sampurna*) voices, six kinds of *sadava*-voices and five kinds of *audava* voices. (79-84)

They sang the Mallara, Karnataka, Natta, Sama, Kedara, Kamodaka, Bhairava, Gandhara, Desaga, Vasantaka, Raganagaya, Malava, Sri, Gurjjari, Ramakiri, Gauri, Asavari, Gondakiri, Todi, Velavali, Mangala, Gujjari, Varatika, Desa Varatika, Magadhi, Kausiki, Pali, Lalita, Patha manjari, Subhaga and Sindhudameta-tunes, one after the other. (85-87)

The *gopis* always played jingling instruments, percussion, stringed instruments and wind-instruments handed to them one by one by Vrnda. They played five kinds of drums: *mrdanga*, *damaru* (Siva's X-shaped drum), *dampha*, *mandu* (slapping the hands on the water) and *manjaka*, three kinds of flute: *murali*, *pavika*, and *vamsi*, *karatalas* (hand cymbals) and seven kinds of stringed instruments: *vipanci*, *mahati*, *vina*, *kacchapi*, *kara nasika*, *svara mandalika* and *rudra vina*. (88-90)

While dancing, the *gopis* made different forms with the shadows of their hands, imitating a flag, a triple banner, a goose head, the head of the scissors, a parrot's head, a deer's head, tons, a Khattaka's head, a needle pin, a half moon, a lotusbud a snake fang and other forms. (91-92)

They clapped many kinds of rhythms, like the Dhruva and the Mantha, or their opposites. In these rhythms there are three divisions: past (*atīta*), not yet come (*anagata*) and *sama*, that have *sama* (same), *gopucchika* (a cow's tail) and *srota* pauses. There are three kinds of tempoes - fast, medium and slow - and two kinds of *dharana* - soundless and with sound. The *gopis* sang with two kinds of *mana* (measure) - *varddhamana* and *hiyamana*, and two kinds of rhythm - *mana* and *avarta*. Kṛṣṇa and His sweethearts sang with Cācāt, Puta, Rupaka, Simha nandana, Gajalila, Eka Tāla, Nihsari, Addaka, Pratimantha, Jhampa, Triputa, Yati, Nalakuvara, Nudghutta, Kuttaka, Kokila rava, Upatta, Darpana, Raja kolahala, Saci priya, Ranga vidyadhara, Vadaka, Anukula, Kankana, Sri Ranga, Kandarpa sat pita putraka, Parvati locana, Raja cudamani, Jaya priya, Rati lila, Tribhangi, Caccaran and Vara vikrama -rhythms. (93-101)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which was the result of service to Sri Rupa Gosvami, who is a honeybee at Sri Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Sri Raghunatha Dasa Gosvami, the association of Sri Jiva Gosvami and the blessing of Sri Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami, this was the twenty-second chapter, dealing with the Rāsa pastimes.

SRI GOVINDA LILAMṚTA * CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

"The festival of the Rāsa dance"

Then Śrī Kṛṣṇa began to sing different rhythmic story-songs and danced with the clever *gopīs*. When Kṛṣṇa candra danced with Śrī Rādhā, Lalitā and others sang, Citrā and others gave the rhythms and Vṛndā and her group were the audience. (1-2)

When Kṛṣṇa danced alone Rādhikā and Her girlfriends sang amazingly difficult tunes and sometimes Kṛṣṇa watched Rādhikā dance with amazing gestures. (3)

Gradually the *gopīs* made a line on the dancing stage, playing *vinas* and other instruments, singing different story songs (*prabandha*). (4)

Although the stringed instruments, wind instruments, flutes, drums and voices all softly resounded in various ways, they became one with the sounds of Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* coming on the dancingstage and began to dance, following these sounds with their footlaps and the movements of their eyebrows, hands, bodies and eyes. (5)

Kṛṣṇa repeatedly came out from between the *gopīs*, moving His beautiful lotushands- and feet according to the different rhythms they made, and began to dance: *ta ta tatthe drk iti drgitait drg tathai drk tathai drg tathai ta'* to the great joy of the *gopīs*. (6)

Kṛṣṇa began to dance and sing charming *prabandha*-tunes like *tho drk dam dam kita kita kanakhai thokku tho dikku are jhai dram jhai dram kita kiti kiti dham jhenka jhen jhem ku jhen jhem tho dik dam dam drmi drmi drmi dham kanku jhem kanku jhem dram*. (7)

Rādhikā sang *tathathai thai tathai thai tathai tha*, and danced like a lightningstrike in the Kṛṣṇa-cloud, repeatedly making Her bangles resound with the movements of Her hands and making Her waistbells, armlets and anklebells jingle along nicely. (8)

Repeatedly and joyfully Iśā (Rādhā) danced and sang: *dham dham drk drk can can ninam nam ninam nam ninam nam tuttuk tum tum gudu gudu gudu dham dram dram gudu dram gudu dram dhick dhick dho dho kiriti kiriti dram drimi dram drimi dram*. (9)

Lalitā then came out from their midst, like a lightningstrike in a cloud. The golden bangles on her lotushands went *jham jham* and she danced on the stage that had become bluish from Kṛṣṇa's luster, loudly singing *tham tham tho tigada tigada tho tathai tho tathai ta!* (10)

Then Viśakhā came up, making her ornaments jingle *jhanana jham jhat*, playing *kana kana kana* with her *vina* and dancing. Her sounds mixed with the *mṛdangas* pounding *drmi drmi drmi dho dho dho* and she sang *drgiti drgiti drk thai tho tatho tho!* (11)

One *sakhī* danced, making her anklebells and bangles repeatedly resound: *thaittha thathaittha tatha tathaiya*, another *sakhī* sweetly sang while making her anklebells and bangles resound with the movements of her hands and feet, singing *thai thai thai thai thai tathai thai tathai ta!* Another *sakhī* came on the stage, began to dance and sang: *thaiya thaiya tatha tathai thaiya thaiya thaiya tigada tathaiya* (12-14)

Then Kṛṣṇa danced and loudly sang with a loving, joyful voice *a a i ati a ati ai ati aa ati a a a!* Look

Radhike! It is as if the moonlight so bright makes the Yamunabank dance! *are a a a ai a a*, the forest dances along with the soft breeze! *a a a!* (15)

*a i a ai ati priya hasas candrati kundati hamsati are
ksirati hirati harati are ai a ai a nṛtyati radha*

Radha danced and sang: " *a a i ai!* Your very sweet smile, the moon, the Kundaflower, the swan, milk, diamonds and pearls all shine equally beautiful! *are ai n ai a!*" (16)

The *mṛdangas* nicely played *ta dhik ta dhik drg* in the Rasa dance. It was as if they mocked the demigoddesses in the sky in this way (*dhik* is a curse), being more pleased with the *gopis'* dancing. (17)

The *vina*- and fluteplaying *gopis* sang and gave the rhythm, and the *mṛdanga*-playing *gopis* began to dance in ecstasy with the dancing *gopis*. While the *gopis* were thus absorbed in dancing and singing, their tight girdles, braids and blouses loosened. Seeing this, Kṛṣṇa swiftly approached them while dancing to bind their clothes up again. (18-19)

The *gopis* created various new sounds and *ragas* in the *sa ri ga ma pa dha* and *ni*-divisions with their songs. They divided the pure and narrow voices in thousands of other voices and sang many heavenly (*mārgi*) and earthly (*deśiya*) songs. The *gopis'* cymbals (*ghana*) sounded like monsoon clouds (*ghana*), their wind instruments (*susira*) sounded like needleholes (*suci mula*), the *vinas* (*ata*) sounded as pure as the clear sky (*ata*) and the percussion (*anaddha*) instruments sounded as attractive as strung ornaments (*anaddha*). (20-22)

The sounds of the bangles, anklebells, armlets and waistbells on the bodies of the dancing Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* sounded like the fifth kind of instruments after the four aforementioned kinds. They made a loud sound, following the four other kinds of instruments. (23)

While they danced, the *gopis'* mouths sang beautiful songs, their hands made beautiful gestures, their lotusfeet gave beautiful rhythms, they sweetly shook their necks and hips, moved their eyes around and moved their pupils left and right while glancing at Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike face, feeling great erotic joy (24)

The marginal notes, the modulations and the regulated rising and falling notes never resound without the *vina*, but the *gopis* sang them. The unmixed notes of the voices again mixed with the marginal notes and the modulations. Some *gopis* sang them, showing their wonderful qualities, making Hari joyfully say: "We done!" Then they sang the Dhruva note upto the *bhoga* and were praised even more for that by Hari. (25-26)

Radha began to dance the Cālikya and Kṛṣṇa was very pleased with that, so He rewarded Her with heart's embrace, not finding any better reward. Kṛṣṇa made Radhika dance with His flutesongs and Radhika jokingly indicated that He had made a mistake in His song and swiftly corrected Him with Her glance. Then She made Syama dance along with Her *vina*-playing and Her singing. (27-28)

Radha danced and sang with Kṛṣṇa as Hari did with Her. Although the *sakhis* were eager to assist Them with singing and dancing, they were unable to do so. (29)

After these tunes ended Kṛṣṇa placed His hand on Priyaji's breasts and, although She was happy with Priyaji obstructed Hari as if She was angry with Him. (30)

One *gopi* kneeled on the ground and stretched out her arms, rotating quickly, like Cupid's disc, one stretched out her arms and then contracted them to touch her different other limbs, performing a difficult dance. Another *gopi* sometimes touched the ground with one hand and turned the rest of her body in the sky. Then she fell on the ground again, performing a rotating dance without other support. S

slender *gopi* bent her head backwards towards the ground, supine. Her bent back and belly looked like the golden bow of Cupid and her braids, that fell down to her heels, resembled the bowstring. In this way she danced very beautifully. (31-34)

One *gopi* made her anklebells jingle to the rhythm, one-two-three, sometimes making the bells silent while still dancing in a wonderful way. All the qualified *gopis* who saw this, blissfully praised her for this, saying: "Well done!" (*sadhu vada*). (35)

In this way Krsna and the *gopis* constantly danced and sang several of their own funny dances and songs in the Rasa-dance, like the songs and dances made by Brahma and Siva for Lord Visnu of Vaikuntha, His Queen Laksmi and all the goddesses of fortune, that were unapproachable by others. (36)

Hari swam in an ocean of spiritual flavours, turning around and around in the Rasa dance, looking at one *gopi*, kissing another one, eagerly staring in another one's eyes, drinking the nectar of some other *gopi*'s lips, holding one *gopi*'s breasts and scratching another *gopi*'s breasts with His nails. (37)

*evam gayan gayayams tan svadaramis citram nrtyan nartayan nartitas taih
gitas caitan slaghayan slighitas tai
reme 'ty uccair balako va sva bimbaih*

Krsna danced and made the *gopis* dance, sang and made the *gopis* sing, was glorified by the *gopis* and also glorified them. In this way He played with them like a boy who plays with his own reflections. (38)

One *gopi* placed Krsna's sandal-smeared arm on her shoulder and began to shiver, horripilate and cry of ecstasy when she smelled His fragrance, looking like a lightning strike within a raincloud. This doe-eyed *gopi* began to perspire on her forehead and cheeks from the fatigue of dancing. These sweatdrops adorned her like a friend of affectionate eagerness personified. (39-40)

Fatigue caused the *gopis*' clothes and dresses to slacken and their nipples to heave with their deep breasts. Their foreheads and cheeks were anointed with drops of perspiration, but Krsna was even more pleased by seeing that. Thus the Rasa dance came to an end. (41)

Krsna's eyes eclipsed the beauty of a cluster of white lotusflowers. Restless Makara-earrings swung on His cheeks, being taught how to dance by an expert female teacher, who kept these earrings on her own cheek while chewing the betelleaves that Krsna gave Her from His own mouth. (42)

One *gopi*, who caused Krsna's hair to stand erect of joy, felt the same sensation from Krsna's touch. She placed her arm on His shoulder and blissfully rested on it for a while. (43)

*kuca sirasi nidhayanyonya samsparsa harsat
pulakini pulakadhyam svedi nisveda yuktam
sata sata sasi sitam nrtyaja klanti digdha
sva ramana karam eka sranti santini jagama*

One *gopi* who was tired of dancing placed Krsna's hands on her nipples, making both the hands and her breasts perspire and horripilate of ecstasy. The touch of Krsna's hands, that was cooler than millions of moons, soothed that *gopis*' fatigue of dancing. (44)

*muhuh karabjena dayabdhi magnas tasam mukhat sveda jalani krsnali
sammarjayann apy asakann amarstum tat sparsa saukhyad dviguni krtani*

Again and again Krsna's merciful, soft lotushands wiped the tired lotusfaces of the *gopis*, but instead of removing the sweatdrops, He doubled them because the *gopis* became ecstatic from His touch. (45)

One *gopi*, who was immersed in the nectar of friendship, wiped the sweat from her face with Krsna's scarf and Krsna wiped His face clean with her scarf. (46)

*krsnanga sangadi vilasa sindhav ananda jalasya taranga magnali
bhrasyat sva malyambara kuntalanam masann alam samvarane mrgaksyah*

Waves of ecstasy moved on the play-ocean of Krsna's bodily touch, where the fallen and broken flowergarlands, ornaments and clothes sank in and the doe-eyed *gopis* were unable to stop them from falling. (47)

Thus they concluded that superb, manifold, unique, tasteful enjoyment of the Rasa dance. Now Vrnda understood that Krsna became eager to enjoy more advanced erotic pastimes with His *gopis*. (48)

*hima baluka baluke'male puline saha radhaya'cyutam
vinivasya tayoh purah sakhi nicayam sagana nyavivisat*

The cool sand on the bank of the Yamuna was spotless like ground camphor and Vrnda seated Radha and Acyuta on this sand and engaged Their girlfriends for Them. (49)

Vrnda brought many kinds of fruit- and flower-wine in jeweled goblets along with various fruitsalads in front of Hari and His sweethearts. Krsna appeared between each two *gopis* through His own Divine potency, laughing and making them drink wine and eat fruit salad, drinking the nectar of their lips (by kissing them). He laughed and ate and drank Himself also.

*kandarpa madhivika madakubangim kandarpa madhivika madanusiste
radham samadaya harau praviste vinyasta talpam pulinanta kunjam*

Hari became drunk of the wine and of lust and took beautiful Radha, who was also drunk, along to wonderful playbed in a *kunja* on the bank of the Yamuna. (52)

*kandarpa mada vaiklavyad ghurna purneksanah sakhih
vrndapy adaya kunjesu prthak prthag asayayat*

Vrnda took the *gopis*, whose eyes were rolling of intoxication of lust, along to separate *kunjas* and put them to rest on beds there. (53)

Then Krsna enjoyed Radhika's independent mood (*svadhina bhartarka*). Having His desires thus fulfilled, smiled and went out of the *kunja*. (54)

*tayeritah sa kunjesu pravisya yugapat prthak
svadhina bhartarkavastham prapayanasa tah sakhih*

Radhika then urged Kṛṣṇa to enter each *gopī*'s *kunja* in separate forms, where He found His girlfriends in the same mood. (55)

*nirgataḥ kunja nikarat kṛṣṇas tabhir alaksitaḥ
ekah san radhikam agat sva darsana mṛdu smitam*

Unseen by the *sakhis*, Kṛṣṇa went out of the *kunjās* in One form and came to Sri Radhika, who mildly smiled upon seeing Him. (56)

The *sakhis* dressed themselves and came out of their *kunjās*. Seeing Radha, they carefully covered their limbs with shy smiles, restless eyes and lowered heads. Radhika told them: "That lover, who is here with Me and Vṛnda, did not leave Me for even a second! He did not make you dance Cupid's dance, then how did your bodies attain this condition?" (57-58)

*harir asaṁ aha nikunja range natyas tv ima murti matojjvalena
raty akhya nṛtye rasa nayakena sanmartita yat sphuta tat tad ankah*

Hari laughed and said: "Eros personified made these girls dance the famous dance of eros on this stage. That is where these dancing-signs (lovesigns) on their bodies come from!" (59)

Hearing Kṛṣṇa's words, the *sakhis* felt loving anger and said: "Our friend Radhika is Your teacher in this erotic dance and made You Her disciple, and now She wants to make us Her granddisciples! Anyone who voluntarily becomes a student of a *guru* is a real disciple according to the scriptures, but You are making disciples by force, and that is not proper! So we are not Your disciples, nor are You our *guru*! Don't waste Your efforts on us!" (60-61)

Then the *sakhis* told Radhika: "O Bhoginī! (snake or enjoying girl) We are Nakulangana's (not housewives, or mongoose-wives); You are not aware of our pure consciousness, therefore You sent Your husband the *bhujanga* (snake, or lusty boy) to us. Why are You giving us needless sorrow?" (62)

*ittham vidhaya puru narma vihara nṛtyam
tabhih samam mada kariva karenubhih sah
tat tac chramapanayanaya kalinda putram
kartum samarabhata vari vihara nṛtyam*

After thus dancing a lot with the *gopīs* like an elephant with his wives, Kṛṣṇa joyfully went to play with them in the water of the Yamuna to soothe the fatigue of dancing. (63)

*toye tadoru dvayase kadacit sa nabhi matre kva ca kantha daghne
akṛsya tas tabhir alam nisiktaḥ priya hasams taḥ kutuki nyasincat*

Some *gopīs* stood in the water up to their thighs, some upto their navels and some up to their necks. Kṛṣṇa pulled them into the water and sprinkled them. The *gopīs* laughed at Kṛṣṇa and jokingly sprinkled Him in return. (64)

At different places Hari quarreled with one, five or six *gopīs* at a time or with all of them. In great joy they played for different wagers. Kṛṣṇa lovinly quarreled with the *gopīs* over the wagers, and no one would admit

defeat. (65-66)

*ratrau ca cakra mithunena yutau bhṛngah
phullambujani pibatiti harau beavāna
doh svastikena rurudhur hṛdayam priyas ta
vaso'ncalena vadanam ca visankita drak*

Kṛṣṇa said: "At night the honeybee is eager to drink honey from the blooming lotusflowers that have Cakravaka-birds on them." Hearing these ambiguous words (the honeybee meaning Kṛṣṇa, the lotuses the gopis and the Cakravakas their breasts), the gopis quickly and fearfully covered their breasts with their arms and their faces with their veils. (67)

*nija drk vijita sapharya ghṛtita prasṛta svayam harim cakita
yat parirebhe radha sakhyam mene sa tenasyah*

Radha, whose eyes are more restless than fishes, felt fishes, that were shy over being defeated by Her eyes, swimming between Her ankles as She stood in the Yamuna, so She fearfully embraced Hari, who thus understood that She had accepted Him as Her friend. (68)

*kamalakamali sakhinam kamalakamali ca visaviti pradhanam
yad amut tat pasyata iha durac citram harer mano vijitam*

How amazing! By throwing lotusflowers, lotusstems and water at each other, the gopis conquered the mind of their spectator Hari from afar! (69)

Two, three, five, six, seven or eight gopis played *jala manduka* (slapping the water with the hands to make music) with Acyuta, forming circles around Him. While the gopis were absorbed in these waterplays, their hairs were loosened, the unguents were washed from their breasts, their eyes lost their collyrium and the strings of their girdles, necklaces and flowergarlands all broke. Their clothes were moistened and their ornaments and unguents were washed away, revealing the natural beauty of their bodies. Seeing this, Kṛṣṇa became lusty after them. (70-72)

*tasam vaksas candanaih sveta toya kṛṣṇa samyam gangaya sau gatapi
saures tat tat kelisaubhagya labhat tabhiih sasvat susthu sa tam ajaisit*

The Yamuna-water became as white as the Ganga after it had washed off the sandalpaste from the gop breasts, but still the Yamuna defeated the Ganga, because it had attained the fortune of being touched by Sauri (Kṛṣṇa) who nicely played in her waters with the gopis. (73)

*ittham vidhayambu vihara nṛtyam kanta sa kantabhir avapta tirah
sakhikulair marjita kesa varsma dadhara pratyudgamaniya vastram*

In this way Kṛṣṇa and the gopis concluded their dancing and watersports and came back on the shore of Yamuna, where the maidservants served them by cleaning their hair and limbs and giving them new clo. to wear. (74)

vrnda tabhiih samam kṛṣṇam aniya svarna mandapam

tat purva kuttime puspas tarane tam nyavivisat

Vrnda took Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* to a golden pavillion and put them to rest in the eastern wing on flowerbeds. (75)

*tataḥ saṁdopaninaya vrnda kalpaga valli phala samputanis tan
purnan vicitrambara bhūṣaṇanulepanjanair nagaḥ varṇakais ca*

Vrnda and her assistants brought wonderful clothes, ornaments, unguents and minerals in baskets along with fruits of the desire vines. (76)

*tat tan namankitan alitatir adaya petikam
kṛṣṇam radham sakṣis caṁuḥ prthak prthag abhūṣayāt*

Each basket that the maidservants brought had the name of their servable Lord or Lady on them, and from those baskets they took the ornaments to adorn Radha and Kṛṣṇa and Their girlfriends. (77)

*harir ujḡvala rasa murti rati parinata murtayo hi radhadyah
vidhūr ayaṁ aśya kalas ta ekatmano'pi tat prthag dehah*

Hari is erotic *rasa* (*ujḡvala rasa*) personified and Radha and Her girlfriends are the limit of Divine Love (*rati parinata*) personified. Kṛṣṇa is like the moon and Radha and Her girlfriends are its phases (*kalah*). Although the moon and its phases are one, they revealed different forms. (78)

*mithah śacchabhyanga rāmyah sakṣyodvartana suprabhah
taruṇyamṛta susnata lavanya rasanojḡvalah*

*mithah saubhagya tilakah saundarya sthasakancitali
astabhis citritangas ca stambhadyair bhava varṇakail*

As an example of their Oneness, it can be said that Radha, Kṛṣṇa and the *gopis* anointed each other with the brilliant unguent of affection and friendship, bathed each other in the nectar of youthfulness and dressed each other with the garments of elegant beauty. They adorned each other with the *tilak* of good fortune, anointed each other with the vermilion of beauty and the wonderful minerals of the eight *sattvika* (existential) ecstasies, such as inertia, tears, shiverings etc. They nicely adorned each other with loving sentiments like *kila kincita*, *vivvoka*, *unnada* and eagerness. Although Radha and Kṛṣṇa were thus mentally ornamented, They were also externally adorned by Their maidservants. (79-82)

Srimati Rupa manjari and Vrnda brought Ananga Gutika-, Sidhu Vilasa-, and milk-laddus from the forest. Everyone enjoyed the fruits that were as sweet and juicy as honey. After washing His mouth, Kṛṣṇa entered a playtemple with His *gopis*. (83-84)

*tasmin mukta catur dvari yamunaniḥ sitale
koti suryaṁsu sad ratna cayaṁsu paramojḡvale*

*manoḥja keli nilaye' guru dhupati saurabhe
vinyasta ratna paryanke hanṣa tulikayanyite*

suksmambara vrta vrnta sal puspas taranopari
nanopadhana cilrante krsnah susvapa kantaya

The cool Yamuna-breeze blew through the four open gates of this temple, whose jewelrays blazed brighter than ten million sunrays. This abode of erotic play was made fragrant with *aguru* incense and had a jeweled bed with a swan-white mattress in it. On this bed, which was covered with stemless flowers that were covered by a thin sheet and which had many pillows, Kṛṣṇa nicely slept with His beloved. (85-87)

On each side of this playbed were beds where Lalita and Visakha blissfully sat down, feeding betelleaves to Radhika and Kṛṣṇa and relished the remnants of those betelleaves also. (88)

sri rupa rati manjaryau pada samvahanani tayoh
cakratus capara dhanya vyajanais tav avijayan

Sri Rupa and Rati manjaris massaged Radhika and Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet and other fortunate girls fanned Them with whisks. (89)

After serving Radha and Kṛṣṇa like this for a while the *sakhis* left the playtemple and went to sleep in their individual abodes by the vines that entwined the desiretrees. (90)

*sri rupa manjari mukhyah sevapara sakhi janah
tal lila mandira bahili kuttima sisire sukhani*

Outside of the playtemple was a platform where Sri Rupa manjari and all the other *manjaris* that were dedicated to Radha and Kṛṣṇa's service blissfully took rest. (91)

The *sakhis* always relish the fruit of the nectar-*rasa* of Radha and Kṛṣṇa's plays, just as Kṛṣṇa's parents relish the nectar of their parental love for Him, His friends relish the nectar of His friendship and His servants relish the nectar of His humble service. (92)

- *ksane ksane nutana nutanah subha dhin matram etan mayaka pradarsitam*

There is no end to Radha and Kṛṣṇa's sweet pastimes in Vṛndāvana. They are fresh at every moment and are very auspicious. I could only show a glimpse of them in this book. (93)

sri rupa darsita disa likhitasta kalya sri radhikesa kṛta keli tatir mayeyam
seva'sya yogya vapusa' nīcam atra easya
ragadhya sadhaka janair manasa vidheya

Srila Rupa Gosvami first gave a summary description of this eternal eightfold play of the beautiful Lord Radhika. The practicing devotees who follow the path of sacred passion (*raganuga bhaktas*) mentally see Radha and Kṛṣṇa in this way, day and night, in (spiritual) bodies that are suitable for that service. (94)

[illegible]

Govinda Lilamṛta - Kṛṣṇa Dāsa Kavirāja Gosvāmī

Thus Govinda Lilamṛtam was written by Kṛṣṇa Dāsa, who is a honeybee at the lotusfeet of Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī and Śrī Rāghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī. (95)

Kṛṣṇa, the moon who is the friend of the fly-like *gopīs* of Vṛndāvana, swiftly and mercifully gives the devotee his desired service. With great sacred thirst the devotees drink the nectar of these pastimes of Śrī-Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, that is hard to perceive even by Lord Brahma and other gods. (96)

In the great poem Govinda Lilamṛta, which is the result of service to Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī, who is a honeybee at Śrī Caitanya's lotusfeet, the encouragement of Śrī Rāghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī, the association of Śrī Jīva Gosvāmī, and the blessing of Śrī Rāghunātha Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī, this was the twenty-third chapter, dealing with Kṛṣṇa's nocturnal pastimes.

THUS ENDS ŚRĪ GOVINDA LILAMṚTA

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